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For years, both in my magazine and in person, I have argued for freedom of speech and expression, both for myself and others. On many occasions I have been criticized for the volume and severity of my outcry, but I feel that not once has the intensity of my statements equaled the outrage of the things which I have decried. Now I have decided to put my money where my mouth is. Hence *The Rebel*.

With this publication, we are launching what we consider a full-bore, hard-hitting, articulate observation and exposé of the things that are spoiling the basic principles of the American dream.

We, myself and the staff of *The Rebel*, hope that the integrity and quality of *The Rebel* appeals to the Don't Tread On Me spirit that is at the heart of the American people. It is upon this conviction that our country was born, has survived and will live on into the future.

I have hired a top quality, professional staff and have asked of them one thing—uphold the highest principles of journalism in our investigations.

President Ronald Reagan is not working. His policies, although attractive in the short run, will self-destruct and us with them.

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Larry Flynt

Editor and Publisher

The Rebel

Larry Flynt
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Film

The Mission

Starring Parviz Sayyad, Mary Apick and Houshang Touzie

Produced, directed and co-written by Parviz Sayyad

The Mission should be seen by every American who has ever grumbled approval when riding past graffiti inviting us to "Nuke Iran." It is the first Iranian-made film to bring us face to face with what that country's revolution has meant to its own people—victors and vanquished alike. Shot entirely in New York with a small cast and an impressive economy of technique, *The Mission* is a political thriller that ranks with the best of them, including such classics as Poland's *Ashes and Diamonds* and recent French masterpieces like *Dossier 51* and *Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed.*

Prior to 1978, director Parviz Sayyad was a leading actor/director/TV personality and a renowned playwright in Iran. His material, which regularly satirized Iranian society, was frequently offensive to the Shah's censors. He was out of the country when the Islamic revolution toppled the Shah's government in 1979, and chose to remain in exile as the clergy consolidated their power through increasingly repressive legislation—including the banning of film production. *The Mission* is Sayyad's first film since he left Iran, and may well be the first dramatic Iranian film made since 1979. As a film made by an exile among exiles, it can just as easily speak of any group of political émigrés who have fled from the violent upheavals of revolution at home.

The Mission opens with a neatly dressed, tall, handsome Iranian (Houshang Touzie) arriving in New York from Teheran to assassinate an exiled Iranian political figure, only to learn that his target has been picked off by someone else. But not to worry, his local Islamic revolutionary case officers, a rotund and corrupt (read Americanized) relative of a Long Island clergyman and the Ayatollah-like cleric himself, assure him. They have a new target in mind. This one is "even more dangerous than the man you came over to kill in the first place," promises the robed *iman* while raising his eyebrows to prove his own judgment infallible. "He's an ex-SAVAK colonel."

The zealous young hit man begins devotedly tracking his new prey, following the unsuspecting colonel (Parviz Sayyad) jogging through Central Park, and to and from the office, always looking for an opportunity to strike. When he finally decides to carry out the sentence in a subway station, a couple of punks beat him to the punch. As he watches them mug the colonel, Daoud the hit man deliberates in deli-

Actor/Director/Producer Parviz Sayyad

cious theological agony. What to do? Finally, he can't help hurling himself at the muggers and retrieving his target's wallet. When the colonel realizes that his rescuer is fresh off the boat from home, he ecstatically proclaims that "God must have sent you to save me."

And this is where the real fun starts. With one level of irony firmly established, *The Mission* moves on to explore the ever more sophisticated arabesques of subtle personal, psychological, political and religious dimensions with humor and clarity. The ex-SAVAK colonel turns out to be the most effusive and generous person our fanatical hit man has ever met. He reluctantly accepts a dinner invitation, telling himself that it will provide yet another opportunity to terminate his host. But no such luck. The colonel's beautiful half-American children are home from boarding school and force Daoud to participate in the family banter. At the next meal, he meets the colonel's sister-in-law (Mary Apick), a music student. There is a strong mutual attraction, but the two clash over Daoud's fundamentalist belief that all art and music—even classical piano concertos—are sinful. The Westernized girl Maliheh has invested her life in music. To her Daoud represents all the barbaric cruelty of the revolution. The colonel is forced to mediate between them. His personality is greater than the ideological rifts, as if he has seen too much blood flow from just such debates, and is willing to play the naïf just to help heal the wounds.

If words like SAVAK, Shiite zealot and Ayatollah can raise the blood pressure of an average American, imagine the effect on an Iranian. It takes a film like *The Mission* to remind us that those highly-charged political labels have created stereotypes in our minds. The few labels we know stand for a tremendous diversity of social, political and religious elements in an Iran we know precious little about. There are human beings behind the most faceless of fanatical religious assassins, just as there are human beings who were once officers in SAVAK, the Shah's secret police.

The Mission is powerful because it brings the major issues of the Iranian revolution into a dramatic format in a way that no TV miniseries could ever hope to, and subjects these issues to a higher ethical and esthetic tribunal than mere ideology. Political and philosophical questions are debated by the characters, but Parviz Sayyad refuses to play a simple good guy/bad guy game.

Sayyad's characters are strong individuals who find themselves in circumstances defined by major events. The political realities, ideas and forces are present, but each person is left with a very personal choice. The most important dilemma in *The Mission* is whether or not Daoud Moslemi is going to kill the ex-SAVAK colonel after he reveals that his job for SAVAK was that of liaison with clergymen informers. For Daoud, evidence of the clergy's moral impurity provokes a major internal crisis. For the culturally Westernized and sophisticated young woman Maliheh, the choice is whether or not to allow her personal attraction to Daoud to prevail over her revulsion for his puritanical revolutionary beliefs and her knowledge of the suffering that those beliefs have brought to her family and to her country.

The colonel's choices are much simpler, much less problematic than those of Maliheh or Daoud: he must provide for his children. Since his wife is trapped in Iran and since he knows he's a prime candidate for assassination, he keeps the kiddies at boarding school, just so they won't have to witness the mess when it happens. His most urgent task is to complete the book in which he plans to expose those members of the clergy who had worked as SAVAK informers. He knows that if he were to abandon the book, his life would no longer be in danger. The colonel's choice is Parviz Sayyad's choice: the fulfillment of a larger historical obligation, the setting straight of lies, the assaulting of stereotypes, the challenging of deceptions.

The Mission leaves one with a sense of having learned something about Iran, its people, and about their ongoing struggles. But it also has much to say about human nature and about an insane world domi-

TIME Newsweek U.S.NEWS

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Larry Flynt

Editor and Publisher

(Subscription coupon on page 80)

nated by ideological battles that blind us too often, making us see other humans as mere instruments of ideas we dislike but know nothing about until we ourselves become pawns of ideology, wasting ourselves at the behest of some seductive movement or leader, attacking some hated enemy who must be destroyed in order for us to survive.

Sayyad has conveyed all of this with remarkable sensitivity and economy. The skill and delicacy of his art seem descended from the ornate traditions of Iranian folklore in which the detailed twists with which the ironic hand of fate meddles with human fortunes can be savored for their own sake. And from the point of view of a civilization as ancient as Iran's, what could be more ironic or capricious than the twists and turns of political fortune?

—George Paul Csicsery

Wild Style!

Starring: "Lee" George Quinones

Directed by Charlie Ahearn

During the past couple of years, no one who listens with any regularity to black pop music could have missed hearing the mutations impressed upon the form by *rapping* (improvising lyrics in a sing-song manner over a beat-heavy instrumental track) and *scratching* (where the DJ's turntable is manipulated by hand to isolate musical bits that are integrated into the total sound). On club dance floors, meanwhile, febrile young bodies have been twisting, spinning on their heads, and moving in strangely unguent patterns to the electrifying new sounds emerging from the New York metropolitan area. It all seemed to start in the South Bronx, where a nearly tribal contingent of DJs, MCs, breakers, poplockers and hip-hoppers were filling up clubs and streetcorners, amazing themselves and their friends with wicked and previously unimaginable physical and vocal experimentation.

Not content with such transitory manifestations of their new artistic discoveries as could be worked into music and dance, many of the same kids were also spray-painting the bejeezus out of walls and, in particular, subway cars. Soon every train ride in New York became an involuntary art exhibition, as passing cars displayed an astonishingly sophisticated and entertaining variety of comic concepts. (Compare with Los Angeles graffiti, a cruder writing style almost frighteningly obsessed with gang and national identity.) It takes balls to sneak into a train yard at night and wreak artistic havoc on the pristine surfaces that serve a city's transportation needs, and that nerve was translated into the finished product as well. In the same way that kids were outdoing each other on the dance floors and in the DJ booths, every graffiti drawing was a conscious stab at astonishing the artist's peer group with a flashier design, a crazier image, a more intricate signature.

Graffiti may frequently look rather sloppy and offend the observer with its unprecedented and unasked-for invasion of personal perceptual space, but while some blacks were chanting "I *am* somebody" at Jesse Jackson rallies, others were proving their identity in a more concrete manner, assaulting the eyeballs of the casual pedestrian.

Yet this is not considered acceptable behavior; something had to give.

That something is what Charlie Ahearn's *Wild Style!* is all about. In its invigorating 82 minutes, it celebrates an engaging adventurousness that's in the process of being tamed by the art and music industries. As Phade (Frederick Brathwaite), the relatively sophisticated promoter of a small South Bronx club in the film puts it, "It's about time we got some media coverage for this rap shit!" *Wild Style!* documents the transition of an art from outlaw status to fashionable trend. As it does so, the film itself reflects an awareness of how it too is exploiting and institutionalizing its subject. It's OK, though, because what's the use of shaking up the bourgeoisie if you can't make a few dollars in the process?

Actually, what else does popular culture do as successfully as integrate its outlaws? Documenting as this film does the end of graffiti's artistic independence and the new black music that supplied its sound track, *Wild Style!* is merely the first in a spate of Johnny-come-lately film commodities that will attempt to cash in on the music-and-dance trend. It really all started with *Flashdance*, whose best sequence is generally acknowledged to be the one involving a group of street dancers. Now every Hollywood studio has at least one rap, break dance or graffiti project in the works, two of which involve the production and/or direction input of Henry Belafonte and Sidney Poitier. *Wild Style!* itself is an independent production that has played at such major film festivals as Los Angeles's Filmex, and its relatively limited distribution should provide little economic competition for the corporate trend mongers, hot on the heels of a now rather cooled-down scene.

Wild Style! concerns the business-consciousness raising of Zoro ("Lee" George Quinones), a heartbroken young graffiti writer whose anonymous work has amazed and influenced other local artists during a period when the uptown art community is just beginning to figure that there's money in this line of work. With the help of Phade and a journalist named Virginia (played as a sleazy blonde airhead by "underground" film star Patti Astor), Zoro is introduced to the Manhattan art poobahs. At the same time, his disenfranchised girlfriend Rose (Sandra "Pink" Fabara) tries to make him renounce his anonymity in the name of civic responsibility. She wants him to design a graffiti masterwork for a downtown amphitheatre, which will be the scene of a large rap festival to bring together the artistic community in a gesture of solidarity prior to the fragmentation that will result from their individual creative aspirations. Or something like that.

The acting is self-conscious, much of the plot doesn't really cohere, and the editing is lackadaisical, but the exuberance of the subject carries the film over the technical potholes. The male and female leads aren't the most sparkling of performers, but Brathwaite makes for a nonchalantly charming hustler. Great bits are also included by rock writer Glenn O'Brien (as curator of the "Whitley" Museum) and others; when Chief Rocker Busy Bee wins a rap competition, the resulting celebration in a hotel room with Zoro, Phade and three "fly girls" is truly strange.

The film's sound track is particularly exciting, comprised as it is of several major and minor rap hits, with additional music composed by Chris Stein (of Blondie fame). The most technically consistent aspect of the movie, it lends it a casual dance-club ambience.

The best segments are those that simply document graffiti, the club scenes, and the Rap Jam that concludes the film. Such rapping ensembles and DJs as the Union Crew, Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five, the Cold Crush Four, Rammellzee, Shockdel and Double Trouble all get a turn at the mike, while the Electric Boogie and Electric Force dancers and the Rock Steady Crew will dazzle the uninitiated with entertainingly acrobatic dance maneuvers. In what is perhaps the film's most amusing sequence, two teams of rappers call each other out and play a basketball game, dribbling, shooting and rapping simultaneously.

As we ride the subways or drive through the South Bronx streets with one character or another, it's easy to imagine this film as a *National Geographic* documentary. The South Bronx is a hideously bombed-out area of economic neglect and poverty; nobody, however, comments on the reality of the situation, and much of the dialogue is humorously perked up to fend off depression. The images, however, speak for themselves, as does the music. See and hear them in their undiluted form while you can.

—Richard Gehr

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Books

Autumn of Fury: The Assassination of Sadat

By Mohamed Heikal
Random House

In the aftermath of the 1979 Camp David accords, and particularly after he was killed on Oct. 6, 1981, the late Egyptian President Anwar Sadat was all but canonized by the American press. He was the "light of the future," "the only Arab leader with the courage to make peace with Israel," "a champion for peace," a martyr. Camp David was supposed to be just the beginning, and soon the other "moderate" Arab leaders, especially King Hussein of Jordan, would be jumping on the bandwagon to make peace with Israel in a new three-way partnership with the U.S. that would easily oust the Soviets and the "bad" Arabs (Khadafy, Assad, Iraq's Saddam Hussein) from the scene.

Subsequent events have shown this scenario to be wrong on almost all counts. The Camp David treaties are all but moribund and Egyptian-Israeli relations are at a new low. President Reagan's new "security" arrangements with Israel are being roundly attacked by Cairo, and King Hussein seems as reluctant as ever to start any peace feelers to Israel without PLO backing. Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak has been busy trying to mend his fences with the rest of the Arab world, and some Soviet advisers have been invited back to Egypt. Indeed, a casual surveyor of the Middle East scene might conclude that pro-American Arab and Moslem leaders (the Shah of Iran, Sadat, Bashir Gemayel) do not seem to enjoy the kind of longevity that the "bad" Arabs do. U.S. military might has not kept these leaders alive, nor has it been able to transform the Middle Eastern landscape in the manner in which many western observers had predicted. The U.S. posture in Lebanon, once touted as a "peace-making" mission, has now been reduced to simply trying—unsuccessfully—to keep the Marines alive. And Lebanon's President Amin Gemayel has been distancing himself as much as possible from the U.S.-Israel axis, perhaps hoping to avoid his brother's fate.

What, specifically, was wrong with the assessments of the Middle Eastern scene given at the time of Camp David? Why did so few Egyptians mourn when Sadat was killed? For the answer to these questions, there are few better sources than Mohamed Heikal. A close friend of both Sadat and the late President Nasser, Heikal was Information Minister of Egypt under Sadat, serving also as editor of the highly influential Cairo daily *Al Ahram*, a semi-official paper respected throughout the Arab world. A critic of Sadat's wholesale leap from the Arab fold, Heikal was jailed by the Egyptian President just over a month before Sadat's assassination.

AP WIDE W. R.D.

The late Egyptian President Anwar Sadat

In his highly persuasive *Autumn of Fury*, Heikal argues that the Sept. 3, 1981 crackdown on the opposition, which involved hundreds of the country's leading intellectuals, journalists and politicians, was only the culmination of a campaign toward autocracy and dictatorship that Sadat had been waging for some time. Far from being a loving father figure to his people (as the pipe-smoking Sadat was usually depicted in the U.S. media) Heikal tells us he was deeply loathed for the same reasons that led Iran's people to reject the Shah so violently. Sadat, Heikal writes, "failed to appreciate that the head of a state can only truly speak in the name of his people in so far as he expresses their legitimate interests and aspirations." Because his peace with Israel promised much and brought little to the Egyptian people, and because he became increasingly isolated from, and contemptous of, the average Egyptian, Sadat and the policies he tried to force-feed his people were doomed to failure.

At a time when the average Egyptian barely survived on a diet just above the level needed to sustain life, Sadat was busy giving away the country's antiquities to already wealthy foreign visitors. Eager to impress his new "friends," Sadat began to treat Egypt's Department of Antiquities as his own private gift shop. In one month alone, November 1976, the Empress Farah of Iran was given a bronze statue of Osiris with eyes inlaid with precious stones, a necklace with a gold pendant 64 centimeters in length and a marble pot for perfume which had belonged to Nefertiti. Pat Nixon and Henry Kissinger were also recipients of Sadat's largesse, with Mrs. Nixon being favored with an ancient necklace made up of 23 pieces of gold and 17 precious stones. All these items, it goes without saying, were priceless and represented one of the main sources of wealth in what remained, despite the glittery facade Sadat liked to put on it, a desperately poor country.

Heikal's book is intriguing in its description of the manner in which Sadat spent his time while holding the reins of power. Although he has usually been depicted as working tirelessly for peace, Heikal claims that Sadat followed a routine that "seemed almost designed to insulate him from the harsh realities of the world outside." Sadat would not rise until 9 or 9:30 in the morning, would then leisurely take some tea and read the papers in bed, "paying particular attention to all the items concerning himself. Then came massage from his personal masseur, some physical exercises and a bath." After breakfast and a generous helping of vodka, he would be ready for work at around 12:30 in the afternoon. After about two hours of statecraft however, the great man would complain that, "they're killing me with work," and he would adjourn for lunch. From 4:30 until 7 in the evening, Sadat would nap, and at around 9 p.m. he would select a couple of films for his evening's entertainment, generally falling asleep around midnight. Despite this crushing work load, the president still found time to spend $7 million to restore the Muntazah Palace, allegedly for use as his office. According to Heikal, he used the Palace only once, for one hour; this at a time when some of the most notable monuments in Egypt were collapsing from lack of funds for restoration.

One of Sadat's closest friends, contractor Osman Ahmed Osman, became a multimillionaire because his friend in the National Palace thoughtfully saw to it that he be named Minister of Construction in 1973, thus putting him in the enviable position of being able to award huge contracts to his own companies. By 1981, virtually half of the country's construction projects had been turned over to Osman's companies. Many of Sadat's other friends and relatives were similarly rewarded, and by 1981 a Parliament Deputy was heard to remark that there were now 17,000 millionaires in the country. Meanwhile, the World Bank was announcing that, in 1980, 21.5 percent of the national income was going to only 5 percent of the population, while the poorest 20 percent of the population had to make do with only 5 percent of the national income. Even government officials barely made a living; 33 percent of them, serving in Egypt's smaller towns, were reported in 1980 to have incomes below the poverty line. Clearly only a small coterie of insiders was getting rich off the boom in Egypt, and resentment was rising.

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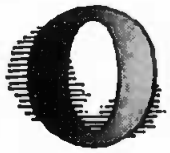

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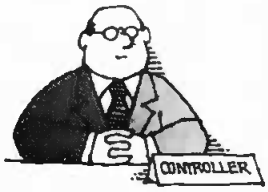

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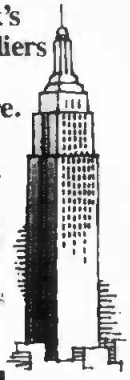

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Increasingly remote from his own people in his glittering palaces—much like his "good friend" the Shah of Iran had been—Sadat began to lose touch with reality. Heikal reports that he would spend hours with Osman Ahmed Osman, "watching on video the filmed record of past triumphs—his address to Parliament after the October War, his journey to Jerusalem, his reception in Cairo on his return, his television appearances in America. He now lived almost entirely in a world of his own creation, in which he was the continuing star and from which all hostile forces or rivals were effectively secluded."

Although Sadat tried to ignore or imprison his opposition, both among the left and the Islamic fundamentalist right, his imperious conduct and what Heikal terms "organized looting" of the country had to produce an explosion sooner or later. Heikal gives a convincing portrait of the chief gunman in the conspiracy that was to assassinate Sadat: Lieut. Khaled el-Islambouli. The son of a lawyer, Khaled was a typical example of the kind of Egyptian Sadat felt he could ignore. Deeply religious, he was to testify at his trial (he was later executed) that Sadat had taken the country far from Islamic practices, that he had made peace with Israel despite that country's annexation of Arab land, and that he had arrested, persecuted and humiliated Islamic leaders.

Like similar Islamic fundamentalists in Iran, Khaled believed that the country should return to an imagined Islamic golden age that devout Moslems believe existed at the time of Mohammed, when all Moslems lived strictly according to the Koran. Khaled was strongly influenced by the writings of Abdel-Salem Farag, whose book *The Absent Prayer* had argued that hypocritical Moslem leaders (those not ruling strictly in accordance with the Koran), should be eliminated. Farag, taking advantage of Khaled's military knowledge and position, was able to organize an assassination plot that seems to have caught the authorities completely by surprise. Although the participants in the military parade Sadat was reviewing on the day he was killed were supposed to be carrying unloaded weapons, no one seems to have made much of an effort to find out if this had indeed been done. There is some irony in the fact that, just before he was killed, Sadat had spent $20 million on extensive security measures recommended by a group of American advisers. None of those in charge of defending him seem to have imagined that a threat could come from within the Egyptian Army, however, and this carelessness resulted in the carnage of Oct. 6, 1981.

Although American and Israeli officials are still looking for "another Sadat" to emerge in the Middle East, it seems unlikely that one will appear soon. Egypt's President Mubarak, with his recent public embrace of Yassar Arafat, seems determined to avoid the isolation Sadat reveled in; Lebanon's Amin Gemayel rules only a small portion of his country; Morocco's King Hassan is bogged down in a seemingly endless war in the western Sahara. The main legacy that Sadat has left, Heikal argues, is to have provided an example of a style and a political doctrine that most Middle Eastern leaders could emulate only at their own peril.

—John Motavalli

Baseball's Great Experiment: Jackie Robinson and His Legacy

By Jules Tygiel
Oxford University Press,
$16.95

"Mr. Rickey, are you looking for a Negro who is afraid to fight back?"

"I'm looking for a ballplayer, Jackie, with guts enough *not* to fight back."

This famous exchange between Branch Rickey and Jackie Robinson illustrates how carefully "baseball's great experiment" was crafted. Robinson, who certainly had guts, has been hailed as "the flashing symbol of an era in the national life when, for all minority groups . . . the social and economic walls were coming tumbling down." Yet civil rights breakthroughs in the 1940s and 1950s were the exception rather than the rule. The walls did not tumble down suddenly and without resistance.

During World War II, black soldiers fought Hitler's racism while the Allied armed forces remained segregated and blacks continued to hold the lowest-paying jobs. The upsurge of black and yellow people in Africa and Asia made the problem an urgent one. "Action on the race question was needed," says historian Howard Zinn, "not just to calm a black population at home emboldened by war promises . . . It was needed to present to the world a United States that could counter the continuous Communist thrust at the most flagrant failure of American society—the race question."

In a context, then, in which the very definition of "Americanism" was at stake, the desegregation of major league baseball held tremendous symbolic importance. Jules Tygiel argues that baseball's great experiment "offers an opportunity to analyze the integration process in American life." Using a variety of sources—including interviews with players and executives, newspaper accounts and personal papers—Tygiel tells the story more fully than it has been told in the past.

Tygiel's enthusiastic account adds a good deal to what we know about baseball integration. He begins the story in the 1880s when there were black players in the major leagues; the trend that led to their exclusion began in 1887. He then focuses on the relationship between Dodger president Branch Rickey and Jackie Robinson, reactions to Robinson's signing with the Dodgers in 1945 ("It Won't Work Out!") and the great experiment itself. Tygiel then offers some insights into the personalities and experiences of those who followed Robinson: Roy Campanella, Larry Doby, Satchel Paige, Willie Mays and others. He traces the long, slow process of integration in the minor and major leagues. The Boston Red Sox held out until 1959, finally promoting a black player to the club more than 12 years after Jackie Robinson's debut at Ebbets Field. Tygiel also discusses the fate of the Negro Leagues; the barnstorming teams that introduced night baseball and served as a major source of recruitment of blacks to the major leagues, ceased operation after 1960. Tygiel is the first writer on this subject to acknowledge the long fight waged by black sportswriters and American Communists to achieve the integration of the national pastime.

Tygiel touches on a number of themes that deserve more sustained attention. For example, economic considerations were important to baseball executives; Jackie Robinson was an incredible draw, as were some of the other early black players. Baseball integration had a tremendous impact on the South, where questions of segregation in all aspects of life then had to be addressed. The lack of a clear framework within which to understand the development and meaning of racism in the U.S. detracts from such points. Tygiel doesn't tell us why *race* became the important distinction between amateurs and professionals when baseball's culture of professionalism developed. He says only, "By designating some people as unworthy of admission, the baseball community elevated the status of those accepted into the profession."

Another aspect of professionalization was that leagues afiliated under the National Agreement began to refer to their operations as "organized baseball" and label all others "outlaw" leagues. Tygiel uses the term "organized baseball" throughout the book to discuss the white major leagues. The racial significance of the term—as in *The Sporting News*' discussion of "the invasion of organized baseball" by Negro League players—is ignored. The media in general is spared the

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nored. The media in general is spared the criticism it deserves for its coverage of the great experiment.

Blacks became stereotyped in a new way after their acceptance in baseball. Blacks were entertainers, a role they had traditionally played, but now they were superhuman, rather than subhuman, in the eyes of white America. "The high standards established by baseball's racial pioneers careated a new, no less stereotypical, image of the black athlete," says Tygiel. This new image was based on "natural" speed and strength, not intelligence. Blacks were accepted as stars in baseball, but not as human beings in society. This was readily apparent to the early black players who could be cheered on the field, but could not reside in the same part of town as their teammates.

It was not (and is not) enough to say that people should be judged on the basis of ability rather than color, as did the *New York Times* and other newspapers. Tygiel, however, concurs with this point of view. "The true significance of Jackie Robinson and his spectacular triumph in 1947," says Tygiel, "is reflected in the recollections of Dodger announcer Red Barber. Robinson's arrival had posed a moral dilemma for Barber, but he accepted the black man 'as a man, as a ballplayer. I didn't resent him and I didn't crusade for him. I broadcast the ball.' " Broadcasting the ball and focusing on performance, however, discounts the problems created by a past in which color has defined people's rights and opportunities.

Tygiel explains racism in American society as a result of apathy, indifference, lack of awareness. Once people were made aware of the problem, in Tygiel's version, progress occurred; the American Dream began to be extended to a broader section of the population. Yet Tygiel also describes continuing discrimination in major league baseball, citing studies that show blacks consistently must be better qualified than whites to win the same position, that blacks are rarely hired in nonplaying capacities, and so on. Tygiel is unable to reconcile his love for the game and his belief in American progress with the depth and persistence of racism in the United States. The result of his ambivalence is a thoroughly enjoyable account of the integration of baseball that implicitly raises some critical questions about the nature of American society. It is not a definitive work, but rather a beginning toward balancing the legend of Jackie Robinson with an understanding of the roots, meaning and persistence of racism in American society.

—Robbie Lieberman

Missionary Stew

By Ross Thomas
Simon and Schuster, $15.95

Ross Thomas has written 19 novels. For the most part they're what could be called "comic thrillers"—bitterly funny tales of the way things *really* work. *Missionary Stew* is his latest. It's as good as any of the others and in some ways, even better. Consider this a strong recommendation indeed.

At various points in his life Thomas has been a reporter, editor and public relations director for "numerous publications, radio stations, national organizations and political candidates in the United States, Europe and Africa." This is a polite way of saying that he knows the world of power, of officialdom. He also knows the worlds of unofficialdom—spooks—as well as anyone.

Missionary Stew is a very funny novel about the very unfunny doings of the FBI and CIA in Central America. Thomas' plotting, always strong, is exquisite here, intricate and bloody as a Jacobean revenge play. His delineation of character is spare, economic. There's a love story embedded somewhere in this *Stew* as well, a surprisingly moving love story at that. And, of course, what Thomas produces best: a gallery of minor characters as weird, hilarious, idiosyncratic and true-to-type as can be found this side of Preston Sturges.

Anyone who writes about the "intelligence community," for example, has a character who works as the commercial attaché at the American Embassy. Thomas' guy is specific: he wears a Haspel seersucker with a black knit silk tie and lace-up cordovans "and no, he doesn't think he'll have a drink because it's still a tiny bit early for him, but I should go right ahead, if I really want one, and he'll just have a Perrier. . ."

Stew's protagonist is the hapless Morgan Citron, a down-on-his-luck journalist just released from jail in Africa whose cuisine lends the book its title. He's sleeping in his car just up the Pacific Coast Highway from L.A. among the residents of an unintentional community of dislanded gentry, enjoying what Thomas calls "the comforting hopelessness of the Cadillac People." Then, by what at first seems to be happenstance, he finds himself investigating the death of construction magnate (and CIA conduit) Jack Replogle.

The plot quickly thickens to include Citron's inamorata, Velveeta Keats, of the "Miami Keatses." Her family was very big in the drug trade down there in the '60s and '70s: her father, Byron Shelley "B.S." Keats, the smuggler; Citron's mom Gladys, publisher of an *Enquirer*-style tabloid; direct-mail genius Draper Haere, who has a fondness for "progressive" furniture (he owns John L. Lewis' hatrack, Henry Wallace's walnut armchair); and Drew Meade, who'd been a Communist for the FBI long enough to finger Citron's dad, and who's now reduced to conducting minor swindles in the colonial hotels of Singapore.

There's also the Governor-elect of California, whom the astute reader can discern is not modelled upon Jerry Brown; and putative FBI agents Shield and Tighe, who shoot first and ring the doorbell later. We even get to catch a climpse of a liberal east-coast senator who just might run for President in '84 if his mother lets him.

The premise of *Missionary Stew* is as follows: suppose there were a Central American banana republic of the type our ambassador to the UN refers to as "authoritarian," a ruling junta whose major growth industry seems to be the wholesale violation of human rights. Suppose that junta's economic aid was about to be shut off by a U.S. Congress upset by those "violations." And suppose the CIA decided to raise a few million on the side, just in case, so its close personal friends in the junta shouldn't have to go without. A few million raised by the time-honored method of the exportation of cocaine alkaloids. And what if the CIA found a way to involve its old rivals in the FBI, just for insurance. Then the whole thing starts to unravel.

In a nutshell, a classic Ross Thomas thesis: the vilest kind of corruption in high places, about which we poor slobs must never find out. He's done it before, most notably in his longest, richest novels, *The Fools in Town Are on Our Side*, and *Chinaman's Chance*. *Stew* happens to be particularly timely; but I'd have to say it also seems particularly heartfelt.

Thomas has a growing, loyal coterie of fans. But perhaps because he writes "genre" fiction, he's not been given the recognition that should be his due. His prose is among the cleanest and most biting that's being written in English. *Missionary Stew* is a "comic thriller," all right, but it's not at all unrelated to the Pynchon of *Crying of Lot 49*, or the Graham Greene "entertainments."

Until that recognition comes through, one can only hope that Thomas shares the philosophy of his creation Drew Meade, the failed informant: "If someone had suggested to Drew Meade that at sixty-three he might be considered a senior citizen, or even elderly, he would have stared contemptuously at them with his chilly hazel eyes and demanded to know what the fuck they were talking about. If he'd had a drink or two and was feeling expansive, he might even have tried to explain how you can't

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get old until you've got it made. Until then, you just can't afford old age . . . Meade now had $19.47 in his pocket, which meant he couldn't afford to feel any older than thirty-three. . . When he pulled this deal off, he could afford to feel older—as much as forty-five or so. But until then, thirty-three. Maybe thirty-four tops." This is Meade's dogma, his creed, and as Thomas writes, "It kept him young."

—Howard A. Rodman

Class Struggle Is the Name of the Game

By Bertell Ollman
William Morrow and Co.,
$12.95

Here's a good one: This guy teaches radical politics at a New York college. Scruffy, didactic, always dreaming—got the picture? One day he gets this idea to invent a Marxist version of the game Monopoly. He draws up a board game and a set of rules and names it Class Struggle.

He gets his friends to throw in a few thousand dollars and then he enters the world of business, convinced that Middle America will buy a game that shows Karl Marx and Nelson Rockefeller armwrestling on the box it comes in. He expects to make a killing in the process, maybe even start a charitable foundation for subversive causes with all his millions.

With me so far? So this wacky professor finds that selling a brilliant idea isn't as easy as lecturing on the surplus value of labor. In fact, he loses his shirt, not to mention his friends' shirts. He becomes a financial ogre overnight, lying awake in bed concocting new schemes to rip people off. Meanwhile a bunch of avowed capitalists get rich off his socialist game. Then this professor gets $4,000 from a New York publishing company to write a mass-market book on the whole ordeal. Not laughing? You will be if you read Bertell Ollman's *Class Struggle Is The Name Of The Game: True Confessions Of A Marxist Businessman.*

Ollman, an NYU political science professor, did receive a $4,000 advance from William Morrow & Company to write this new book on his experiences in creating and marketing his board game. The book costs $12.95 in hardcover and is his latest attempt to make a buck introducing Americans to Marxist theory by giving them a good time.

But that's no reason to begrudge him any possible success with this book. *Class Struggle Is The Name Of The Game* whisks its readers along an exciting, hilarious and instructive plunge into the world of business, rewriting Horatio Alger's tale in the style of 1980s realism.

It begins in the early 1970s, when Ollman searches for a board-game alternative to the avarice of Monopoly, Careers and Easy Money. He can't find one, so he invents his own. It pits capitalists against workers, with farmers, professionals, small businessmen and students forming alliances with one class or the other. Chance—a toss of the dice—determines what role each player will take.

The book follows Class Struggle, Inc.—the company formed by Ollman and his allies—from its initial efforts to publish and sell the games through its sell-out two years ago to Avalon Hill, a company that markets war games. The book also traces Ollman through his stages as a Marxist entrepreneur. He starts with noble ambitions: "I wanted to make capitalism dance by teaching people its secret melody, the class struggle." He then describes his transformation into a modern-day Faust, making a pact with the capitalist devil while convinced he can maintain his perspective. He becomes Odysseus on an endless voyage battling "Lotus Eaters, Cyclopes, Sirens and enchantresses with binding spells and poor credit ratings."

"A socialist Alice lost in a Capitalist Wonderland," he suddenly finds himself a darling of the international media. In one sense, he has cause for celebration: people are discovering Class Struggle, both the game and the political theory. But Ollman is still losing money, and when he looks in his bedroom mirror he sees a character from Kafka's *Metamorphosis.* "Gregor Samsa went to bed one evening a hard-working salesman," he realizes, "and woke up the next morning a giant cockroach."

He does find a happier literary role model by the end of the book: the mythical Phoenix. But rather than spoil any more surprises, I'll let you find out why and how for yourself.

Suffice it to say that Ollman describes a fascinating world of fast-talking business agents, duplicitous middlemen, cocktail-party liberals and gawdy Hollywood hucksters who haggle over the rights to Class Struggle ping-pong balls promoting a movie loosely based on Ollman's life story. (The film company also gets the rights to the ping-pong balls.)

Ollman—who before publishing the board game had written academic works dealing with subjects such as Marx's concept of alienation—barters with Citibank, German social democrats and an evangelical game distributor who asks a Class Struggle, Inc., contact: "Is Ollman the antichrist? Tell me the truth. I can take it."

Our lighthearted Marxist also encounters the grim toy industry magnates who judge board games by their weight and the brightness of the colors on the box. Ollman introduces us to "the Toy building, a fifteen-story Mego-block structure on Twenty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue in the heart of Manhattan, where America's fun moguls decide what will be put under next year's Christmas trees."

Like fellow schlep Woody Allen, Ollman keeps his dialogue fast-paced and witty. And sounding like Woody turned Marxist, he describes why Odysseus, whom his "employers" (the gods) sent on a 20-year journey, represented the consummate businessman: he "had spunk, *chutzpah,* luck, friends in high places, and a good product line. He knew when to help his business associates and when to ditch them."

While he remains unrepentant about his lack of business acumen, Ollman litters *Class Struggle* with political *mea culpas.* He refuses to remove the game from a store which displays it in the front window while striking employees picket outside. (He's not completely apologetic about that one.) He lies and cheats, and he threatens a million-dollar counter-lawsuit against a fellow small businessman to save his own company.

Mired in financial problems, Ollman discovers a dialectical process at work in his own gut reactions. The capitalist in him hesitates to grant his friends/employees a well-deserved paid vacation; the socialist tells them to go ahead. The workers' champion wonders how his employees work in a cold, cramped and noisy office; the boss reasons that the company can afford no better.

Ollman had more than fun on his mind when he invented Class Struggle. So it is with his new book. "Capitalism lives on a lie and a secret," he writes. "The lie, most imaginatively expressed in the game Monopoly, is that everyone has an equal opportunity to become a capitalist. The secret is that there is another way, a different set of rules for organizing society."

Therein lies the lesson in Ollman's book. By weaving a tall tale that could come true only under capitalism, the professor aims to show how that system's privileged class blindly pursues profits at the expense of a sensible distribution of resources. It's his case for a more democratic—and socialist—system.

Who knows? With a story as fun to read as *Class Struggle Is The Name Of The Game,* Ollman may succeed in presenting that case to many people for the first time. The book may also have an unintended effect: prompting people like me to buy the game he no longer owns. ***—Paul Bass***

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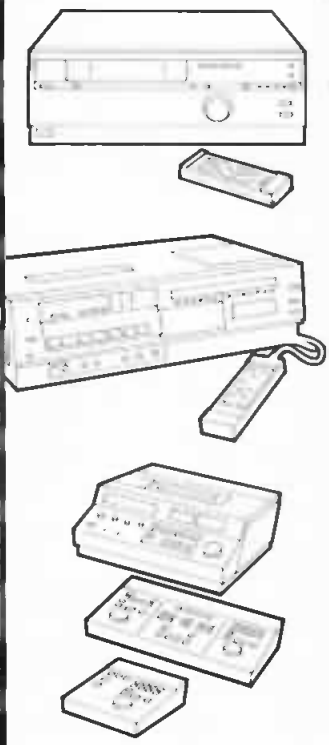

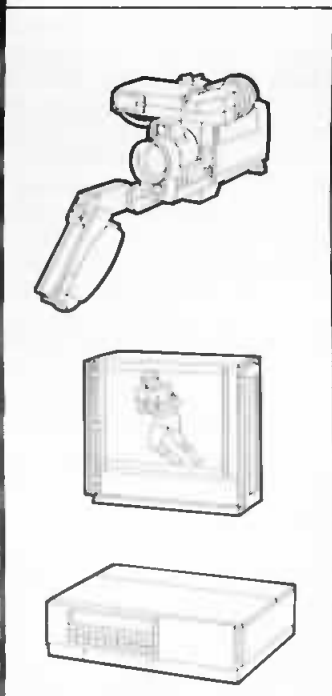

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Mole

Editor and Publisher, Gary Wasserman
$2.50

If the political magazines you're reading aren't providing you with your four essential nutrients—gossip, scandal, bile and wit—Gary Wasserman has just the journal for you: *Mole*, a new satirical magazine published in Washington, D.C.

"It occurred to me that our nation was suffering from a serious humor gap, which was causing all the foreign powers to laugh at us," says Wasserman, author and former political science professor. "Moscow has its satirical magazine, *Krokodil*, Paris has *Le Canard Enchaine*, and London has *Private Eye*. I decided that our national security was in danger and that our interests required more offensive humor, deployed at newsstands all over the country. So I launched *Mole*."

After a pilot issue last summer, Wasserman raised the considerable chunk it takes to start a new magazine. Where did the money come from? "Good question," Wasserman answers with a start, like a congressman who has been asked the address of the Swiss bank at which he launders his political payoff money. "All over."

But money shouldn't be a problem for a magazine that has announced its willingness to sell out to anyone—advertisers, single-issue coalitions, subscribers—to turn a buck. "We're flexible," Wasserman says. "Let the highest bidder come forth. We like to think that we're bringing the ethics of bureaucracy to journalism."

Inside *Mole*, contributing editors like Nicholas von Hoffman deflate the political blowhards. Von Hoffman's revisionist history of sex in Washington notes that Congressmen Gerry Studds and Daniel Crane weren't the first officials to get caught with their pants down. Grover Cleveland sired a bastard and Alexander Hamilton had a weakness similar to John Kennedy's—getting a Philadelphia girl in trouble.

The Kennedy clan gets a thorough roasting in *Kennedy World*, a snappy parody of the *National Enquirer*. Both the media's fascination with the Kennedys and their role as the royal-family-in-exile are sent up in stories like "Tribe of Black Kennedys Unearthed in Africa," "Conan Saves John-John From Indian Mind Cult," and "EXCLUSIVE! 'I Posed as Junkie to Crack Mob Drug Ring—RFK Jr.'" A pompous and platitudinous columnist is trashed in an ad for "George Will's School of Famous Quotations." And the *New Republic* gets worked over in a parody so close to the mark that many readers mistake the legitimate *New Republic* ad that immediately follows it for yet another spoof.

Isn't *Mole* risking potential libel suits by

this bi-monthly goring of sacred cows? Wasserman shakes his head as if tutoring a slow pupil. "If you don't have assets, you're libel-proof," he beams.

Mole is not all parodies, however. In its "Blue Smoke & Mirrors" section, the magazine traffics in rumor, half-truth and innuendo. The new maximum-security dwelling of the most notorious sexual criminals in Washington (congressional pages) is profiled, and Sen. Strom Thurmond's virility is discussed. "One comment heard from jealous fellow lawmakers is that 10 minutes after the 81-year-old Strom expires, 'they'll have to kill his dick with a baseball bat.'" The candidates for Majority Leader Howard Baker's job are handicapped, with Richard Lugar the betting favorite and James McClure the long shot because of his severe halitosis.

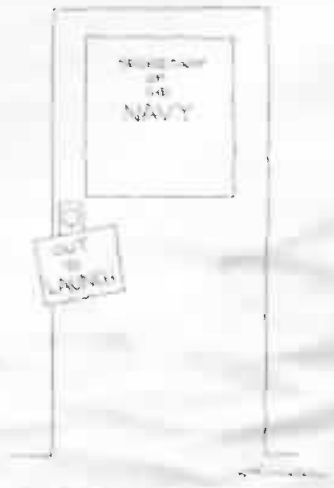
Some critics have wondered if *Mole*'s political humor will play in the hinterland, where 100,000 copies are on sale. Will readers in Kalamazoo, Michigan relate to the sex-advice column by Paula Parkinson, who doubles as a congressional lobbyist and "companion?" In each issue, *Mole* plans to lower the nation's High Court with "Sandra's Day—Diary of a Mad Supreme." Is the average reader ready for Supreme Court humor? Perhaps *Mole*'s supply will create its own demand. Three of the most successful publishing ventures of the last 20 years—*Hustler*, *Rolling Stone* and *National Lampoon*—built magazines around wholesome hedonism, rock 'n roll and collegiate humor, attracting audiences nobody even knew existed. Wasserman believes that the *Lampoon* peaked in the mid-70s as its constituents outgrew humor that sent up nothing more significant than big breasts. He believes that he can reclaim the baby-boomers with a magazine as witty and worldly as they are by doing for politics what the aforementioned magazines did for their subjects.

Watergate and the crack-up of Richard Nixon promised to turn politics into a spectator sport on a par with pro football, Hollywood and Wall Street, but the amphetamine psychosis of Nixon was mellowed by two successive Quaalude Presidents—Ford and Carter—and in the absence of foreign war and overt trampling of civil liberties, American politics were unable to sustain voter interest, much less a political humor magazine. Now that another unrepentant raver has taken over the White House and promises to stay "Four More Years," perhaps the nation is ready for a magazine like *Mole*. Wasserman promises that he is pushing no hidden agenda. "We don't take a missionary position for any political position. We don't take the missionary position anywhere. We're just here to have fun."

During the 1920s, H. L. Mencken once compared his taxes to the federal budget and found that proportionately, no more than a dollar of his taxes went to support the office of the President of the United States each year. Mencken was surprised to find that when he stopped thinking of the President as a politician who could do him personal damage, and started to think of the resident of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue as an entertainer, the taxes he paid to underwrite the President's antics constituted an excellent entertainment value.

Times and taxes have changed, and with them the power of Washington and the cost of maintaining the President has ballooned. Would Mencken still consider the taxes it takes to support Presidents like Reagan a good deal? I doubt it. So this year, if it comes down to paying your taxes or subscribing to *Mole*, subscribe to *Mole*. It's by far the better value.

—Jack Shafer



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Rebel Roundup

VIETNAM WAR veterans just returned from a tour of Nicaragua are warning the Reagan Administration to stop the war being waged by CIA-backed counter-revolutionaries or run the risk of massive protests, reminiscent of Vietnam war days. The first delegation of antiwar U.S. veterans spent two weeks visiting Nicaragua, including the town of Corinto, where the Honduran-based counter-revolutionaries and CIA attackers destroyed a fuel storage complex. The 11-person delegation, including five combat vets, also spoke with textile workers in their militia units, Salvadoran refugees, and many peasants. "We remember Vietnam," the ad hoc group called Veterans Against Intervention in Central America (VAICA) told reporters, "not only the reasons given for us being there, but also the reality we discovered there. The U.S. government war against Vietnam was wrong, and its propaganda about Central America is terrifyingly similar to that given for the war in Southeast Asia. As veterans, we know first-hand that we were lied to," commented a spokesperson. VAICA wants to involve veterans in the antiwar movement and asks those interested to call: 202-547-4340. *(N.Y. Guardian)*

CENTRAL AMERICAN STUDENTS touring the U.S. for six weeks are meeting

AP WIDE WORLD

Two American advisors, left, and a Salvadoran trooper trained by Green Berets

with their peers in many U.S. cities with a message of friendship and a plea for non-intervention in their lands: Guatemala, El Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. "Our mission here is one of peace," said Gerardo Contraras, a Costa Rican spokesperson for the Unity Movement of Youth and Students of Central America. "If a regional war does break out, it will be the people of the United States and of Central America that will suffer." *(N.Y. Guardian)*

"IMPEACH REAGAN" may not be a popular cry today, but some congressmen believe that the president broke the constitution by invading Grenada, and a legislative resolution to impeach Reagan is being considered by Rep. Ted Weiss (D-New York). If all it took was the agreement of constitutional law scholars, Weiss' contention that Reagan broke the law with his invasion orders would have a lot of support. Constitutional experts from former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg to the faculty of the University of North Carolina law school have condemned the invasion as a violation of Congress' power to declare war, as well as the charters of the United Nations and the Organization of American States. But Weiss' impeachment resolution lacks congressional support. Although it has seven Democratic co-sponsors—Michigan's John Conyers and George Crockett, California's Julian Dixon and Mervyn Dymally, Maryland's Parren Mitchell, Henry Gonzales of Texas and Gus Savage of Illinois—the most outspoken opponents of the Grenada invasion, notably Ron Dellums, want a "resolution of inquiry," into the invasion's legality before any impeachment motion. Potential supporters are worried that most U.S. citizens back the invasion and thus would not support impeachment. As Congressman Weiss said, "One of the things I hope this resolution accomplishes is to spur debate across the country and get people back to some fundamental principles, otherwise the constitution doesn't mean anything." Meanwhile, Weiss fears polls, and not principles, are guiding national policy. *(In These Times)*

AP WIDE WORLD

Rep. Mervyn Dymally

VIETNAM WAR VETERAN Jim Christian returned from Southeast Asia with a disease doctors cannot identify, and as a result has been unable to qualify for full Veteran's Administration benefits. Christian, an Oakland, California vet, is among 30,000 veterans suing the makers of the defoliant Agent Orange. Christian returned home in 1971 with swollen joints, bloatedness, fever, lethargy and vomiting spells. A Veterans Administrations doctor said that the problem is a mystery, but that Christian in some ways resembles a 60-year-old man. A Veterans Administration counselor said that if the disease cannot be identified it is unlikely a pension will be awarded. Christian is awaiting a veterans disability board decision on his request for a full disability pension. *(Los Angeles Times)*

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758 NUCLEAR-ARMED Tomahawk cruise missiles, with a range of 1,500 miles, are scheduled to be put aboard U.S. attack submarines and later on surface ships. An unknown number of ships and subs, based on both the Atlantic and Pacific theaters, always will be within range of the Soviet Union, European sources said. (*Guardian Weekly* [England])

PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN and his conservative supporters recently received two sharp setbacks in their attacks on the public school. The Senate defeated an administration proposal on tuition tax credits, and a federal judge declared New Jersey's "moment of silence" law unconstitutional. Both issues are central to the administration's educational game plan. "By stopping tuition tax credits, the Senate has blocked the administration's politically motivated campaign to subsidize private schools at the expense of public education," says National Education Association president Mary Hatwood Futrell. School prayer, another key conservative issue, has also been set back after U.S. District Court Judge Dickinson Debevoise ruled that the New Jersey law, requiring a "moment of silence" at the beginning of

each school day, was unconstitutional. The law was passed last year over the veto of Gov. Thomas Kean. Two similar laws in New Mexico and Tennessee were previously declared unconstitutional. The Justice Department is reportedly still considering its position on both matters. (*Guardian Weekly* [England])

IRS ORDERED Vermont tax resister Lori Barg to appear at their offices with "pertinent books and records" showing why she hadn't paid any income tax for the last four years. Authorities were surprised when Barg showed up with a stereo record by Joan Baez, a book on the atomic bombing of Hiroshima called *Unforgettable Fire*, and a stack of other anti-war books and records. Barg told reporters, "They asked me if I had brought any books or records related to my income, but I hadn't. I didn't consider them pertinent." Barg has refused to pay income taxes as a protest against her money being used for nuclear weapons and other war materials. She was joined by several supporters at the IRS meeting, some of whom promised to follow Barg's disobedience. A spokeswoman for the IRS said that it would either assess Barg's tax liability on the basis of information about her income obtained from outside sources, or take her to federal court. *(East West Journal)*

BOYCOTTING NESTLE over five years has focused attention on an international health problem that UNICEF estimates costs a million infant lives a year. The boycott calls on Nestle and other multinational infant formula companies to halt the aggressive sales promotion of "breast milk substitutes" in Third World countries. Industry critics charge that sales campaigns have led to dramatic increases in bottle feeding in areas of deep poverty, illiteracy and unclean water supplies. Because it can cost as much as 75 percent of the family income, people often overdilute the expensive milk powder to make it last. This leads to malnutrition, frequently complicated by diarrhea and other disease. (*Fairfield County Advocate*)

ABUSE OF WOMEN by men increases at a horrifying rate, according to Atty. Gen. William French Smith. The statistics on battering run at a minimum of two million women and one million children, as presented at federal hearings on domestic violence held in New York City. The National Center on Women and Family Law charges that even these figures are too conservative. Their testifiers asserted that four times as many women are abused yearly, most by the men they live with. They also estimate that one out of every three women will be battered sometime during their lifetime. *(N.Y. Guardian)*

AP-WIDE WORLD

NUCLEAR WASTE has bedeviled the U.S. nuclear program since its inception. What has been overlooked, according to a recent report from the Center for Defense Information, is that the problem is not just civilian in nature. "Up to now, 99 percent of all high-level nuclear wastes in the U.S. have come from military-use nuclear reactors," the Center reports. During the last 35 years, the Defense Department has produced 10,196,000 cubic feet of radioactive waste. Civilian waste, by contrast, is only 126,700 cubic feet of atomic trash. (*Not Man Apart*)

ICE AGE COMETH, contends a recent report printed in *Nature.* The prestigious journal argues that even with the high levels of fuel-burning today, there is far less carbon dioxide in the atmosphere now than in past eras. Furthermore, without the carbon dioxide to enhance the "greenhouse effect," we can expect sea levels to continue to fall and temperatures to get colder as the polar ice caps advance. Not only can we expect the world's climate to become much colder, thereby altering our living patterns, but we can also prepare for ozone levels to reduce the United States' wheat harvest by as much as one-quarter, say scientists. Ozone both accelerates plants' aging process and reduces the size of their grains. The variety of wheat most often used by American farmers is the one most sensitive to ozone pollution, according to a series of experiments funded by the Environmental Protection Agency. These tests indicate that ozone, alone or in combination with sulphur and nitrogen dioxide, may account for up to 90 percent of crop losses by air pollution in the U.S. *(East West Journal)*

An infant in an incubator cries

INFANT MORTALITY across the nation has declined for white babies, but actually increased for black babies in the past five years, according to Food Research and Action Committee, a nonprofit research group. They blame the growing disparity on the 1981-2 recession and cuts in health-care spending for the poor. Nancy Amidei, the group's executive director, said that in 36 states and 16 major cities surveyed, the 1982 rate for whites was 9.9 deaths per 1,000 live births, compared to 19.3 per 1,000 for blacks. The black rate was 86% higher than the white rate in 1978 and 95% higher in 1982. (*Los Angeles Times*)

Reagan Ignores Acid Rain Death

Despite the controversy about the Reagan Administration's repeated de-emphasis of the need for tougher clean air regulations on hazardous pollutants—like the kind that causes acid rain and destroys crops—this attitude continues to form the basis for environmental policy thinking. Such policy flies in the face of the scientific community's increasing predictions of adverse longterm effects, effects which are already being observed.

The National Commission on Air Quality (NCAQ) strongly recommends that federal efforts be increased during the next decade to bring about "a significant reduction in sulfur dioxide emissions," the bulk of which emanate from factories and electric generating facilities burning coal. These emissions are responsible for acid rain.

The National Academy of Sciences (NAS) National Research Council recently reported that emissions of sulfur and nitrogen oxide at even current levels "will be extremely risky from a long-term economic standpoint as well as from the standpoint of biosphere protection."

Backed by the White House, the powerful coal industry maintains that not enough is known about the long-range transport of pollutants. The recommendations presented by the National Association of Manufacturers suggest paced research of acid rain.

NAS, however, has firmly concluded that the evidence linking power plants with acid rain is "overwhelming." "The picture is disturbing enough to merit prompt tightening of restriction on atmospheric emissions from fossil fuels and other large sources."

Reagan agrees with industry's suggestion to proceed with further research, and rejects NAS' study that predicts the number of dead lakes caused by acid rain will double by 1990 if present conditions are allowed to continue.

A recent Canadian House of Commons committee report is even more dire: "Acid rain poses the greatest threat to the North American environment in the recorded history of the continent."

Some scientists say it may already be too late to avoid significant climatic changes. Yet the use of fossil fuels, again particularly coal, is expected to increase substantially during the remainder of this century. In fact, some studies conclude that global coal use may double in that period. The result is an expected increase of carbon dioxide unprecedented in modern history.

NAS reports it has "been unable to find any overlooked or underestimated physical effects that could reduce current estimated global warming due to a doubling of atmospheric carbon dioxide to negligible proportions or reverse them altogether . . . it appears that the warming will eventually occur."

Atmospheric physicist James E. Hansen and his team at NASA's Institute for Space Studies at Goddard Space Flight Center, have presented systematic evidence of a .4 centigrade increase in the global temperature since 1900, described as "a figure consistent with predicted effects of the greenhouse mechanism."

"If there is a .4 centigrade increase already, and it's quite reasonable to believe there is, then the carbon dioxide problem is a very real one," said Robert Watts, professor of mechanical engineering at Tulane University and a consultant at the Institute of Energy Analysis in Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

"If . . . response to the carbon dioxide problem is delayed one or two decades until CO2-induced global warming is identified, the world may already have significantly increased its reliance on fossil fuels, and economic and institutional inertia could make it extremely difficult to reverse the trend," *Technology Review* emphasizes.

Airborne pollutants are already destroying valuable food crops. Testifying before subcommittees of the House Agriculture and Science and Technology Committees, Howard Heggestad from USDA's Plant Physiology Institute stressed that crop yields are significantly reduced by acid rain, sulfur and nitrogen oxides.

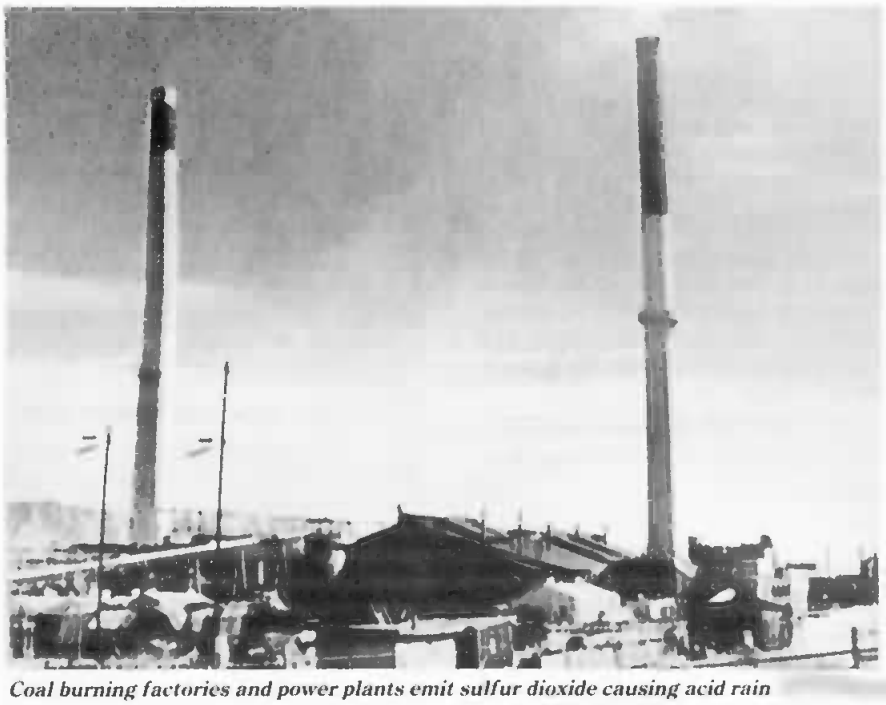
Walter Heck, a USDA researcher, said annual losses are between $1 and $2 billion, adding this is a conservative estimate because it is based upon the assumption that air pollution is not exceeding current standards.

"Most sections of the country are above the standard and thus current national losses are probably higher than these estimates even when major regional differences are taken into account," Heck said, adding "that's a serious problem."

Annual crop losses resulting from acid rain alone run about $1 billion, according to Thomas Crocker, a researcher at the University of Wyoming. A 10 percent reduction in corn, soybeans and wheat is projected for the next decade throughout the Ohio River Basin--an economic loss in excess of $7 billion.

"Current research efforts in this area are inadequate given the magnitude of the problem," explained the House agriculture subcommittee on research.

Billions in crop losses also result from destruction of the ozone layer. The ozone controversy publicly died during the mid-1970s while scientists argued about the seriousness of the hazard posed to this protective layer by industrial emissions. Now, however, NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center reports ozone 24.8 miles above the earth's surface has decreased at a rate of half a percent a year since 1970, depleting at exactly the altitude where carbons were estimated to be most effec-



Coal burning factories and power plants emit sulfur dioxide causing acid rain

tive in destroying the ozone layer.

Most importantly, though, "air pollutants can kill," Dr. Norton Nelson of the New York University Medical Center told the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee. Nelson said there is abundant, tangible evidence that air pollutants aggravate angina, asthma, respiratory infections and even cancer.

"Air pollution is a stresser which acts on the preexisting backgrounds of disease," he testified, pointing to medical evidence showing that even lower than present levels of pollutants cause adverse health effects.

Nelson also pointed out that if there are thresholds below which pollutants do not harm, their existence will become increasingly difficult to prove during the following decade. He emphasized that implementing changes in the health basis for clean air standards such as those being lobbied for by the Chemical Manufacturers Association would be a serious mistake.

More recently, Dr. Ercole Cavalieri and his research team at the Eppley Center Institute found evidence linking automobile exhaust particulates and other forms of urban air pollution to cancer and genetic deformities.

In 1980, NAS released a 136-page report on airborne particles which concluded that a body of evidence has been amassed on the "affects on health and welfare" as a result of "particles of specific chemical composition and size." Such findings "shifted the focus of public and scientific concern from total suspended particulate mass to inhalable particles and to fine particles."

NAS reported "the problems of controlling fine particles will be exacerbated if projected trends in the use of fuels are realized . . . As a result, emissions of both fine particles and gaseous precursors to fine particles are expected to increase even though projections suggest that national annual emissions of total suspended particulates will continue to decrease in the future . . . the hazards represented by airborne particles may increase though the total mass . . . emitted to the atmosphere may be reduced."

"Fine particles can bypass the lungs' defense mechanisms and penetrate deep into the more sensitive regions of the lungs," explained Susan L. Foster of the American Lung Association. "Find particles also contain a greater amount of the harmful substances associated with human disease than larger particles do.

"Upon deposition, particles may cause physiological and, ultimately, pathological effects by a variety of mechanisms. The specific responses or effects depend on the amount/concentration of the exposure and the length of time for clearance to occur. The size of the particle thus becomes critical, as well as its chemical composition."

Recent investigations presented to the American Lung Association have determined that in New York City there is an association between small particles and respiratory and cardiac symptoms in the elderly; a comparison between children in Birmingham, Alabama to children in Charlotte, North Carolina found impaired lung function in those children exposed to higher concentrations of small particles and, in Houston, deaths from asthma, bronchitis and emphysema are significantly related to the number of respiratory particles in the ambient air.

"Fine particles can represent as much as 90 to 99 percent of the number of airborne particles in urban air," Foster said, reminding that "the fine particles problem is expected to worsen dramatically in the very near end." **A.K.**

Tax-payers lose in helicopter contract shuffle

Texas-based Bell Helicopter lost a multi-million dollar contract to rival Sikorsky Aircraft when Alexander Haig stepped in and effectively stole the contract. The unusual deal was a $63 million boon for Sikorsky and its parent, the huge United Technologies conglomerate, and a $35 million loss for Bell. And the U.S. taxpayers, who subsidized the purchase by Philippines' President Ferdinando Marcos, paid twice as much for a helicopter that is of questionable value.

Alexander Haig is selling helicopters

A few months after Bell had signed a preliminary deal in June 1982—and all the helicopters had been built and were awaiting shipment—things started to go awry. Sikorsky flew one of its S-76s, a copter mostly used for corporate luxury travel, to the Philippines for an inspection. Philippine Maj. Gen. Vincente Piccio looked at it and was quite dubious. He wrote President Marcos that he was worried about the S-76's lift capability, particularly in the Philippines' warm temperatures; he wasn't sure about servicing (the air frames of the S-76s are made of KEVLAR, a new technology); and generally questioned the proposition that the S-76 was worth twice as much as the Bell 212.

The Manila *Times Journal*, quoting a "highly reliable" Filipino military source, also leveled some criticism at the S-76. "It is a sophisticated chopper," the source said. "More like a Cadillac or a Continental, which the Philippine Air Force does not need. What the PAF needs are cheap utility choppers—something in the category of jeepneys (colorful Manila taxis) rather than of Cadillacs—cheap and easy to maintain and suited for rough and tough jobs." Only one other country, Jordan, uses the S-76 for military purposes.

Marcos was not swayed by all this. He directed Piccio to meet again with the team from "United Technologists (sic) International."

Enter Alexander Haig. He arrived in Manila unannounced and told reports simply that he had come "to pursue a business." Sources told these same reporters that Haig was "pushing the sale" of the S-76.

In a whirlwind two-day visit, Haig met with Marcos and top military leaders. The next month, Manila announced it was buying 19 Sikorsky helicopters, 17 of them S-76s.

The Philippine Congress, which has been showing increasing independence since the death of opposition leader Benigno Aquino, immediately questioned the deal. Particularly vocal was Assemblyman Salvador Laurel, a leading Marcos foe.

"Whatever hapened to the basic objection to the Sikorsky S-76 helicopters as being too expensive and unsuitable for use in the Armed Forces of the Philippines?" Laurel asked. "By what mysterious logic was this formidable objection overcome?"

Laurel pointed out that it says right in *Sikorsky News* that the company will soon introduce an improved version of the S-76 (the MK-11) that "will provide improved mission capability in the high temperature, high altitude areas of the world." In other words, Laurel said, Sikorsky was pawning off an expensive turkey on the Philippines. "Is this another American dumping operation?" he said.

Laurel also noted the intriguing fact that between Haig's visit and the Sikorsky announcement the U.S. and the Philippines had signed a $900 million "package deal" on U.S. military bases in the country.

The opposition leader wanted answers

to a number of important questions. "Did Mr. Haig twist the arm of Mr. Ferdinand E. Marcos? Did he collect past favors? Was his deal a *quid pro quo* arrangement in the bases agreement? Was (it) . . . the handiwork of Mr. Haig the super-statesman or Mr. Haig the super-salesman or Mr. Haig the super-statesman alone? Or was this achieved by Mr. Haig with the help of a presidential crony?"

Other aspects of the deal surfaced in hearings, held last August, by the Philippines' Committee on National Security and Defense and Peace and Order. Minister Enrile testified that, "Included in the agreement is UT's offer to pay $50,000 per S-76 armed utility aircraft sold by UT worldwide during the 20-year period commencing with the effectiveness of the S-76 contract, but limited to 50 such sales. In other words, they wanted to give us a rebate of 2.5 million U.S. dollars for this whole purchase plus the offset."

In November, the existence of this rebate came to light in the U.S. through some investigative work by Mark Thompson of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram's* Washington bureau. Thompson reported his findings to the Defense Security Assistance Agency, an arm of the Pentagon, and he says that officials there were "flabbergasted" by the deal and promised to look into it.

The most incredible aspect of the arrrangement, Thompson said, was that the U.S. taxpayers could have been left footing the bill. Like most impoverished dictatorships, the Philippines borrows most of the money it spends on arms from the United States. Under the Foreign Military Sales program, says a Pentagon spokesman, Marcos borrowed $19 million in fiscal '83, and $700,000 so far in '84. The Philippines is borrowing the full $63.4 million to buy the helicopters through the FMS. And, if you follow the logic, the $2.5 million rebate—which the Philippines could presumably have used to buy *Soviet* military equipment--would actually have been from U.S. government coffers. The Pentagon has an almost symbiotic relationship with the nation's defense contractors, but when it's helping to underwirite an arms deal things are getting a bit sticky.

Meanwhile, Major Don Brownlee, a Pentagon public affairs officer, said that the rebate plan would be perfectly legal if certain conditions were met. The $2.5 million must be either in the form of credit for future U.S. military purchases or deducted from the amount of the loan extended to the Philippine government. (They're not supposed to get cash back, in other words.) The spokesman could not say whether Sikorsky had originally intended to meet these requirements. Defense Minister Enrile seemed to think he was getting cash.

Brownlee described the copter company's offer as "an aggressive marketing technique." That's putting it mildly. The Pentagon had a rather stronger reaction last November when it first heard about the plan. "Holy mackerel," said Jerry Silber, the Security Assistance Agency's top lawyer. Another Pentagon official commented, "I think we have a problem here." He added that the agency would check to make sure that "those funds come out of the corporate hide and not the taxpayer."

The full story of this deal will probably never come out. The Pentagon has smoothed out its differences with Sikorsky. Bell, whose initial reaction was outrage, has since, according to *Helicopter News*, made a separate deal with Manila for purchase of 25 more Bell 205A-1s. A Bell spokesman reached in Fort Worth would say only that he had "seen" the press reports and that the company had no comment. Sikorsky, with a $63 million contract in hand, is doing just fine, thank you. So is President Marcos who has his premium-priced helicopters, financed by the U.S. taxpayer. If they can fly at all in the Philippines' humidity he'll have them on hand for "counter-insurgency" purposes, most likely to quell the huge street demonstrations that have rocked the country since Aquino's death.—**J.M.**

Investigators of Watt leases have conflict of interest

Former Sec. of the Interior James Watt gave up his job after describing the members of a special commission on coal leasing as "a black . . . a women, two Jews, and a cripple." The press made much of the remark, but has paid almost no attention to the commission itself, which is scheduled to issue a final report soon.

The Linowes Commission, named for its chairman, David Linowes, a professor at the University of Illinois, found many problems with the management of federal oil and gas lands. They especially identified oil thievery and poor royalty collection practices and recommended a number of ways to tighten up the system.

The commission and James Watt clashed over policy, proposals and regulations of oil shale, offshore oil and gas, and coal.

In the case of oil shale, the industry itself joined state governments and environmental groups in telling the administration that the Watt proposals were preposterous; too much, too soon, not tailored to real needs, and probably illegal.

That it took more than a year of this united opposition to get Watt to back off speaks about his political savvy, but that opposition consensus did enable the groups to engage in an effort to bring about an agreement that meets legitimate industry needs while protecting the public interest.

With offshore oil and onshore coal, the outcome has not been as pleasant. In both cases, industry went all out for the handouts and bitter battles were waged in Congress over how much should be leased, where, and at what price.

Energy leasing proved to be Watt's undoing as far as Congress was concerned, as evidenced by the imposition of leasing bans in wilderness and wilderness study areas, as well as in four buffer zones off the coasts of California, New England, and the Gulf of Mexico.

The Congress also ordered a temporary suspension of the federal coal leasing program until a second Linowes Commission could investigate charges of mismanagement and below-market prices for coal leases. The group, immortalized in Watt's Last Gaffe, has recently completed its hearings and on January 29 is scheduled to issue a final report.

It has released a set of draft recommendations that call for safeguards against leasing too little, extending the time companies would have to develop leases, and negotiation of prices between the Secretary of the Interior and those who want leases. While the industry is publicly happy, one coal lobbyist was reported in the trade press as saying, "this report won't survive a day once Congress gets a look at it."

At the early meetings, it seemed as if the commissioners were in over their heads. None of them knew anything about coal, about leasing law, or about fair market valuation, with the exception of Richard Gordon, a coal economist and former consultant sympathetic to the Watt school of thought, who had written a booklet on coal leasing for the conservative American Enterprise Institute.

The commissioners didn't seem to grasp the very reason they had been assembled, namely that Congress was very concerned about the behavior of Sec. Watt and the Interior Department.

Early on, after hearing from Watt's people and the coal industry (and before receiving testimony from environmentalists or other outside witnesses) commissioners Brimmer, Linowes, and Walsh joined Gordon in speculating about where Congress went wrong in passing the laws that require fair market value and land use plan

ning. What they failed to undertake was any determination of whether Department of the Interior was following the laws in the first place.

The commission chairman helped set a tone in defining the fair market value issue, which was adhered to faithfully in the following months.

"If a seller is willing to sell at a dollar instead of $100, that's what the seller is willing to take. A buyer steps in and buys it for a dollar and its a bargain to the buyer and the seller is getting [the coal] distributed. So the definition, therefore, is not just number of dollars."

That, however, is not the definition of fair market value accepted by most members of Congress, and quite clearly does not jibe with the intent of the law. Linowes and his colleagues continually focused their expressed concern for the public interest on ways to increase coal supplies to the market, a matter completely outside the task they were asked to perform by Congress.

Rejecting the idea that *any* public resources ought to be sold at one percent of their value, and suggesting that Mr. Watt was far too willing a seller, Laura King of the Natural Resourses Defense Council suggested to the commission that fair market value should be what a willing seller with no *compulsion* to sell would sell to a willing buyer under no obligation to buy.

On July 15, 1982, Dep. Assist. Sec. David Russell disclosed a list of eight individuals who developed the plan to reduce the acceptance prices for coal leases in the Powder River Basin in Montana and Wyoming. Some nine months later the General Accounting Office would conclude that this group had engineered a $100 million windfall for several companies at the expense of the federal treasury. That day, however, Russell was testifying before Congress in the opening round of what would become a major battle over the Reagan Administration's coal leasing policies.

Today, two of the eight—Andy Strasfogel and Erick Kaarlela—are playing active roles advising the Linowes Commission and writing its report. The Department of the Interior's official representative to the commission is Bill Bettenberg, who was directly involved in the planning and execution of the Powder River sale. Bettenberg was one of Watt's trusted deputies in defending the administration's coal program before Congress.

Two other commission staffers, Bob Nelson and Don Bieniewicz, are Interior employees with intimate knowledge of the Watt coal program. Bieniewicz told the commission that a "misguided Congress" was the problem, and he and Nelson complained about the diligent development rules on federal coal leases. Nelson, an economist, at one point told the commission that in his profession, "speculation is good."

James Watt

In fact, the coal commission has no independent staff to perform research and analysis and relies entirely on DOI employees, most of whom participated in the activities that brought about the creation of the commission.

There have been many aspects to cover. The procedures followed by the commission have been unprofessional at best. Required lead time for notice of meetings is routinely waived. Witnesses from the Interior Department are not sworn in; all others are. The commission actually voted to recommend changes in the diligence law several days prior to a scheduled public hearing on the matter, and then couldn't understand why environmentalists boycotted the meeting. (The commissioners asked industry representatives to explain the environmentalists' case!)

As it turns out, there are also major conflicts of interest. FOE has filed a Freedom of Information Act request for the financial disclosure forms and other information detailing the conflicts, but some facts have surfaced already. Donald Alexander has done legal and lobbying work for companies having interest in the diligence rules and in whether railroads can lease coal, and holds stock worth in excess of $10,000 in a company affected by the diligence rule. It is worth noting that companies in any one of these areas are likely to have interests in other of the commission's recommendations.

Andrew Brimmer serves on the board of directors of DuPont, which owns both Consolidation Coal Company, one of the nation's biggest, and Conoco. Brimmer said that the commission had gone into unanticipated areas and, according to ***Energy Daily***, "asked that his prior votes on matters related to changes in the leasing law be withdrawn."

In a letter dated Nov. 28, 1983, Friends of the Earth wrote to Linowes asking about the adequacy of the original conflict of interest review performed by the Interior Department. "If none of the conflicts are new, why did the Department not know about them? If they were known, why did Sec. Watt appoint commissioners with conflicts of interest?" At press time, Chairman Linowes had not responded to the letter.

In its letter to Linowes, FOE suggested that all commissioners should immediately submit their resignations to Interior Sec. Clark, who would then make up his own mind as to whether they had insurmountable conflicts of interest.

At some point Clark will have to get involved. For 90 days after the release of the commission's report, both the Interior Department and Congress will review the findings. Clark has promised to respond "in as timely a fashion as possible" in order to aid in a congressional decision whether to allow a resumption of coal leasing.

It should be an interesting response, based on some of Clark's answers to questions about the coal commission during his confirmation process. Referring to a list of items Congress asked the commission to undertake, Clark stated in writing, "My understanding is that the Conference Committee identified some specific procedures and policies relating to fair market value that were to be examined. I think the commission should do what it has been asked to do by Congress."

With reference to Watt's coal sales, Clark said, "It is my understanding that the Commission on Fair Market Value is reviewing both the Powder River and Fort Union sales as to the process and policies that control those sales. I am withholding any judgments on those sales until I have reviewed the commission's findings."

Since the commission has neither reviewed the Powder River and Fort Union sales nor addressed the numerous questions that Congress asked it to, Clark may be hard pressed to embrace the report. It could be difficult in any event, since the adoption of the proposals as a package would likely lead to a *reduction* in revenue for both state and federal government.

The commission was established by a Congress concerned about the low bids being received in coal sales and looking for a way out of a difficult political situation. It is conceivable that the way out was provided by Watt's departure, rather than by the commission he appointed. This could be true if Sec. Clark does not plan to continue a giveaway regime. But the manner in which the members of the Linowes Commission have approached their task provides solid assurance of continued conflict, if Clark wants a coal program that even vaguely resembles that of his predecessor.—**G.W.**

Farewell America

How French intelligence wrote a book about the Kennedy assassination

By William Turner

He was slight and fidgety, with a wispy mustache and fingertips yellowed by countless Gitanes. He called himself Hervé Lamarr, but in the twilight world of intelligence that may not have been the name on his baptismal certificate. The Frenchman had called the day before, long distance, saying he had to see me. It was September 1968, three months after the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy in Los Angeles. I was familiar with Lamarr's project: a book titled *Farewell America*, which contended that the assassination of John F. Kennedy at Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963 was a conspiracy that robbed America of her future.

As we sat in the coffee shop of the Fairmont Hotel on top of San Francisco's Nob Hill, I wondered what the great urgency was. Lamarr chitchatted earnestly, but had no punch line. I introduced Lamarr to Jim Rose, who was driving me to the airport to catch a plane for New York. Rose was a pilot who had flown CIA missions against Fidel Castro and Belgian Congo insurgents in the early 1960s. He had come in from the cold and done some chancy investigative work for New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, whose damn-the-torpedoes-full-speed-ahead probe into the JFK murder had fascinated the world until it grounded on an evidentiary reef.

The punch line came that night when Lamarr called Rose and instructed him to pick up a package at the St. Francis Hotel, at the bottom of Nob Hill. Rose approached the bell captain, gave a password, and was handed a sealed can of film. When I returned from New York we screened what turned out to be a motion picture version of *Farewell America*. As a sonorous narrator chronicled John Kennedy's political career, still photos of the President with kings and kids, pols and the people, rolled along with shots of his grim-faced enemies: Dallas oil croesus H. L. Hunt; the pro-Blue General Edwin A. Walker whom Kennedy had cashiered; the Big Steel executives he had forced to rescind price hikes; FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, who considered Camelot subversive; Richard Nixon; and on and on. There were digressive interludes, as when Frank Sinatra was heard singing "It's the wrong face" while visuals suggested secret amours. Then the music became dramatically somber as actual footage showed John and Jacqueline Kennedy boarding Air Force I in Fort Worth for the short hop to Dallas. There was the motorcade to downtown, spliced together from the home movies of spectators lining the route. And then—the Zapruder film.

Garment manufacturer Abraham Zapruder was a spectator at Dealey Plaza who captured the entire shooting sequence with his cheap movie camera. *Life* magazine imediately snapped up the film for an untold sum. Although *Life* ran several frames in its cover story on the Warren Commission Report, the motion picture itself had never been shown in public (not even members of the Commission had seen it). Now it had surfaced, courtesy of La Belle France.

The Zapruder film is horrifyingly graphic. It shows Kennedy clutching his throat as a shot from the rear goes through his neck. There are agonizing moments as he slowly slumps forward in the limousine. Then his head literally explodes, sending up a blood-mist halo. The force of the hit rocks him back so violently into the rear seat cushion that it is compressed. He bounces forward as Jackie grabs for him. There is no mistaking that he was killed by a shot from the front. Suspect Lee Harvey Oswald was at the rear.

I rushed to Hollywood with the film to have it analyzed by experts. They pronounced it authentic, probably a second or third generation copy. I then understood why *Life*, which had taken a stand in support of the Warren Report and featured Gerald Ford's rendition of how the no-conspiracy conclusion was arrived at, had kept the film sequestered. In fact an anonymous caption writer at the magazine had described the head-shot frame as a shot from the front, and a number of subscribers received copies with that caption. But the press run was quickly stopped at tremendous expense, and the offending plate broken and replaced by one whose caption was in conformity with the official position.

AP WIDE WORLD

President John F. Kennedy slumps down as Jacqueline Kennedy reaches back to help a secret service agent into the car

AP WIDE WORLD

Lee Harvey Oswald

AP WIDE WORLD

November 22, 1963

An explanation of how the French had pierced *Life*'s right security over the film was offered by Richard Lubic, at the time a staffer on *Life*'s sister publication *Time*. He told me that very early in 1968 the film was missing for several days from its vault in the Time-Life headquarters in New York. There was quite a stir. The FBI and CIA investigated, and even Mayor John Lindsay came over to ensure that the New York police gave it their best Kojak try. Although the obvious conclusion was an inside job, no suspects were ever hauled on the carpet.

The Zapruder film was offered to the major networks, but perhaps fearful of treading on *Life*'s proprietary rights, all declined to air it. Bootleg copies were a smash hit on college campuses, however, and in time the film became so widely shown that it fell into the public domain. It became a kind of *McGuffey's Reader* of the assassination, a socko illustration that there were at least two shooters.

L'affaire Farewell is a story so convoluted it seems borrowed from John LeCarre. Gen. Charles de Gaulle, the haughty President of the Republic bent on restoring France as a world power, never believed that Oswald acted alone. "You're kidding me," he scoffed to an interviewer. "Cowboys and Indians!" De Gaulle, himself the target of an assassination attempt by right-wing military officers the year before Dallas, reflected the deep-seated skepticism that prevailed in Europe following publication of the Warren Report. From London to Moscow American travelers were braced with the question: Who was behind it? In politically-sophisticated Europe, the "lone nut" theory was as ludicrous as square wheels.

But it was not until 1967, when Jim Garrison burst upon the scene, that an inner circle of the French government, including de Gaulle and his secret service chief, André Ducret, made a move. The first overt act came in the form of a phone call from New York to Garrison. The caller identified himself as a representative of Frontiers Publishing Company of Geneva, Switzerland. He said that his firm had an important work in progress on the Kennedy assassination which would soon be published in Europe, and wondered if Mr. Garrison would be interested in taking a look. It was like dangling a carrot in front of a rabbit.

Within days the D.A.'s mailbag brought three black-bound volumes of manuscript. The title of this *opus magnum*, *Farewell America*, seemed to say that the rest of the world should bid adieu to the country it had known. The author of record was James Hepburn, whose name was nowhere to be found in the *Writer's Directory*. A brief bio of Hepburn stated he attended the London School of Economics and Institute of Political Studies in Paris "where he prepared for the public service." It claimed he had lived briefly in the United States, making the acquaintance of Jacqueline Bouvier (Kennedy) and Sen. John Kennedy. The 1,000-odd pages were impeccably typed on an IBM machine, a clue that Hepburn was not an impecunious freelancer. The text was sprinkled with European metaphors, such as the description of the Presidential limousine swinging into Dealey Plaza: "Then the leaves began to fall, and soon the traces disappeared."

AP WIDE WORLD

Jim Garrison

The manuscript borrowed liberally from published critics of the Warren Report, but it also displayed a remarkable breadth of knowledge about the roots of the Cold War, the interlinkage between the large corporate and banking interests and ever-growing American intelligence apparatus, and the inner workings of the international petroleum cartels. Brought alive by sinister portraits of CIA spymaster Allen Dulles, the cantankerous H. L. Hunt, Roy Cohn and a bevy of military brass and Mafia chieftains, the manuscript clearly was staff-written or at least scribed by Hepburn with the aid of resources far beyond the reach of the ordinary author. This was later confirmed when the manuscript saw the light of print and the dust jacket declared: "*Farewell America* was begun in the spring of 1967 and written in New York, Spain and Paris with the assistance of various European and American specialists."

The theme of the manuscript was that JFK was killed by an amalgam of powerful interests, both public and private, that had nightmares about a Kennedy dynasty that might extend through a Teddy presidency. This amalgam, which is called The Committee, perceived Kennedy as a menace to the global superiority of the United States by his week-kneed stand on relations with the Soviet Union and his determination to bridle the nuclear arms race. Despite his uppercrust upbringing he had caved in to the racial-equality rabblerousers such as Martin Luther King. And he had landed on such mighty corporations as U.S. Steel with the memorable line: "The American people will find it hard, as I do, to accept a situation in which a tiny handful of steel executives whose pursuit of private power and profit exceeds their sense of public responsibility can show such utter contempt for the interests of 185 million Americans." As *Farewell* put it, "There is no better way for a President to attract a growing number of enemies than to express himself too explicitly on the multitude of subjects with which he is concerned."

One of the opening chapters in the manuscript, called simply "King" and dealing with John and Jackie's White House, offers a sharp contrast between the style and substance of the Kennedy Administration as opposed to Reagan's. There was elegance and wit—and care. The gossips, *Farewell* noted, complained that "the Kennedys spent $2,000 on the food for one of their parties, neglecting to add (or perhaps they did not know) that the President donated his entire salary to charity." Another chapter, "Warriors," was a telling expose of the might of the military-industrial complex in its struggle with the Presidency. It began with a quote from Sen. J. William Fulbright: "There is little in the education, training or experience of most military officers to equip them with the balance of judgment necessary to put their own ultimate solutions . . . into proper perspective in the President's total strategy for the nuclear age."

Farewell's bottom line was that JFK's enemies, collaborating with CIA headquarters and other parties at interest, moved to exorcise the Kennedy curse. As engineered by The Committee, it was a scheme of Machiavellian complexity that at the same time was diabolically simple: a sponsorship level, a supervisorial level, a "gun" level—possibly professional assassins recruited from the ranks of Cuban exiles embittered over Kennedy's failure to supervene with military forces in the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion and to invade the Red island during the 1962 missile crisis. According to *Farewell*, "President Kennedy's assassination was the work of magicians. It was a stage trick, complete with accessories and fake mirrors, and when the curtain fell, the actors, and even the scenery, disappeared . . . The plotters were correct when they guessed that their crime would be concealed by shadows and silences, that it would be blamed on a 'madman' and negligence."

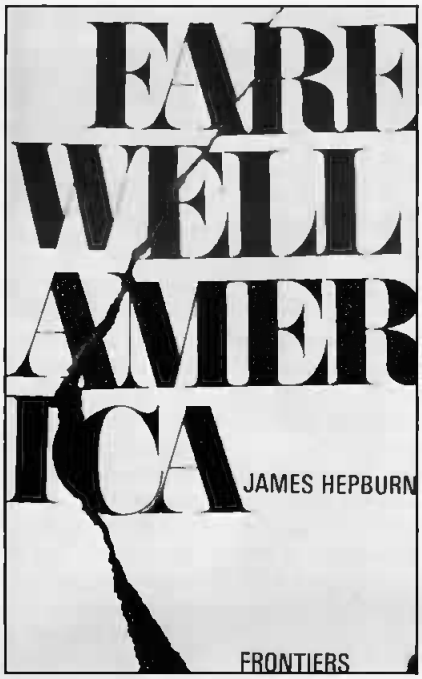
When Jim Garrison began to pore

through the black-bound manuscript he wondered whether it was as fake as the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* or *The Right Stuff*. The more he read, the more he found that it squared with his own theory: the very core of the government was riddled with moral corruption right down to its CIA spooks. If the manuscript was not entirely forthcoming in pinning proper names on dirty deeds, that was Garrison's job. Bringing in the suspects is what prosecutors are for.

Garrison was hooked. He sent one of his corps of young volunteer investigators, Steve Jaffe, to Europe to track down the mysterious James Hepburn. Jaffe went first to the address of Frontiers Publishing in Geneva, only to find that it was the office of a large law firm specializing in Swiss banks. Frontiers was incorporated in Liechtenstein, he was told, but its editorial suite was in Paris. Again he found himself in a prestigious law office, but this time his entreaties produced Hervé Lamarr. Lamarr informed Jaffe that, regretfully, James Hepburn was not available. In fact, the Frenchman finally confessed over Pernods, Hepburn didn't exist as such. He was a composite. Lamarr had concocted the name out of flaming admiration for actress Audrey Hepburn. The James had come from *j'aime*—I love.

As they bistro-hopped Jaffe discovered that the Frenchman's background was every bit as exotic as his taste in actresses. He had been in the French Army, attended Harvard, served in the French diplomatic corps in Vietnam—and was highly connected with French intelligence. This last bit of biography was confirmed when Lamarr took the young American to the Elysée Palace to see if Gen. de Gaulle was busy. He was, but André Ducret, the secret service head whose office adjoined de Gaulle's, graciously made time to see them. Ducret told Jaffe how vital his mission was, and how France appreciated what was being done. Then he ducked into de Gaulle's office and returned with the general's personal card on which was written in French, "I am very moved by the confidence you have expressed in me."

Jaffe left the City of Light with more than a calling card. Lamarr had confided to him that on the day after the assassination, Bobby Kennedy called in one of the family's most trusted aides, Daniel Moynihan (now the senior senator from New York) and instructed him to quietly assemble a small staff to explore two possibilities: that Bobby's mortal enemy Jimmy Hoffa was behind it, and that the Secret Service had been bought off. In due time Moynihan submitted a confidential report concluding that Hoffa was not involved, and the Secret Service had not been bribed. But the report was highly critical of the Secret Service's performance. Through "personal friendships" with Kennedy insiders, Lamarr said, the report was delivered into the hands of French intelligence.



Indeed, the *Farewell* chapter called "Secret Service" detailed the "glaring errors" of the President's guards, even to the number of bourbons and water they downed the night before. But it also credited the agents with professionalism in recognizing the work of other professionals. "They were the first in the President's entourage to realize that the assassination was a well-organized plot," the chapter disclosed. "They discussed it among themselves at Parkland Hospital and later during the plane ride back to Washington. They mentioned it in their personal reports to Secret Service Chief James Rowley that night. Ten hours after the assassination, Rowley knew that there had been three gunmen, and perhaps four, at Dallas that day, and later on the telephone Jerry Behn (head of the White House detail) remarked to Forrest Sorrels (head of the Dallas Secret Service), 'It's a plot.' 'Of course,' was Sorrels' reply. Robert Kennedy . . . learned that evening from Rowley that the Secret Service believed the President had been the victim of a powerful organization."

This pretty well explained a cryptic passage in the chapter, "Only Daniel F. Moynihan, a former longshoreman, had some idea of such things."

Not long after Jaffe's Parisian sojurn *Farewell* was published in France under the title *America Brule (America Burns)*, perhaps a takeoff on *Is Paris Burning?* German and Italian editions followed. *L'Express* termed it "the hope of one America against another," and *Bild*, Germany's largest daily, serialized it with the blurb "explosive as a bomb." Unfortunately, there was no author's promotional tour. But Frontiers Publishing began searching for an American distributor. By this time a one-page sequel had been added which was headed "The Man of November Fifth." "The choice made by the people of the United States of Nov. 5th, 1968, will have profound and far-reaching consequences for the life, liberty and happiness of the universe," it began. "The peoples of the earth are awaiting new decisions." The whole tone conveyed the hope that Bobby Kennedy would be successful in his Presidential bid.

But then, as if the clack of the typewriter had been interrupted by a news bulletin, the text lapsed into the past tense. "There was another funeral. Once again the Green Berets formed the honor guard; once again the Stars and Stripes flew at half-mast. On an evening in June, Robert Kennedy joined his brother beneath the hill at Arlington, and those who pass by can bring them flowers.

"The tombs are splendid, but the scores have not been settled.

"Who killed them?

"And why?"

When Bobby was shot the *Farewell* project seemed to die with him, as if its sole purpose of life was to boost his candidacy. Lamarr's visit to the United States a few months later appears, in retrospect, to have been a settling of the estate, a passing of the torch. When he phoned Jim Rose to arrange getting the Zapruder film into our hands, he declared, "You're both professionals. There's an important package I want you to have."

There was, finally, an American edition of the book, but it was never displayed in the windows of Brentano's and Doubleday. At the coffee-shop session at the Fairmont Hotel Lamarr had casually replied, "Sure." A few weeks later a notice arrived from a freight forwarder in San Francisco that a consignment of books from Montreal was waiting to be picked up. The shipping bill of $282 had not been prepaid, but the money to pay it was on deposit in a Swiss bank in San Francisco. To the end Lamarr was playing at foreign intrigue.

There were six cartons of some 100 books each, which I stashed in the garage next to the lawn mower and rakes. *Farewell* took on an afterlife, copies finding their way to the Library of Congress, college bookstores and municipal libraries (the Los Angeles Library has five, the Australian Embassy one) as a kind of underground National Archives.

Although Frontiers Publishing vanished as quickly as it had sprung up and Hervé Lamarr slipped back into the intelligence shadows, a flicker of the Camelot flame still burned. ■

Bill Turner is a former FBI Agent (Badge #6627) turned investigative journalist. He is a former editor of* Ramparts *and is the author of numerous magazine articles. Among his seven published books is* The Fish Is Red, *co-authored with Warren Hinckle.

Slaughter

(from *Farewell America*)

Hail to the Chief who in Triumph advances! Honor'd and bless'd be the evergreen pine . . ."

Secret Service advance man Lawson met with Police Chief Curry in Dallas on November 13. Together they visited the Trade Mart, where Curry suggested the November 22 banquet be held.[1] Lawson forarded a favorable report to Washington, and the next day, November 14, O'Donnell confirmed his choice.

That same day, Curry held a meeting with his deputies, Batchelor and Fisher, Lawson, and Sorrels to study the problems raised by the President's visit. The meeting continued into the next day, November 15, with the participation of members of the local host committee. Sorrels and Lawson were preoccupied with security problems in and around the Trade Mart, and Curry promised massive reinforcements.

That weekend, or Monday morning at the latest, J. Edgar Hoover received a TWX (inter-office telegram) from special agent James W. Bookhout of the FBI's Dallas office. The Warren Commission was never informed of the existence of this message. On Monday, November 18, Lawson and Sorrels drove over the motorcade route from Love Field to the Trade Mart for the first time. Curry stressed the fact that it could be covered in 45 minutes, and even suggested that a short section along the Central Expressway be eliminated because of the security risks it offered. After they had driven through the center of the city and reached Dealey Plaza, Curry pointed down Main Street past the railroad overpass and said, "And afterwards there's only the freeway." But instead of turning right into Houston Street in the direction of Elm Street, as the motorcade did on November 22, Curry turned left in front of the Old Court-house (see map), and neither Lawson nor Sorrels followed the parade route past that point, where they would have been obliged to make a 90 degree right turn into Houston Street, followed 70 yards later by a 120 degree turn to the left into Elm Street. Had they done so, it might have occurred to them that the big Presidential Lincoln would be obliged to slow down almost to a stop in order to make that second turn.[2] This type of double turn is contrary to Secret Service regulations, which specify that when a Presidential motorcade has to slow down to make a turn, "the entire intersection must be examined in advance, searched and inspected from top to bottom." Curry, however, brought the reconnaissance to an end at the very point where it became unacceptable (as well as unusual) from the point of view of security.[3]

On Tuesday, November 19, the *Times Herald* and the *Morning News* of Dallas ran stories about Friday's motorcade, but neither of these papers published a map, which would have brought the curious hairpin turn coming at the end of a long straight route to the attention of even a non-observant person like Lawson. That same day, Kennedy asked his secretary, "Where are those clowns?" The "clowns" were O'Donnell, O'Brien, and Powers, who were resting at home that morning after their trip to Florida with the President. At any rate, O'Donnell's presence at the White House that day wouldn't have made any difference. He was only interested in the political aspects of the motorcade—how many people would be there, and where. On the other hand, Kennedy's perspicacious press secretary, Pierre Salinger, might have noticed the curious hairpin turn had he seen it in one of the newspapers, but it didn't appear in the Dallas papers, and Salinger left that same morning for Honolulu.

The hairpin turn was an ideal a set-up for an ambush as any potential assassin could hope for.[4] The Committee was not going to let a chance like this go by. The attack was to be carried out by a team of ten men, including four gunmen, each seconded by an assistant who would be responsible for their protection, evacuation, and radio liaison, and who would retrieve the shells. The ninth man would serve as a central radio operator, and the tenth was to create a last-minute diversion to enable the gunmen to get into position.[5]

The lay-out of the site (see map) determined an optimum firing zone within which the shots would have to be concentrated, but a target riding in a moving vehicle raised a number of special problems. The first concerned the speed of the vehicle. The Presidential car was watched and timed during Kennedy's trips in September, and its minimum speed was estimated at 10 miles an hour. The sharp turn into Elm Street was expected to slow it down even more, but as Dealey Plaza marked the end of the motorcade and the approach to the freeway, the driver would probably accelerate as he came out of the turn. The estimate was therefore cautiously revised to 15 miles an hour.[6]

Fifteen miles an hour is the equivalent of approximately 22 feet per second. That is extremely slow for a car, but extremely fast for a gunman, particularly if he is placed in a perpendicular or even a lateral position. The positions of the gunmen were determined with this in mind. The best possible position for an ambush of this sort (when neither explosives nor bazookas or other powerful weapons are used) is in front of and perpendicular to the car. The lay-out of Dealey Plaza offered several possibilities. The gunman in position no. 1 would have the car coming straight towards him, on a level with him, as it came out of the turn 400 feet away. This position offered a wide firing angle and the possibility of shooting at the President up to a very close range (approximately 100 feet). It seemed so ideal that it was decided to station another gunman, no. 2, beyond no. 1 and close to the railroad overpass. Both would be firing from approximately the same angle. The other two gunmen, 3 and 4, occupied less favorable positions. They could not fire

1. There were five possible locations for the Dallas luncheon, but the Sheraton-Dallas Hotel and Memorial Auditorium refused on various pretenses to play host to the President, the Market Hall was occupied by a bottlers' convention, and the Womens' Building was vetoed by local authorities as being too drab and impractical for serving a luncheon. That left the Trade Mart.

At Curry's urging, Sorrels approved the choice of the Trade Mart on November 4 and advised Behn at the White House.

2. The Warren commission claimed that all motorists are obliged to make this inconvenient detour in order to reach Stemmons Freeway (which leads to the Trade Mart), but the Commission acknowledged that it would have been possible for the motorcade to continue straight down Main Street through the underpass and make a 100 degree turn around a concrete barrier onto the freeway approach. The Commission declared, however, that "a sign located on this barrier instructs Main Street traffic not to make any turns." We do not mean to criticize the Dallas traffic laws, but on November 22 all the streets had been cleared to make way for the motorcade, and it would have been normal to follow the easiest, the quickest, and the safest (because it involved only one turn) route onto the freeway.

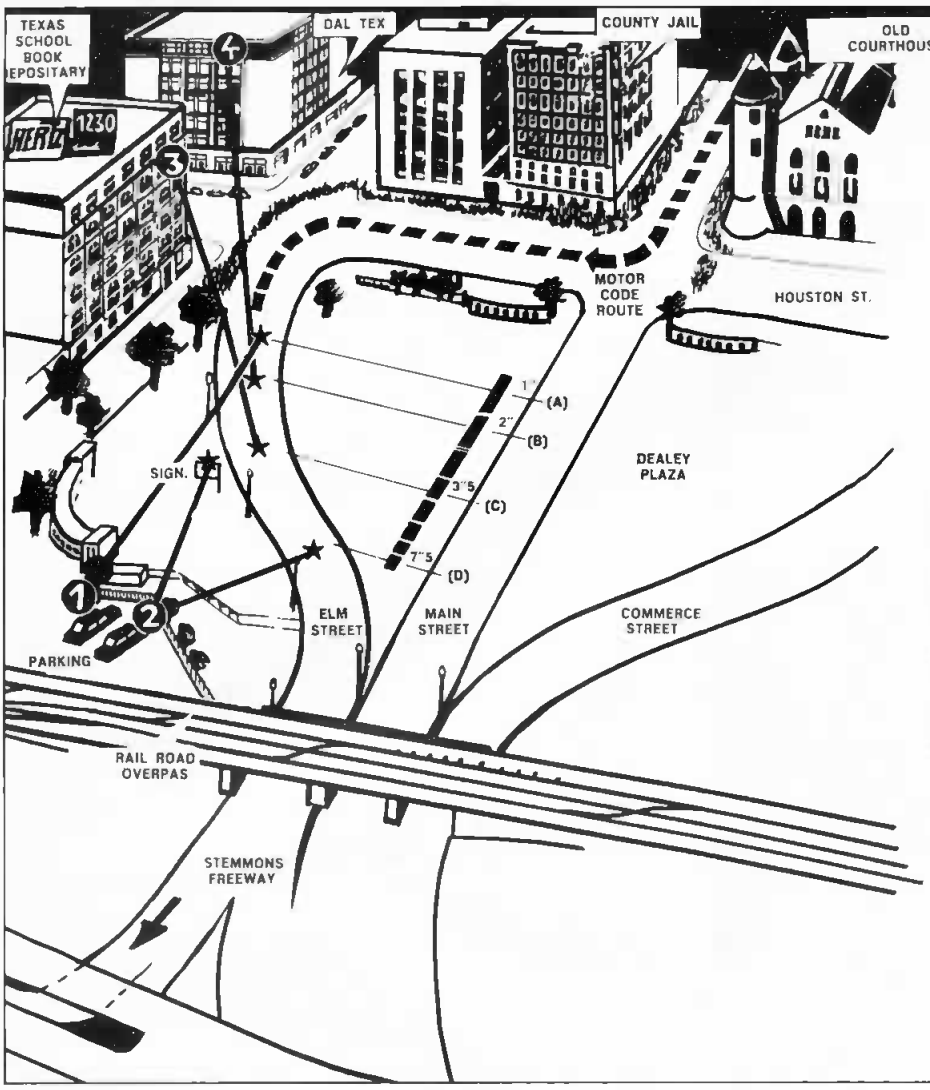
3. The route followed by the motorcade that day surprised even Senator Yarborough, a Texan, who may have remembered continuing straight down Main Street onto Stemmons Freeway despite the no turn sign on some other occasion.

4. Reinhard Heydrich, head of the S.S. Security Service and deputy chief of the Gestapo, was ambushed in similar circumstances on May 29, 1942. Heydrich was driving his open Mercedes towards Prague when, in a hairpin turn, two members of the free Czechoslovak army who had been parachuted by the R.A.F. tossed a bomb into his car and fled under the cover of a smoke screen. The Gestapo executed 1,331 Czechs (including 201 women) and 3,000 Jews in reprisal.

5. A few minutes before the arrival of the motorcade, a man wearing green army fatigues had a sudden fit of epilepsy in Elm Street. The attack lasted less than a minute and was over as suddenly as it had begun, but it drew the attention of the people standing around him. The police took the "epileptic" away.

6. The Warren Commission estimated the speed of the car at 11 miles per hour.

Excerpt from* Farewell America *by James Hepburn © 1968 Frontiers Publishing Co., Vaduz (Liechtenstein)



THE ASSASSINATION

November 22, 1963

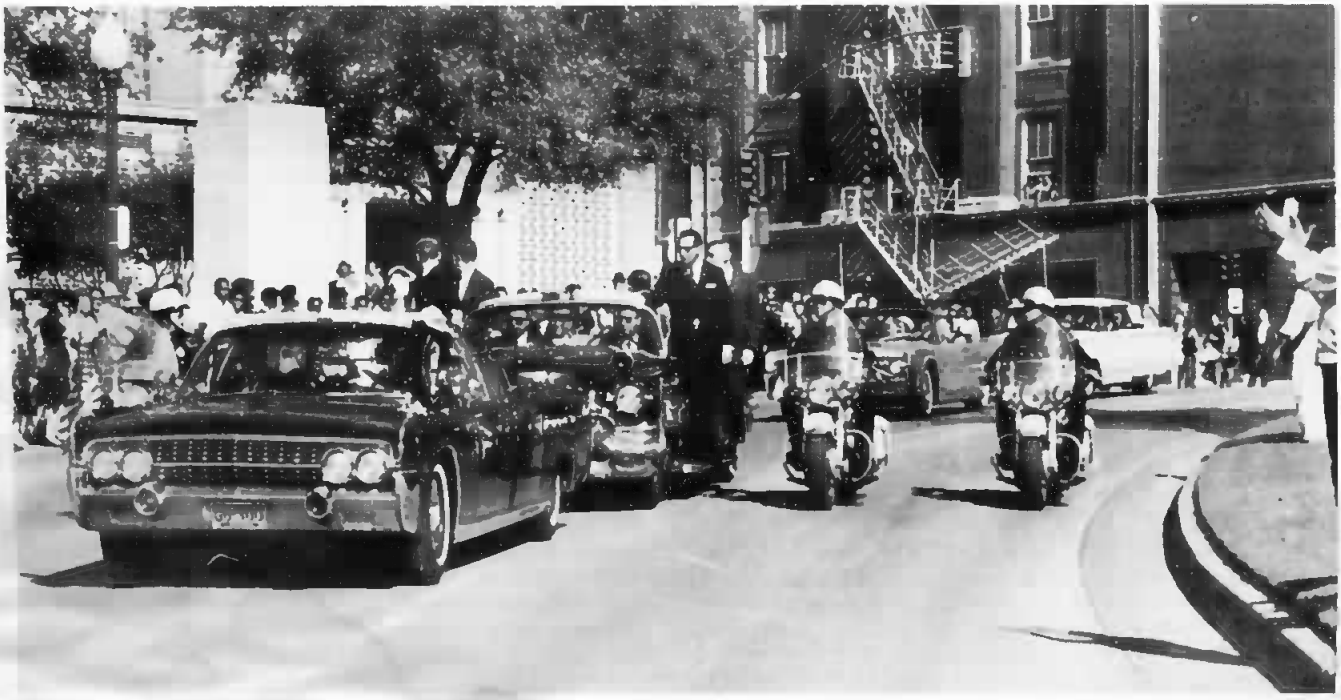
Second by second

A. (Gunman 1)
The President is hit in the throat.

B. (Gunman 4)
The President is hit in the shoulder.

C. (Gunman 3)
Governor Connally is hit in the back.

D. (Gunman 2)
The President is hit in the head.



AP WIDE WORLD

This photograph was taken just seconds after Kennedy was hit by shots in the Dallas motorcade

J. Edgar Hoover

at the President and hope to hit him until a precise instant determined by a number of different factors.

The first was the obstacle presented by the two Secret Service men who habitually rode on the back bumper of the President's car.[7] The second was the fact that the shots of the four gunmen must be carefully synchronized. After studying these factors and others (distances and angles), the organizers delimited an exact firing zone 60 feet long which took into account the distance of each gunman from his target and the trajectory of his bullet, and which offered the maximum chances for success (see map p.31.)

Accuracy was, of course, essential. The gunmen were chosen for their marksmanship, and they were provided with excellent weapons.[8] But they had to aim at the President's head, and they had to be sure to kill him.[9] No plans were made for a second round of fire. It was assumed that the first shots would set off instantaneous reactions. Roy Kellerman, in the front seat of the President's car, would throw himself over Kennedy. The President himself might collapse or drop to the floor of the car. In a fraction of a second the driver could accelerate and the car would roar out of sight.

But the reaction on November 22 was one of total surprise. Not only did Kellerman and the driver fail to move (they turned to look at the President), but when agent John Ready wanted to jump off the running board of the backup car[10], agent Emory Roberts ordered him back. It would seem, then, that some Secret Service agents did have the impulse to jump, but that they felt obliged to ask permission!

What had been planned as a salvo wasn't really a salvo. The first shot was clearly distinct, and the second narrowly preceded the third and fourth, which blended into one. The four shots thus formed three distinct detonations, but the acoustical phenomena at Dealey Plaza led many witnesses to believe that they had heard only two shots.[11] The first shot, fired in the open, was muffled, and the second and third, separated by only 2 seconds, had the effect of an echo.

The first bullet came from no. 1 and struck the President in the throat. The second apparently came from no. 4 and hit the President in the back. No. 3 hit Connally, and no. 2's bullet went through a traffic sign between him and the car.

Then, as Youngblood covered Johnson and specators began to scream, there was a pause. Four seconds after they opened fire, the gunmen must have been dumbfounded. When the first shot strangled the President, no one moved. At the sound of the second, Governor Connally turned around and was wounded, but the driver still didn't budge, and Kellerman barely turned his head. The final shots awakened the agents in the back-up car, but Kellerman was still lost in his dreams, and Greer failed to react even to the whine of Halfback's siren. Four shots had been fired, and the car was still moving at the same speed. Despite the careful preparations and the skillful marksmanship, not only was the President alive, but he was not mortally wounded. His life depended literally on Greer's reflexes, but the old driver was drugged by 35 years on the job.

The gunmen weren't dreaming, however. They were professionals. The car continued towards 1 and 2. It was 2 who hit the president, and from very close range (see map p.31).[12] John Fitzgerald Kennedy, strangled by the first shot and knocked forward by the second, was thrust backwards. The bullet pierced his temple and penetrated his brain, and his skull literally exploded.[13]

It would never have happened if the bubble-top had been used that day.[14] The plexiglas would not have stopped the bullets, but it would have deflected them, interfering with the gunmen's aim. But on the morning of November 22, Ken O'Donnell glanced up at the sky at Fort Worth and noted with satisfaction that "It was going to be a day with a halo around it, a glittering lacuna of a day. There would be no bubbletop".[15] He was right. The sun was shining in Dallas.

In 30 years on the job, J. Edgar Hoover has developed an intelligence system which nothing—no racket, and certainly no conspiracy—can escape. Through its extensive network of informers, the FBI knows everything worth knowing that is going on in the United States, even in areas that lie outside its legal jurisdiction[16]. The Dallas conspiracy was born and took root in places where the FBI was well represented. Its informers include former FBI agent James Rowley, chief of the Secret Service, Dallas District Attorney Henry Wace, DIA agent Guy Bannister, also a member of the Minutemen, and Lee Harvey Oswald. H.L. Hunt used former FBI agents as bodyguards, and Dallas Police Chief Curry was in contact with several FBI men and was under surveillance by the FBI, which had no fewer than 75 agents in Dallas.

By mid-October, Hoover had been informed of the existence of a plot and was familiar with many of the details. The FBI often launches an investigation on the strength of a rumor, and the information it received that fall from Boston, Chicago and Dallas was based on far more than hearsay. These reports were checked out and verified. The week before the President's departure for Texas, Hoover knew exactly what was going to happen. Why did the FBI fail to intervene?

It is true that the FBI bore no responsibility for the security of the President. It is also true that every year dozens of investigations are made of threats against the life of the President. Moreover, the FBI is an investigative agency, not a national police force. Nevertheless, a section of the FBI Manual issued to each agent stipulates that:

"Investigation of threats against the President of the United States, members of his immediate family, the President-Elect, and the Vice-President is within the exclusive jurisdiction of the U.S. Secret Service. Any information indicating the possibility of an attempt against the person or safety of the President, members of the immediate family of the President, the President-Elect or the Vice President must be referred immediately by the most expeditious means of communication to the nearest office of the U.S. Secret Service. Advise the Bureau at the same time of the information so furnished to the Secret Service and the fact that it has been so disseminated. The above action should be taken without delay in order to attempt to verify the information, and no

evaluation of the information should be attempted. When the threat is in the form of a written communication, give a copy to the local Secret Service and forward the original to the Bureau where it will be made available to the Secret Service headquarters in Washington. The referral of the copy to local Secret Service should not delay the immediate referral of the information by the fastest available means of communication to Secret Service locally."

The regulations, however, were ignored.

Hoover, "the man who is almost a legend" (in the words of Rep. Gerald Ford) would probably not have agreed to cooperate with the Committee, but he did absolutely nothing to stop it. He may not have approved of the assassination, but he didn't disapprove of it either. Hoover preferred to stay out of other people's fights, especially when they involved business circles over which he exercised little control. Faced with a choice between his professional duty and his abhorrence of anything that President Kennedy represented, he chose the latter alternative. He also hoped that the affair would tarnish the reputation of the CIA and shatter his Attorney General.

After the assassination, the FBI pulled out its files and submitted its report. It laid the blame and designated the culprits. Texas got back at Hoover by declaring, on January 24, 1964, that Lee Oswald had been on the FBI payroll as an informer since 1962. Neither the FBI nor the CIA were ever called upon to clear themselves. The assassination was bigger than both of them. It was rooted in a system that had produced a Senator named Lyndon Johnson, and it was suppressed by the same system, now presided over by the same Lyndon Johnson. In the belief that he was acting for the good of the country, Chief Justice Warren agreed to perjure himelf.

Regardless of the cost to the country, the FBI's maneuverings paid off. Since 1963 it has been steadily shortening the CIA's lead in the intelligence race. It has reinforced its control in the field of counter-espionage and branched out into the overseas activities that were once the CIA's private preserve.[17]

But although he recognizes its technical competence, President Johnson apparently doesn't trust the FBI with his life. On November 22, 1964, a board presided over by Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon and including Attorney General Nicholas de B. Katzenbach, White House assistant McGeorge Bundy, and CIA Director John McCone examined ways of strengthening Presidential security. It rejected the suggestion that the FBI be given overall responsibility for the protection of the President, including prevention and investigation, leaving the Secret Service with the limited responsibility for his physical protection.

Exactly one year earlier, the stern and hard-working Mr. Hoover had already had his lunch and been back at work for more than 30 minutes when the first news flash clattered over the UPI wires at 1:34 p.m. E.S.T. But does Mr. Hoover ever learn anything from the wire services?

The following day November 23, the White House received a package sent over by his remarkable bureau. In it was a piece of President Kennedy's skull. ■

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7. The President himself had ordered them off week before at Tampa. The person in charge of the ambush noted in Miami and later at San Antonio and Houston, that the "human shield" had not been reinstated, but he preferred to take it into account just in case, and the original plan was maintained.

8. Robert Kennedy was killed with an Iver Johnson 22 pistol, one of the best weapons that exists for close-range firing in a crowd.

9. The Committee was worried less about killing John Connally, who was in almost the same line of fire as the President, than about accidentally killing a federal agent, which would have transformed the assassination into a federal rather than a state crime.

This was one of the reasons why a plan for killing driver Bill Greer was dropped, the others being that a dead or wounded driver might press down on the accelerator and send the car hurtling forward, and third that they didn't want to waste their bullets on a secondary target.

10. Manchester, *Death of a President*, p.191.

11. People who knew guns, however, and those in the rear of the motorcade who had not yet reached Dealey Plaza, were not fooled. UPI correspondent Merriman Smith reported a "burst" of gunfire, and in Main Street General Clifton and General McHugh mistook the three distinct reports for a salute.

12. Apparently 3 and 4 also took second shots, but missed. They may have been shaken by the general inertia; at any rate, their shots were much more difficult.

13. A study of ballistics makes it clear why, despite the fact that he is so poorly protected, it takes a highly organized plot and expert gunmen (except on the off-chance) to kill the President of the United States when he is riding in a moving car. Gunmen 3 and 4, stationed in the rear, had difficult shots. They hit the President only once (in the back), and one of their shots also struck Connally. Their other shots probably bounced off the car or hit the ground.

There were two principal reasons why they missed. In the first place, the average spread of an accurate rifle is about 2 inches to either side for every 100 yards. In the second place, in the instant between the time the gunman presses the trigger and the impact of the bullet, a moving target shifts position. For the fastest rifles, such as the Winchester 284 of the Colt AR 15 223, the interval is approximately 1/11th of a second at a distance of 100 yards. In 1/11th of a second, a car moving 10 or 11 miles an hour advanced about a foot and a half. The angle at which they were placed (15 or 20 degrees) reduced this displacement somewhat, but it still amounted to several inches, which was easily doubled by their reflex time. A few inches is enough to miss a target the size of a head. Moreover, it is one thing to shoot on a firing range and quite another to fire from a rooftop or a window overlooking a public park amidst the noises of a crowd.

The feat attributed to Oswald at Dallas was impossible for any but a world champion marksman using a high-precision semi-automatic rifle mounted on a carriage and equipped with an air corrector, and who had practiced on moving targets in similar set-ups.

The rifles used for the assassination were Mausers without scopes. An optical scope has the advantage of bringing the target 3 or 4 times closer, but it needs frequent adjustment and must be handled with care. Furthermore, it is unnecessary for a target 300 feet away.

There was some question as to whether heavy rifles with large-caliber bullets or lighter weapons making it easier to follow a moving target should be used. An example of the latter-type weapon is the Colt AR 15.223 mentioned by Manchester, who notes (p. 167) that there was one on the back seat of Halfback, the back-up car, between Secret Service agents George Hickey and Glen Bennett. Manchester states that this rifle has a muzzle velocity so powerful that should a bullet strike a man's chest, it would blow his head off (sic), thereby showing (though elsewhere in the book he describes himself as an expert marksman who, "like Oswald", was trained in the Marine Corps at Parris Island) how little he knows about firearms. The .223 caliber 21 barrel Colt AR 15 Sporter is a powerful weapon with the same shock power as the NATO 7.62 at a distance of 300 feet, but it has never been known to strike a man's chest and knock his head off. The principal advantages of the AR 15 (known to the military as the M 16) are its light weight (8 lbs.), rate of fire (900 to 1,000 shots per minute), initial speed (3,000 feet per second), range (8,000 yards) and flat trajectory at close range.

The bullets used were frangible bullets specially cast from a lead and silver alloy with no jacket, so that they would disintegrate on impact. The bullet that killed Robert Kennedy was also a frangible bullet.

14. If it had rained that day, the Lincoln would have been covered with its plexiglas "bubble-top", which according to V.E. Baughman, former chief of the Secret Service, is not bulletproof. The British and the French, however, not to speak of the Russians, use transparent plastic tops that, while heavier, are capable of deflecting even large-caliber bullets fired at point-blank range.

15. Manchester, *Death of a President*, p. 154

16. After the assassination, the FBI submitted 25,000 investigative reports. It went so far as to describe the dreams of some of the witnesses.

17. Hoover has always denied this, claiming that the agency's activities abroad are confined to domestic law enforcement and related duties. He is not telling the truth. Since 1963, the FBI has expanded its overseas operations (it already had offices in London, Tokyo, Paris, Bonn, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Mexico, and even Moscow. It still has a long way to go to catch up with the CIA, but it is trying hard. It is firmly ensconced in the Dominican Republic, where its intelligence reports were so highly regarded by the White House that it was given the green light to operate in other countries. This does not mean that the CIA has abdicated or been relieved of its responsibilities, but that the FBI is concerning itself more and more with overseas intelligence.

The road to Colonia Dignidad

Colonia Dignidad Part II

The opponents of Chile's Pinochet often disappear forever in a remote German religious colony

By John Dinges

In late 1974 and early 1975 about 40 political prisoners were disappearing every month in Chile. Investigators asked the help of prisoners in publicly accessible concentration camps on the assumption that their experiences in the Directorate of National Intelligence's (DINA) secret prisons might provide clues to the fate of the disappeared.

Several prisoners reported being transported with other prisoners in closed trucks from the southern city of Concepcion to Santiago and that on the way some of the prisoners were "thrown off" after the truck made a detour into the countryside near Parral—the town close to Colonia Dignidad.

A breakthrough came in early 1975. Two prisoners, Eric Zott at Villa Grimaldi and Luis Peebles at the Naval Intelligence prison in Concepcion, sent word out to human rights workers that they could trace the route to the remote countryside prison where they had been tortured. They claimed that DINA agents had transported them in February 1975 to a prison compound they became convinced was Colonia Dignidad.

The two men were later released and expelled from Chile. In late 1975, from exile in Europe, they compiled detailed accounts of their experience. Peebles, now living in Brussels, where he recently finished medical school, says he is sure Colonia Dignidad was the site of the secret prison. "The most notable thing was being able to figure out where we were," he said in an interview. "We knew the area and they took us over the road [to the prison] four times—and when they threatened us not to reveal anything about where we had been, I became even more alert."

Their claim is based on Chile's peculiar geography and on the two men's familiarity with the roads from dozens of trips back and forth between Concepcion and Santiago over the years. Chile is a long ribbon of land—200 miles at the widest—squeezed between the Andean mountain range on the east and the 2,600-mile Pacific coastline on the west. It is a country with virtually two directions, north and south, and one main road, the Panamerican Highway, which threads 2,000 miles from the northern border with Peru to Puerto Montt, where continental Chile ends in the south.

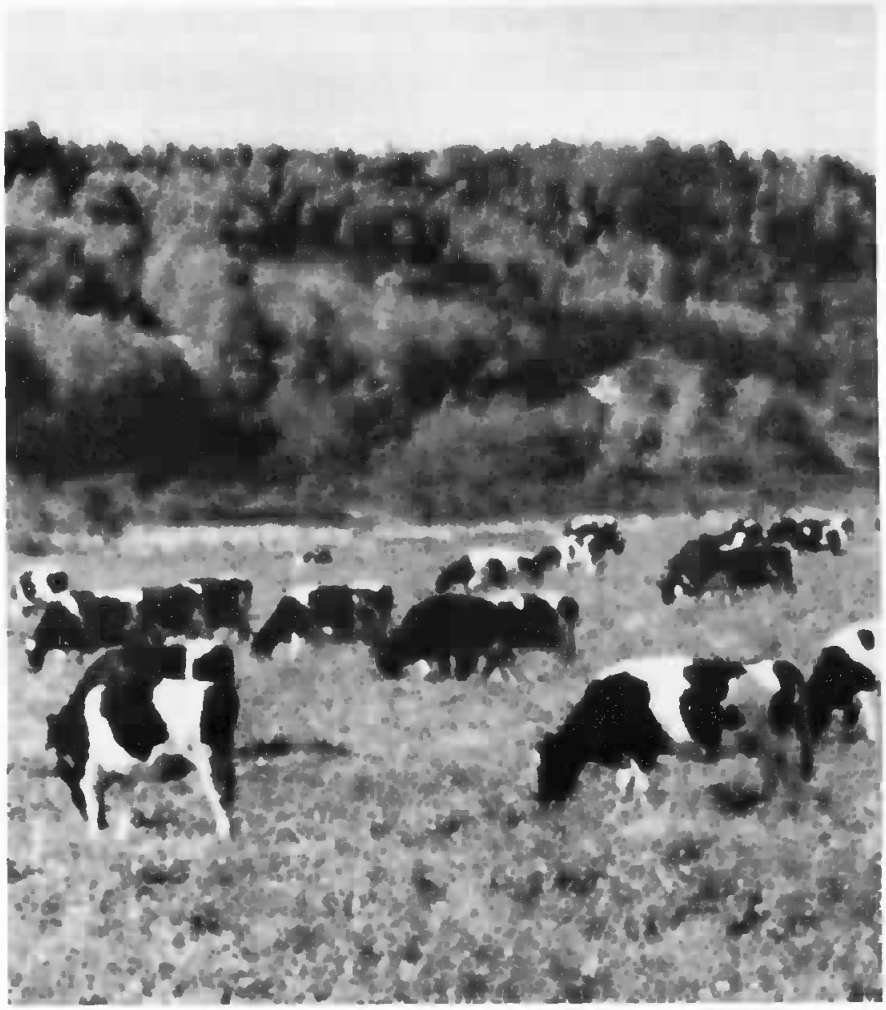
As reconstructed from the interview with Peebles and the affidavits and court testimony of both men, this is their story:

Zott and Peebles were members of the same resistance cell for a time after the coup. They were arrested in different cities, a month apart, but on Feb. 2, 1975 found themselves together, blindfolded in the back of a DINA van being driven to an unknown destination. Their blindfolds were loose enough to catch an occasional glimpse of those in the car and they were

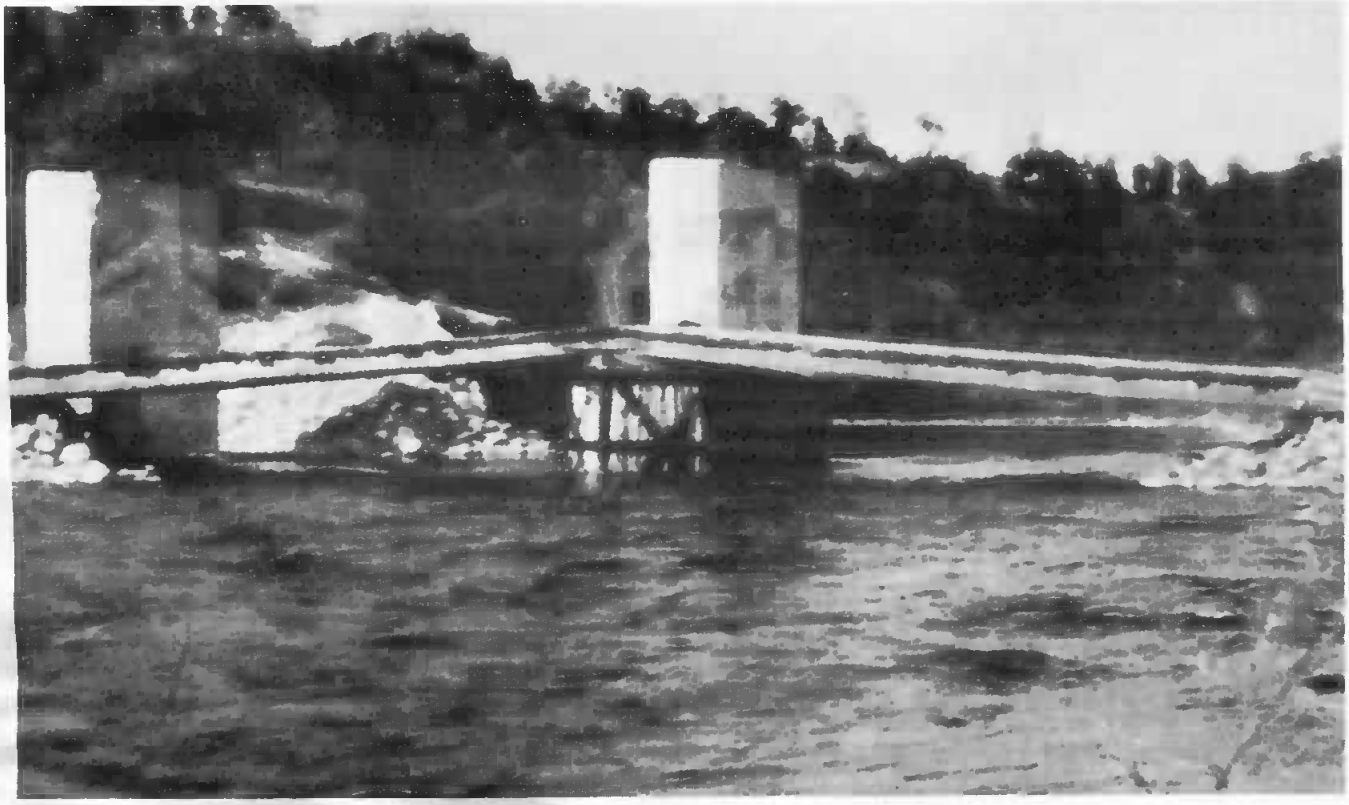
able to exchange a few whispered words. Zott had been brought from Santiago's Villa Grimaldi prison with two DINA interrogators, known as Pablo Maturán and Col. Rodriquez, and Marcia Merino, an attractive woman he had known from his days as a sociology student at the University of Concepcion. Merino was then a member of the Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR), as were Zott and Peebles. Her position as organizer made her one of the most knowledgeable MIR activists about the clandestine cell structure set up by MIR in preparation for the military coup. She had been captured and was now a DINA collaborator. Released prisoners had reported during the past year that Merino had assisted DINA in their interrogation and torture.

Merino was seated in the van, while the two prisoners were forced to lie on the floor in the back; their terror about where they were being taken intensified when they noticed the DINA officers cellophane-tape Merino's eyes closed, too. They drove about two hours—Zott and Peebles were sure they had gone over the hilly road leading from Concepcion to the Panamerican Highway, turned north, and passed over the cobblestone streets of the city of Chillan, then stopped to pay a toll at the station a few miles south of Parral.

Minutes after the toll booth, they said, they turned sharply to the right onto a gravel road. Wool had been stuffed in their ears as well, but they thought they heard sounds of a village, and the clatter of planks as they drove over a wooden



Thriving cattle herds at the Colony



The bridge leading to Colonia Dignidad

bridge. After about 45 minutes, the van stopped and the driver seemed to be giving a password: He said "panther" and was answered from outside by someone saying "pink." (The Peter Sellers' *Pink Panther* movies had been in vogue in Chile in recent years.) A few minutes later, the van stopped and backed up. They were hauled out. Peebles described his perception of the mysterious place:

"I heard the sounds of animals and birds, and I also heard the hum of a motor. The air around me felt suddenly dry, and somewhat cool, even though it was summer, and it smelled like a farm. . . . They began to threaten me right away, to show that anything could happen to me here."

They were taken down what seemed to be a cement ramp into a building, where they were put in separate cells and tied to the bare springs of metal cots. Inside, it smelled musty. Without removing the cellophane tape over their eyes, the guards placed a kind of special leather helmet on their heads, adjusting it to cover their eyes and buckling it tightly at the back.

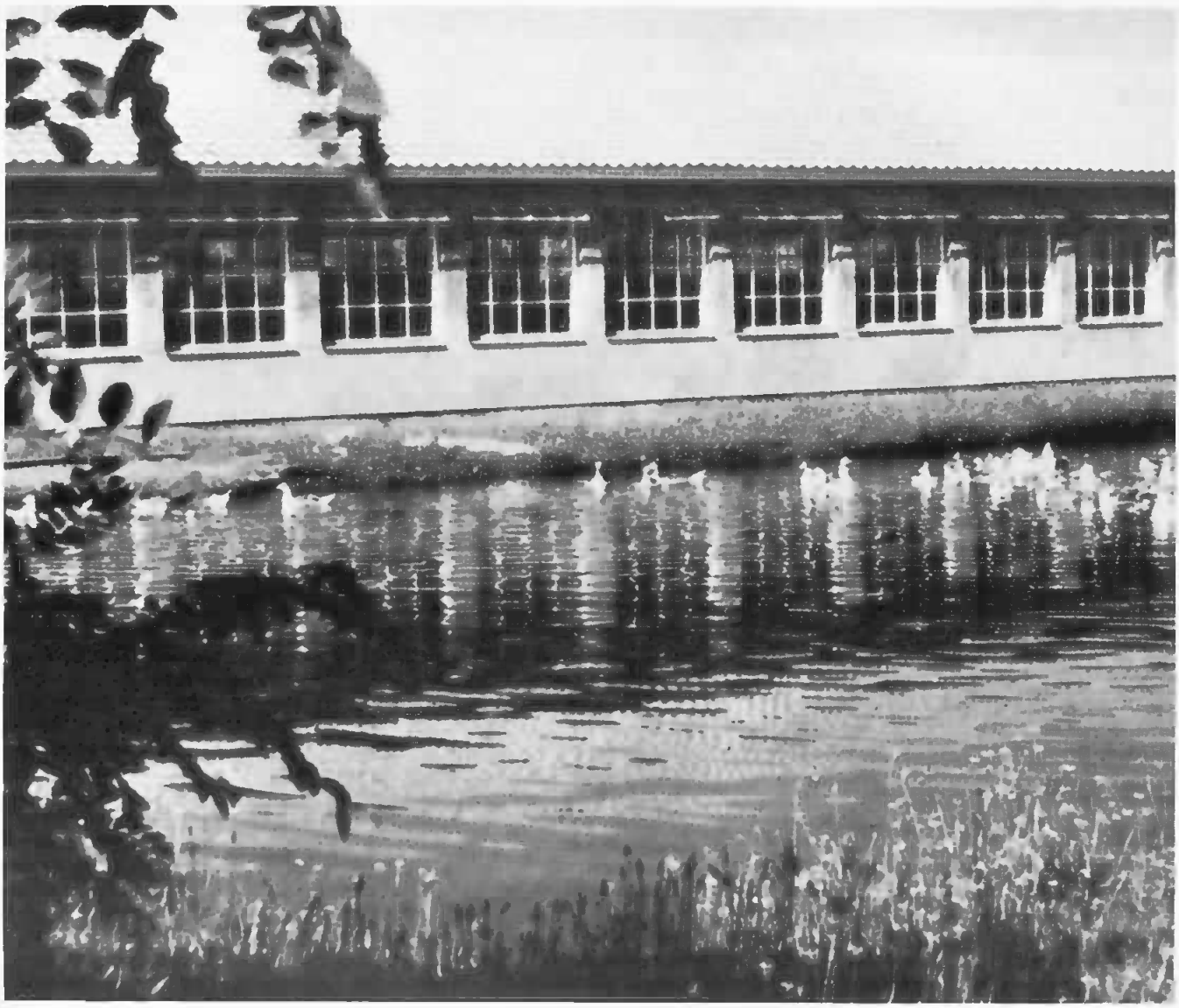
The interrogation began with Zott. He recognized the voices of Maturan and Rodriguez, but the main questioning was done by a man with a thick Portuguese-Brazilian accent. First there was a lie detector test with general questions. Then began what Zott, a veteran of a month's imprisonment at Villa Grimaldi, describes as a "much more scientific kind of torture than I had ever experienced before." For the next eight hours he lay bound to "the grill"—a metal cot wired to conduct electricity. Wires were attached with tape, needles and alligator clips to his nose, teeth and gums in the head area, to his nipples and heart area on the chest, and to his anus, testicles, and penis, including a needle inserted into the urethra.

At Villa Grimaldi, he had found torture by electricty possible to resist. This was different, he said. "I had the impression that the various voltage levels were precisely adjusted according to the tolerance of the various organs. . . The application of electricity was intensive, and they wouldn't stop when you tried to scream that you were ready to talk. They didn't stop until you reached the outer limit of pain, until further bodily tolerance was impossible. They heard what I had to say, and if they weren't satisfied it started again."

After a few hours, Zott was carried to another room and jammed into a wooden box that fit so tightly that his face was pressed against his knees. The box apparatus began to turn round and round and the guards pounded on it with clubs. The pounding wracked his body with pain, and he became dizzy and nauseous. The torture sessions, lasting up to eight hours, were repeated almost daily for the next 10 days.

Peebles' torture did not begin until the morning after arrival, as near as he could calculate the time in his tomb-like existence. An enormous guard who never spoke carried him "like a puppet" into another room. The torture techniques were the same as those used on Zott, except that he noticed from bumping his face frequently on a microphone hung about him that his interrogation was being tape-recorded. Once when his helmet had slipped from his violent jerking on the metal cot, he could see Marcia Merino sitting at a table typing. Zott later told him that he had been forced to listen through earphones to Peebles being tortured and to write down what was false in Peebles' answers. Both prisoners heard two-way radio conversations, one of which was a long-distance interrogation of another prisoner in Villa Grimaldi, who answered questions

Well-guarded gates to the Colony



One of the many buildings used for "operations"

based on information extracted from Peebles in the secret southern prison more than 100 miles away.

At about the midpoint of their time there, the DINA officials loaded them in the van, still blindfolded, and drove them over what appeared to be the same route to the Panamerican Highway. They waited in the van alongside the busy highway for about six hours, they said, and then were returned without explanation to the colony.

Finally it ended. On the last day, the guards allowed them to bathe in a strange metal tub. The leather helmet and cellophane tape were removed for several hours. Peebles studied his place of captivity: The small, low-ceilinged room seemed of recent construction, with cement floor and walls. The walls also had a frame of wooden struts holding a layer of what appeared to be Styrofoam insulating material. Over that was gunnysack cloth, on which was printed in Spanish "Calcium Triphosphate from Penco." (Penco is a small city near Concepcion where fertilizer is produced.) He said he had the feeling he was in the basement of a large house.

They were driven back to Concepcion and turned over to the Naval Intelligence prison near there, where Peebles had been imprisoned before. They learned it was Feb. 12—they had been gone 10 days.

During the transfer, Peebles got a brief chance to talk alone with his erstwhile MIR comrade Marcia Merino. "You don't understand the atrocities they put me through," he remembers her saying, her voice trembling. She said that she too had been terrified when the DINA officers had blindfolded her to drive to the secret prison.

Zott was returned to Santiago and Villa Grimaldi the next day, but Peebles remained in the custody of Naval Intelligence at the Talcahuano prison near Concepcion and his wife was allowed to visit. He told her about the nightmarish secret prison, and she relayed the story to Santiago human rights investigators. Zott also got a message out of Villa Grimaldi.

A representative of the Chilean office of the International Committee of the Red Cross, which was attempting to monitor prison conditions in Chile, visited Peebles in jail. Partly on the basis of that interview, according to an informed source, Red Cross submitted a request to the Chilean government to inspect Colonia Dignidad. The government refused and denied there was a prison facility at the colony.

Meanwhile, in June 1975, Peebles was released and expelled from Chile. Both he and his wife Daborka later testified that just before his release, they had a conversation with the head of the Naval Intelligence prison, Col. Sergio Torres, who told them the secret prison where he had been held was Colonia Dignidad, and that if he did not cooperate he would wind up back there.

Their testimony to the UN Human Rights Commission, and that of other witnesses whose names have never been learned, set in motion independent efforts by UN human rights officials and the German section of Amnesty International to verify the allegations that Colonia

Another patient is brought in

A medical building at Colonia Dignidad

Dignidad was DINA's most secret prison and the possible whereabouts of many of Chile's vanished persons.

On Feb. 4, 1976 the UN Human Rights Commission released the report of its ad hoc working group on Chile, listing Colonia Dignidad among 20 detention centers "where torture is alleged to have occurred." The report added that the colony was "reported to be surrounded by armed police and soldiers. According to one source, many of the prisoners who have disappeared were in the Colonia Dignidad and it is possible that some are still there."

The paragraph received little notice amid the 125-page cataloguing of human rights crimes. But in West Germany, Amnesty International official Helmut Frenz, a German Lutheran bishop who had been expelled from Chile for his human rights work there after the coup, saw in the paragraph the chilling possibility that German citizens in Chile might be involved in atrocities reminiscent of the Hitler era. Amnesty International sponsored an independent investigation into Colonia Dignidad. Amnesty located Zott and Peebles and a third former prisoner, Adriana Borquez, a former schoolteacher. Borquez said she had been taken blindfolded in a bus with about 20 other people to a prison whose internal description matched that given by Zott and Peebles. She said she heard German spoken and read the word *Weihnachten* (Christmas) on the bottom of a plate—a German word she recognized because German was spoken in her home when she was a child.

Meanwhile, in Chile, the government granted the Red Cross request to visit Colonia Dignidad—nine months having passed since it was made. Red Cross representative Rolf Jenny, a Swiss citizen who speaks German, was taken there in July 1976 by several Navy officers from Concepcion. He was given a two- to three-hour tour guided by the officers, who appeared to know the place well, according to an informed source. Jenny looked through the largest buildings and saw several large empty cellars. He was not allowed to speak with anyone except the officers, and was denied permission to drive back into the hills. Jenny's report led some human rights workers to believe that the use of the Colony as a prison had been terminated as a result of the Red Cross visit, but that conclusion was later questioned when several subsequent attempts by the Red Cross to visit Colonia Dignidad were refused outright by the government.

A later UN report described Colonia Dignidad as "another DINA center known to exist, (where) prisoners have allegedly been subjected to different 'experiments' . . . : to dogs trained to commit sexual aggressions and destroy sexual organs of both sexes; to 'tests' on the limits of resistance to different methods of torture . . . to experiments designed to drive detainees insane through administra-

Red Cross workers visit the Colony

tion of drugs, to prolonged periods of isolation and other subhuman conditions." The UN General Assembly formally asked Chile to allow the Chile Working Group to conduct an in-country inspection tour to check its evidence against the military government's blanket denials of all violations.

The commission working group was finally allowed to visit Chile in 1979—after the mass disappearances had long since stopped—but was refused permission to inspect Colonia Dignidad.

On March 21, 1977, Amnesty International's West German section released a 60-page booklet on its investigation of Colonia Dignidad including long first-person accounts by Zott, Peebles and an unnamed woman later revaled to be Adriana Borquez. Almost simultaneously, the weekly *Stern* ran an article with much of the same information entitled "German KZ (Concentration) Camp in the Andes." Both publications recounted the controversial history of Paul Schaefer and the connection between Colonia Dignidad in Chile and its Siegburg branch, the Private Social Mission, in addition to DINA's alleged use of Colonia Dignidad for interrogation and torture of prisoners.

In Bonn, colony lawyers obtained an immediate temporary injunction in a federal court prohibiting Amnesty and *Stern* from repeating the charges that Colonia Dignidad was a DINA detention and torture center. The injunction was based on a civil statute protecting against untrue statements damaging the honor of a person or corporation, and was granted without a hearing in response to a sworn denial of specific charges by Colonia representative Hans-Juergen Blanck, who had flown to Germany.

"I can declare clearly that no tortures ever took place on our farm. No prisoners were ever brought or held on our land. At no time did the Chilean secret police ever operate on our farm. We have never had anything to do with political prisoners or other prisoners of the Chilean state," Blanck said in the affidavit. Back in Chile, the colonists called an end to the strike when Air Force Gen. Matthei flew to Colonia April 27 to convey the Chilean government's "message of support [against] the international calumny initiated by that pro-Marxist, Helmut Frenz, in Germany."

The Bonn court case became the center of attempts to substantiate the charges against Colonia Dignidad. The suit—coming a year after the first public charges against Colonia Dignidad in the February 1976 UN report—added a new dimension in the burgeoning human rights community: the possibility that human rights denunciations based on victims' accounts could be silenced legally on the basis of official denials. In a first hearing on Amnesty's appeal to have the injunction quashed, the Bonn court upheld the injunction on the grounds that the available evidence—affidavits from Zott, Peebles and Borquez—was inconclusive because the victims had been blindfolded while being transported to the DINA camp, and that the burden of proving the charges rested with Amnesty and *Stern*. "In summary,"

the court said in a 1978 preliminary ruling, "it can be ascertained that the plaintiff [Colonia Dignidad] has fallen into the gray zone of suspicion. But that alone is not sufficient for the court to consider the accusations as sufficient evidence."

Hearings have continued intermittently in subsequent years. Amnesty located and presented additional former prisoners from Europe's growing Chilean exile community whose experiences in DINA secret prisons appeared to lend weight to the Amnesty charges. Ivan Treskow, a teacher, testified he was arrested April 26, 1975 at a small town near Parral and taken to a torture center where he heard German spoken, which he recognized because his family is of German origin. He said he heard two men at the place address each other as "Major" and "Doctor" while speaking German.

Manuel Bravo, a laborer, and Gerardo Ivan Sanchez, a mechanic, testified they were arrested in Talca, about 55 miles north of Parral, and taken to a place south of there where they heard a two-way radio and conversations in a foreign language. The witnesses gave similar descriptions of a cellar-like prison.

Witness Eduardo Garces, a student arrested near Concepcion Feb. 18, 1975, said he and a group of prisoners were transported in the back of a truck that smelled like fish. After a long ride he was taken out of the truck on a stretcher–even though he was able to walk. He said he heard someone speaking a foreign language and then one of the stretcher bearers say in Spanish, "German is a pretty language." He said he was taken inside a building he thought was a hospital because of the smell of disinfectant. His blindfold was removed and he saw two men and a woman wearing surgical masks.

He said a man with a Brazilian accent told him: "Here in Colonia Dignidad there are many people who have been tortured with the Gestapo . . . . I can tell you that because you won't get out of here alive." Garces said he was then given an injection in the shoulder that left him paralyzed with pain. He passed out and woke up crammed inside a small wooden box. He fainted again and some time later woke up inside the same fish truck, alone, and eventually arrived at Villa Grimaldi prison in Santiago. There a DINA officer told him he was lucky to be alive, because the truck had dropped him off by mistake at Colonia Dignidad, but that the officer, who needed to question him, had sent the driver back to retrieve him.

Former DINA agent Samuel Fuenzalida testified in October 1979. Colonia Dignidad obtained a statement from the Chilean government denying that Fuenzalida ever served in DINA or at Villa Grimaldi. Colonia lawyers filed a long rebuttal brief in August 1980 charging that Amnesty and *Stern* were conducting a "political campaign" against the Chilean military regime, and that in order to magnify its public impact in Germany had linked it to "German settlers, National Socialist 'Flair' and sexual background." The brief pointed out discrepancies in the testimony of the former Chilean prisoners, questioned their credibility on the basis of their leftist political beliefs, and argued that their testimony about being in Colonia Dignidad was not first-hand knowledge–since they were blindfolded-but rather a conclusion drawn from conversations with other persons.

In an attempt to resolve what had become a legal stalemate, the Bonn court last year suggested an informal compromise: that Amnesty and *Stern* agree not to say "it had been established" that torture had occurred at Colonia Dignidad.

The court heard Fuenzalida's testimony, noting that he was "extremely concise" and "impressive." The judge said the discrepancies among witnesses tended to argue for authenticity, since it showed that the stories had not been prepared to conform to each other.

Faced with the impossibility of resolving the facts of the case at a distance, the court attempted to convene in Chile in August 1981 to interview Colonia members, including Schaefer, and other witnesses. The Chilean government replied that the case could be handled by Chilean judges, but the West German court would not be allowed to conduct its own investigation in Chile.

In 1976, the Senate subcommittee on international operations of the Foreign Relations Committee, under the direction of Sen. George McGovern, set out to investigate the activities of so-called "friendly" foreign intelligence agencies in the United States. The report focused on CIA toleration of operations by DINA, Iran's SAVAK, and the Korean KCIA against dissidents exiled in the U.S. According to a source close to that investigation, Colonia Dignidad was brought up by CIA officers interviewed by the subcommittee staff. The CIA, the source said, was concerned that the colony's "substantial resources" and international connections would greatly expand DINA's ability to conduct terrorist activity abroad. Another intelligence source said the CIA was "interested [in Colonia Dignidad] because it was being used as an intelligence front."

Portions of the still-classified report

A technician prepares electronic devices

were leaked to the press in late 1979. The leaked staff report said Colonia Dignidad had an "uncertain relationship" with DINA, and continued: "An informed source indicated that DINA has maintained a detention center inside the colony, and there are allegations that torture has taken place there. Allegations also have been made that German personnel, who are described as ex-Gestapo or ex-SS officers, have given instructions in torture techniques and have actually taken part in the application of those techniques . . . . The colony has modern, sophisticated, German-made communications equipment which allows it to maintain contact with other pro-Nazi elements throughout South America and Europe. The colony has received large amounts of money over the years, probably from German Nazis. DINA, which maintains two facilities nearby, makes use of the colony's national and international contacts."

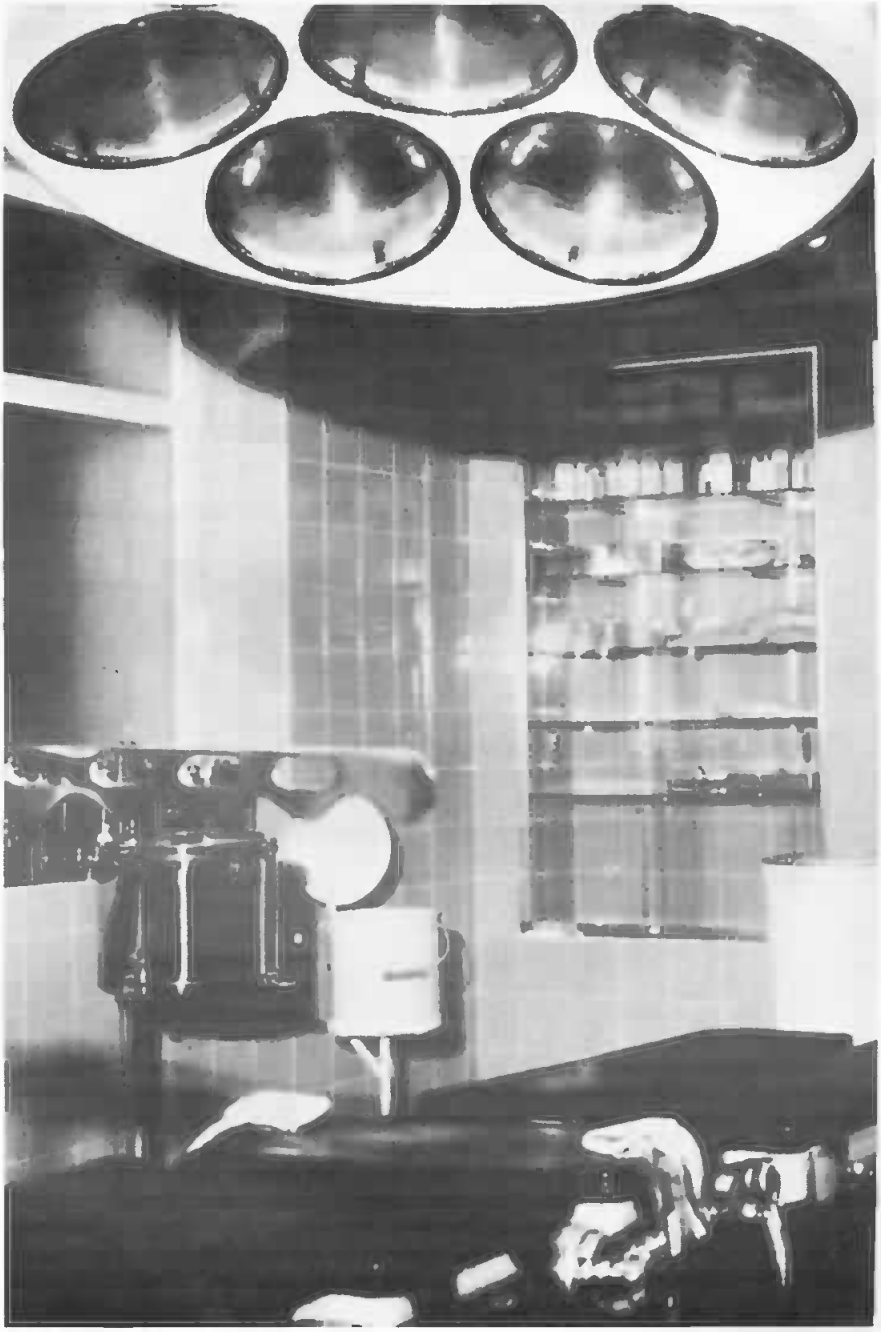
Allegations linking Colonia Dignidad to South America's well-developed network of former Nazis fleeing prosecution for war crimes have been frequently raised, but never substantiated. Nazi hunter Simon Wiesenthal said he had traced Auschwitz "Angel of Death" Dr. Robert Mengele to Colonia Dignidad after Mengele was forced out of Paraguay in August 1979. U.S. investigators said that report originated with U.S. intelligence sources in DINA and was passed on to Israeli intelligence by the FBI.

Colonia Dignidad has taken pains, however, to establish a public record in Chile of repudiation of Hitler and the Holocaust. And former colony members said that the conversations among colony members during their time there, while fiercely anti-communist, was anti-Nazi.

The accumulated evidence pointing to DINA activity at Colonia Dignidad, while falling short of resolving the mystery of Chile's missing prisoners, opens up even more disturbing questions. If the colony leaders lent their facilities to DINA for torture and extermination, what was the *quid pro quo?* What did the colony leaders have to gain from involvement in DINA dirty work?

Given that the evidence itself is inconclusive, the search for possible reasons can be only speculative. The former terrorist interviewed in the course of my investigation was the only one to suggest motivation. He said the "Doctor" was obsessed with "survival." Several sources familiar with U.S. government intelligence about Colonia Dignidad stressed the links they believed existed between the colony and the network of former Nazis known to be at large in Latin America.

Add to that the fact mentioned in early Chilean press accounts that one of the colony doctors was a plastic surgeon, and the existence of a fully equipped hospital with 80 beds for a total colony population of only 350 people. The airstrip, radio installations and proximity to the Argentine border all suggest the possibility of clandestine cross-border transportation of unknown persons in and out of the colony.



One of the Colony's operating rooms

The West German government considers the charges against the colony officially "unverified," a Foreign Ministry official said, and those few West German political figures who have taken a stand on the controversy are sharply divided along conservative-liberal lines.

"They are simple people who just want to be left in peace . . . the charges are nothing but a campaign of harassment by [Amnesty's German Director] Helmut Frenz," said Wolfgang Vogelgesang, a Munich city councilman who visited the colony several times and has made its defense a personal cause.

But Ernst Waltemathe, a Social Democratic Member of Parliament, was turned away from Colonia Dignidad's gates when he tried to visit there in 1978. "The place makes me think of Jonestown," he said, referring to the Guyanese colony where some 600 American cult members committed mass suicide in 1979 out of robot-like obedience to cult leader James Jones. "Colonia Dignidad is in my eyes a small fascist state within a state where there is obvious collaboration with the Chilean regime and secret police." ■

John Dinges was a correspondent in Chile from 1972 to 1978. He also wrote the PBS special **Chile By Reason Or By Force.**

AAMCO transmission shops have been busted by over 17 different law enforcement agencies

AAMSCAM

Absolutely no previous mechanical experience is necessary to own and operate an AAMCO franchise

By Arthur P. Glickman

"Something inside your transmission is falling apart," emphatically stated the burly AAMCO mechanic, pointing out metal filings in the transmission oil pan of the 1977 Mercury.

What that something was, he told the woman customer, couldn't be determined, and no estimate could be given until her car's transmission was torn down. That, he said, would cost $65.

The woman agreed to the $65 charge and left her car. Some time later, she received a phone call from the AAMCO shop. It was one of those dreaded calls that all automobile owners fear. All sorts of things were wrong with her transmission, she was told, including burnt clutches and bands, and an expensive rebuilding job was needed.

The shop quoted her two prices: $473 with a six-month guarantee, or $670 with a lifetime guarantee.

Usually in such cases, the customer authorizes one of the repairs. But not this time. For unknown to the shop, the customer was a reporter for KNXT-TV, the CBS-owned station in Los Angeles. The car had been checked out before going into the AAMCO shop by instructors at Los Angeles Trade Technical College and found to need only routine maintenance costing about $30.

What then of the metal filings? "That's one of the oldest tricks in the business," says a community college auto repair instructor. "There are always going to be metal filings in the fluid, but when they show them to people, they get hysterical."

A second AAMCO shop in this investigation also tried to sell unnecessary work—this time a $45 governor repair—in addition to the needed preventive maintenance service. A third AAMCO shop recommended only routine servicing for $30.

Two out of three franchised AAMCO shops trying to rip off customers in this 1982 probe may appear alarming, but it is certainly not out of character for the AAMCO organization. Just a few months earlier, the California Bureau of Automotive Repair, which licenses and regulates auto repair shops, announced the results of a statewide "sting" operation against AAMCO. Without admitting guilt, nine AAMCO franchises, accused of trying to sell ultra-expensive unnecessary repairs to undercover agents, agreed to pay penalties of $100,000, and several other franchises went out of business as a result of the investigation. In all, the bureau said, it made 22 sorties into AAMCO shops and got ripped off 16 times.

Back in 1976, the *Chicago Tribune* had a similar batting average. It took cars with minor defects to four AAMCO shops. Although the repairs should have cost no more than $10, three out of the four shops recommended rebuilt transmissions ranging in price from $340 to $489.

In 1974, the New Orleans Better Business Bureau had even worse results. The

BBB took five different General Motors cars to five different AAMCO shops. Defects were induced which should have cost only $40 to repair. All five AAMCO shops said the problem was inside the transmission, which wasn't true, and recommended repairs ranging from $292 to $454.84.

These undercover operations are not the only hint that AAMCO is trying to deceive the public about automatic transmission repairs. Over the last 14 years alone, AAMCO Transmissions Inc. of Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania and its franchises have been busted by at least 17 different law enforcement agencies, including the Federal Trade Commission. In fact, AAMCO may well rank as one of the most unsavory business enterprises in America.

This is not to say that there aren't honest AAMCO franchises or that you can't get a fair deal at AAMCO. Undercover operations conducted by the *New York Times* in 1976 and the Pinellas-Pabsco (Florida) state attorney's office in 1980 found the AAMCO shops visited to be aboveboard. Nor is this to say that you can't get burned by other automatic transmission shops, because you most certainly can. The *New York Times* found that 11 of 21 non-AAMCO shops visited with simple transmission problems, made or recommended expensive repairs. WTVJ-TV in Miami, in 1975 visits to 11 shops—none of which were AAMCO outlets—got five estimates for overhauling the transmission of a car with a simple induced defect.

It seems that automatic transmission repairs, by their very nature, attract con men. "It's an area where people have little knowledge," says Joseph P. O'Sullivan of the Reno County, Kansas attorney's office. "Because of the ignorance of the consumer it can lead to tremendous fraud." Indeed, the unknowing motorist whose car won't shift or shifts badly can easily believe that his car is in need of $400 to $1,000 worth of repairs, though the problem may actually be minor, such as the need for a change of transmission fluid or a punctured or loose vacuum hose.

What makes AAMCO so worthy of special attention is the fact that it's the nation's largest transmission repair operation, with over 850 franchised centers, and has become practically a household name through extensive advertising. There's also every indication that AAMCO has been a scam from its very beginning and continues to be so.

The Early AAMCO Scam

AAMCO was incorporated in 1963, and its early training manuals for franchises contained no material on repairing or rebuilding transmissions. Three early franchisees told the Federal Trade Commission that their training was devoted almost exclusively to sales techniques and that they received no technical training. It wasn't until late 1966 or early 1967 that the company got around to issuing a service guide to its franchises.

In the 1960s, AAMCO advertised that most transmissions could be repaired with a simple adjustment of bands or linkage for $4.50, or with a little more work at $13.75. Actress Zsa Zsa Gabor and former baseball manager Leo Durocher were used to pitch these prices in TV commercials.

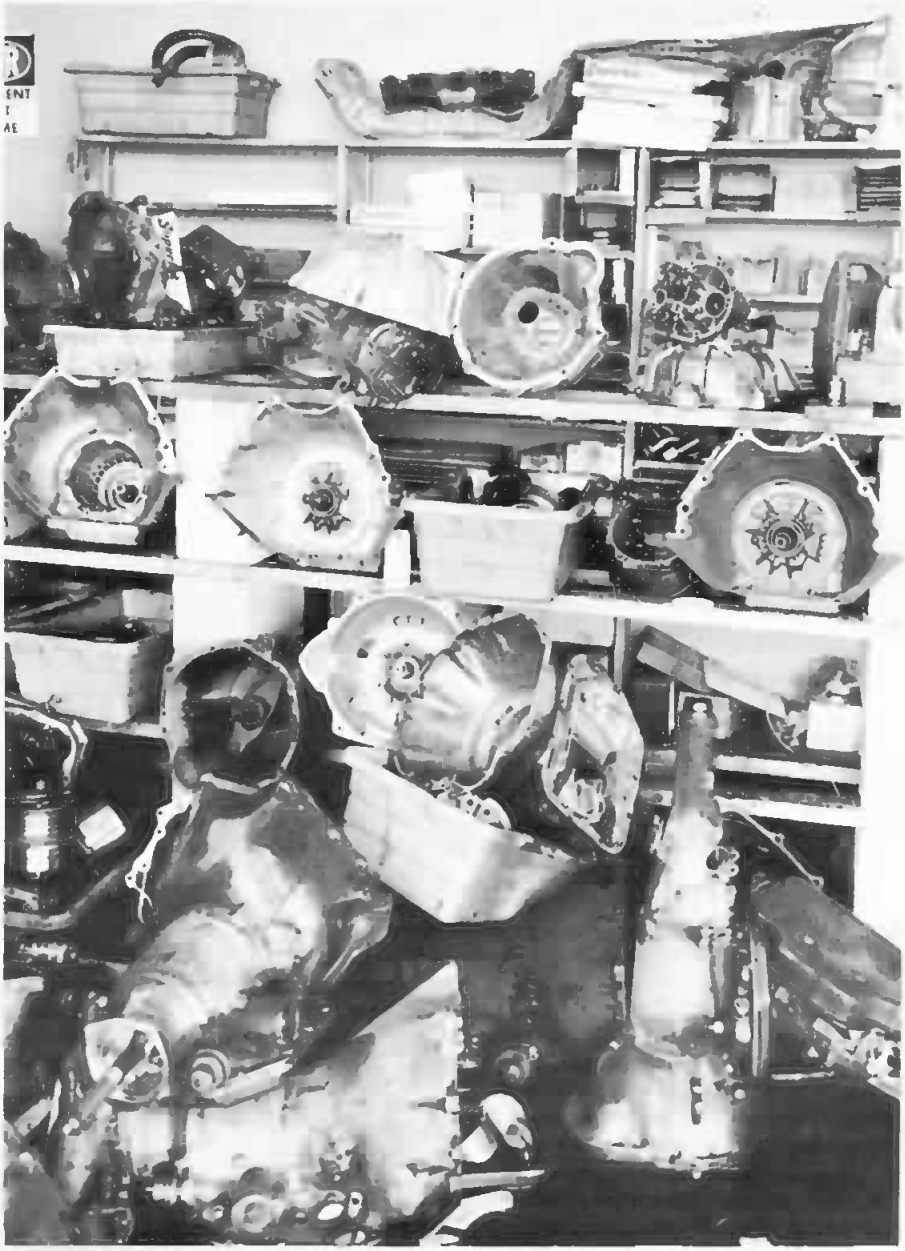
The Federal Trade Commission, however, charged that these were "bait and switch" ads intended to draw motorists into AAMCO shops where they would be high-pressured into very expensive and unnecessary repairs. Company literature obtained by the FTC supported this. The AAMCO training manual said the selling of simple repairs was "not recommended." It further advised:

"It is AAMCO's policy that the purchase of an AAMCO custom rebuilt transmission be suggested to every customer who enters your shop. If you follow this simple rule not only will you have more satisfied customers but the profit picture of your operation will exceed any of your fondest expectations."

The manual, which included dialogues to help meet possible consumer resistance to the lifetime-guaranteed transmission, also told franchises that "all transmissions with high mileage should be (and can be) replaced with the AAMCO custom rebuilt

ROGER SANDLER

The* New York Times *found that 11 of 21 non-AAMCO shops visited with simple transmission problems recommended expensive repairs



"Because of the ignorance of the consumer it can lead to tremendous fraud"

transmission with a lifetime guarantee."

A former franchisee told the FTC that he and other franchise holders were instructed by AAMCO not to quote a price to the customer until the transmission was completely disassembled. "You have the customer in a fix," he told an investigator. "You try to sell the highest job first." This practice is still in existence today.

The Federal Trade Commission said it found another widespread AAMCO scheme in the 1960s. Franchisees would talk a customer into letting them disassemble the transmission to find out what was wrong. That might cost $23. They would then tell the customer that the transmission needed an expensive rebuilding job. If the customer balked, he would be told that it would cost another $23 or so to have the transmission reassembled and replaced in the car. If the customer objected, the FTC said, his transmission would be put in a carton in the trunk and he would be forced to call someone to tow the car away.

What did the FTC do about all these AAMCO activities of the 1960s? It gave the company and its founder and president, Robert Morgan, what amounted to a feather-slap on the pinkie. The commission allowed AAMCO, without admitting any guilt or paying any fine, to sign a consent order on July 29, 1970 agreeing, among other things, that it would not engage in deceptive advertising or sales practices; that charges for removing and tearing down transmissions would include reassembling and replacing them as well; and that it would sell only those parts and services which were actually needed.

However, another part of the agreement, in effect, exonerated AAMCO Transmissions Inc. from the corrupt activities of its franchisees. It allowed AAMCO to police its own franchisees to make sure they followed FTC-imposed guidelines, including not ripping people off. In other words, the federal government's leading consumer protection agency agreed to let the fox guard the chicken house.

Not only that, a provision in the agreement said that AAMCO didn't even have to investigate a franchisee unless the company had "knowledge" that the franchisee violated the order. Furthermore, "knowledge" was defined as that obtained through the company's own surveillance. Still further, according to the provision, AAMCO wasn't even required to conduct surveillance against a particular franchisee unless it got 18 or more complaints against that franchisee *within a calendar year.*

This meant that a franchise holder could blatantly rip off 17 customers each year and AAMCO National wouldn't have to do anything. More likely, however, a franchisee would be able to rip off 1,800 customers in a year before AAMCO was obliged to take action. This is so for two reasons:

First, the AAMCO sales pitch is so slick that less than one in 10 defrauded customers—more likely less than one in 100—would even realize they've been cheated. Observed one state investigator: "AAMCO's selling approach to automatic transmission repair, in my opinion, is sophisticated and high pressure to the point that it becomes a wicked device in the hands of unscrupulous franchise holders, especially when legitimate business slows down." The AAMCO franchisee, he added, "has a built-in system where he can bilk people blind and they would never know it."

Second, consumer protection officials figure that no more than one in 10 people who know they've been ripped off will complain. Thus, one complaint could represent about 100 ripoffs and 18 complaints about 1800, with each instance possibly involving hundreds of dollars in fraud.

The absurdity of the agreement was evident by September 15, 1971—less than 14 months after it was signed. At that time, AAMCO itself admitted that its franchisees had violated the order 233 times. Nevertheless, the commission took no further action against the organization then and has done nothing since, despite widespread evidence that the nationwide enterprise has been stealing millions of dollars from the public.

While the FTC hasn't lifted a fingernail against AAMCO, I have been able to document, since the consent order was signed, over 45 AAMCO shops that were caught selling or trying to sell unnecessary repairs—usually involving hundreds of dollars—by 16 state and local law enforcement agencies, the news media and Better Business Bureaus. At least six of the shops and/or their employees were convicted of criminal activities, and AAMCO and its franchisees have paid over $232,000 in

When business is slow it's easy to cheat at some AAMCO shops

penalties to state and local governments. Of this amount, AAMCO National was forced to pay $62,000 in penalties because of the wrongdoings of its franchisees in three California cases. (See box on page 48 for highlights of actions taken against AAMCO shops by law enforcement agencies.)

Even these figures don't come close to telling the story. I've probably missed some cases. I frequently run across people who were victimized by AAMCO shops. Also, outside California few state or local law enforcement agencies conduct undercover investigations against auto repair shops. Then too, criminal prosecutions are rare for auto repair ripoffs, and, with the exception of California, fines in such cases are minimal.

However, even in California, where AAMCO shops are frequently busted and made to pay sizable fines, AAMCO is still the subject of more consumer complaints than any other auto repair organization. What's more, the state's Bureau of Automotive Repair contends it doesn't have the resources to fight back. For this reason, the bureau wrote many months ago to the Federal Trade Commission, calling for an all-out federal law enforcement effort against the AAMCO organization.

This far, however, the FTC has done nothing. I myself approached the FTC back in 1978 to do something about AAMCO and got nowhere. At the time, I asked George T. O'Brien, Jr., an FTC compliances officer, why the commission hadn't cracked down on AAMCO National. He explained that the company could be

A lot of fast-buck artists get franchises, who have big bucks to put down and expect big bucks in return

fined up to $10,000 for each violation of the consent order, but hadn't paid a cent because of the loophole, which in all practicality lets the company off the hook for its franchisee's activities. Despite undisputable evidence of AAMCO shop corruption, he was satisfied that AAMCO National was doing a good policing job. I was fortunately able to find more sympathetic ears elsewhere at the FTC, and a new investigation of AAMCO was begun. However, nothing ever came of it.

Both legally and morally, it is inexcusable that the Federal Trade Commission has not made AAMCO Transmissions Inc. responsible for the corrupt actions of its franchisees. AAMCO, with revenues in 1982 of $40 million, makes money selling franchises to people whom it should know are unscrupulous (franchises currently go for a fee of $22,500 in addition to an investment of $78,400 to $96,700); AAMCO makes money selling parts to its franchisees; AAMCO takes a percentage of each franchisee's sales off the top (reportedly 7½% to 8%), and AAMCO advertises its franchisees' services. Indeed, with the Federal Trade Commission in its hip pocket, AAMCO Transmissions Inc. has created almost the perfect scam. Let's look at the way it works.

The AAMCO Scam Today

The first thing that should raise suspicion about AAMCO today is the fact that its emphasis isn't on attracting topflight mechanics to purchase its franchises, but in attracting high rollers who have big bucks to plunk down and expect big bucks in return. In fact, AAMCO will sell you a franchise even if you've never seen a transmission. "Absolutely no mechanic experience required," says a company business opportunity ad in the *Wall Street Journal*. The ad goes on to say, "We provide the marketing techniques, constant management advice, and a six week home office training course." Thus, while it might take a mechanic six years or more of repairing transmissions until he feels he has the skills to open up his own transmission shop, an AAMCO franchisee acquires the skills in six weeks.

This willingness of AAMCO to sell its franchises to people who are not mechanics with a lifetime commitment to repairing cars means that a lot of fast-buck artists get franchises. According to consumer protection officials, your chances of finding a good and comparatively honest transmission franchise outlet vastly decreases if the franchise holder is not a mechanic. A former auto club official, who had observed the work of seven AAMCO franchisees in

his market area, told me only two were good and trustworthy, and both of those were run by conscientious mechanics.

What new franchisees are taught in their six-week course, according to industry insiders, is how to psych people out and relieve them of their money. "Of these six weeks," says Ian R. Hastie of Arvada, Colorado, who was an AAMCO franchisee for 15 years, "a full four weeks are devoted to the art of selling transmissions and two weeks to business management." Most people who come into an AAMCO shop are an easy mark because they've been attracted by the heavy amount of advertising the company does and most certainly are not familiar with its sordid reputation and run-ins with the law.

If you listen closely to AAMCO's commercials, you'll realize they tell you almost nothing. The company no longer advertises that most transmissions can be fixed with simple adjustments or repairs (although they probably can be), thus avoiding charges of bait-and-switch advertising and violation of the FTC consent order every time one of its franchisees tries to sell unnecessary repairs. Instead, AAMCO tries to be as noncommittal and uninformative as it can possibly be in its advertising. The major themes running through AAMCO commercials in recent years have been that they'll fix your car quickly; that they offer a lifetime guarantee; that mechanics at other shops are boobs (inferring that AAMCO mechanics are experts) and that "when we give you a price, it's a firm price."

The latter two themes are highly deceptive. AAMCO to this day enforces no standards for franchisee mechanics. "Except for technical bulletins at infrequent intervals, technical training is almost non-existent," says former franchisee Hastie.

As for the "firm price," the cornerstone of the AAMCO scam is to withhold pricing information from you until they have you in a bind.

Typically, the shop, if it doesn't do a minor repair, will tell you it can't give you a firm price until it disassembles your transmission and sees what the problem is. This is rubbish. Disassembly almost always leads to a transmission rebuilding job. Robert Cherrnay, a retired Miami-area transmission shop owner, says a transmission expert usually knows when he test-drives a car whether or not the transmission needs to be rebuilt. "Very rarely is there a surprise," he says.

Nevertheless, the AAMCO shop might even try to minimize the problem or else pull the metal filings trick to get you to agree to spend about $75 or more to have your transmission disassembled. Once you agree to the disassembly and your transmission is taken apart, they've really got you. Only now do they give you the "firm" price: usually a choice of two services—the "custom rebuilt" for about $650 to $1,000 with a lifetime guarantee, or the "banner" reconditioning service for about

Chances are good that once a mechanic has your transmission apart, he will recommend some mighty expensive repairs

$450 to $800 with a six-month guarantee. As an inducement, you may be told that the dismantling fee will be forgotten if you have the work done there.

The psychological pressures on you at this point are enormous. You don't want to have to lose $75 or more and still not be any closer to having your car repaired than before. Also, you probably don't know where else to take the car. If you knew of a reputable transmission shop, you wouldn't have brought your car to AAMCO in the first place. Then too, you probably have no idea how much transmission work should cost and thus have no way of knowing that AAMCO's prices tend to be exorbitant, both in comparison to independent shops and to the costs involved.

"Most independent transmission shops are cleaner, more efficient, turn out a better product at a lower price, and appear to be run more honestly than AAMCO shops," says Mr. Hastie, the former AAMCO franchisee who now runs his own independent shop.

Traditionally, markups are extremely high for transmission rebuilding. In California, where a state regulation defines what parts have to be replaced to call a transmission "rebuilt," it could cost a transmission shop as little as $65 or $70 for parts to rebuild a General Motors Turbo Hydra-Matic 350 automatic transmission to minimum requirements. The actual clock time for doing the job is about 6½ hours, including 3 hours to remove and

AAMCO's legal difficulties

Since AAMCO Transmissions Inc. signed a consent order with the Federal Trade Commission in 1970 agreeing not to rip off its customers, the following actions have been taken by state and local law enforcement agencies while the FTC has done nothing.

1973

•The general manager of a Topeka, Kansas AAMCO shop, who used a written sales pitch provided by AAMCO National to sell an undercover agent over $340 worth of unnecessary repairs, was convicted of deceptive business practices and the shop pleaded *nolo contendere* (no contest) to a felony theft charge.

•When news of the above bust came out, employees of an AAMCO shop in Wichita, which was owned by the same company, came forth and said that the same kinds of things were going on there. This time, the owner, the general manager and the shop were all convicted of theft and given fines.

•A Sacramento, California AAMCO shop, without admitting guilt, paid penalties of $14,500 after being charged by the district attorney's office with, among other things, showing customers worn parts said to be from their transmissions when in fact they were from other transmissions.

•Another Sacramento AAMCO shop, without admitting guilt, paid a $5,000 penalty to settle a host of allegations, including charges for repairs not done, bait-and-switch advertising and representing that it employed trained transmission specialists when in fact its mechanics misrepaired cars.

•The owner of three AAMCO franchises in Houston, without admitting guilt, agreed to pay civil penalties of $1,000, reimburse certain customers and discontinue several alleged practices. One allegation: the shops, on occasion, took transmissions out of customers' cars for diagnostic purposes, and then if the customers refused to authorize repairs, replaced them with different transmissions.

1976

•A Burlington, Vermont AAMCO franchisee paid $4,500 in penalties after trying to sell major work for $248 and $420 respectively on two undercover cars, each with induced $4.50 defects. AAMCO National assisted in the investigation.

1977

•A Hollywood, California AAMCO shop charged the owner of a 1970 Toyota for parts that weren't installed, including one part which her type of car didn't even use. It also billed an undercover agent for a new governor gear when in fact the entire governor had been replaced with a used one. The shop closed its doors for two weeks as a penalty.

1978

•Two employees of an AAMCO franchisee in Fresno County, California were convicted and sent to jail for charging $300 to over $500 to needlessly replace the transmissions on three undercover cars. In addition, AAMCO National paid $25,000 in penalties and the franchisee was fined $5,000.

•An AAMCO franchisee in Modesto, California was alleged to have made several misrepresentations during two undercover operations, including that parts had been replaced or reconditioned when they had not. The franchisee agreed, without admitting guilt, to pay a $3,000 fine and to make restitution to two customers. In addition, AAMCO National paid $17,000 in penalties.

•The owners of AAMCO shops in Redwood City and Daly City, two San Francisco suburbs, were accused of selling undercover agents unneeded rebuilt transmissions for $380 and $580 respectively. Without admitting guilt, the owners paid penalties of $10,000 each and AAMCO National paid a penalty of $20,000.

•A Flint, Michigan AAMCO shop was charged with ripping off 13 people. The attorney general's office said the shop did unauthorized repairs on some cars ranging from $283 to $490 and then sent the owners notices of garageman's liens on their cars and a warning of daily storage charges if they didn't pay up. The shop went out of business.

•In Dallas, Texas, the manager of an AAMCO shop, who was formerly a New York City policeman, was convicted of felony theft for billing a customer $334 for a transmission overhaul when in fact the transmission had not been taken out of the car, but instead had been painted.

•An AAMCO franchisee in Wichita, Kansas admitted ripping off two customers and agreed to refund them a total of $92.70 and to pay $647 in penalties.

1980

•An AAMCO franchisee in St. Petersburg, Florida pleaded no contest to a misdemeanor charge and was fined $350. The company charged an undercover agent $41.60 for repairs not completed.

1981

•A Lake City, Georgia AAMCO franchisee paid a $1,000 fine and reimbursed an ex-Air Force technician the $65 it charged him to disassemble and reassemble his transmission—work that wasn't necessary. The customer, after being given a choice of $420 or $573 rebuilt transmission for his car, which wouldn't shift from first gear into second or third gear, refused to have the work done. Instead, he and a friend fixed the car in 30 minutes by installing a $1.35 plastic drive gear.

•Nine AAMCO franchisees in California paid $100,000 in penalties (see accompanying article).

1982

•The owner of an AAMCO shop in North Plainfield, New Jersey was convicted by a jury of theft by decept and ordered to pay a fine and penalty of $1,025 and to reimburse two victims $749. One of the victims was an undercover agent who was charged $625 to repair a car that had an induced defect so simple to detect that many shops fix it for nothing.

1983

•An AAMCO franchisee in San Rafael, California, who lied about having torn down a transmission and tried to charge a customer more than what had been agreed upon, was convicted by a jury and fined $2,000. ■

AAMCO's slick advertising attracts even more suckers to its franchises

replace the transmission—work often done by low-paid help. The consumer could easily be charged $600 for parts and labor for this job.

What Needs to be Done

With the Federal Trade Commission neutralized, the AAMCO scam could go on into perpetuity. AAMCO gets its funds to advertise, in part, from money defrauded from its franchisees' customers. This advertising induces more people to come to AAMCO shops, where they may get ripped off to support even further advertising to attract even more suckers.

The power of AAMCO's advertising was revealed a few years ago. The company's ad agency, DKG Advertising, said it conducted 600 interviews in Dallas, Los Angeles, New York and San Francisco. Some 31% of those interviewed said they would try AAMCO if their transmissions conked out. After some new commercials ran, another survey was taken of 600 people in the same cities. This time, some 40% said they would try AAMCO.

It's obvious that this whole situation cries out for a congressional investigation—not only of AAMCO but also of the Federal Trade Commission. However, the following subcommittee, which oversees the FTC, will have to receive pressure from you, the public, before this will happen:

Hon. James J. Florio, Chairman
Subcommittee on Commerce, Transportation and Tourism
Energy and Commerce Committee
H2-151 House Office Bldg. Annex II
Washington, DC 20515

There are basically three things that the FTC must do that will either clean up the AAMCO organization or drive it out of business:

(1) Make AAMCO National liable for at least a $10,000 fine each time one of its franchisees violates the consent order. Franchisees should also be fined for violating the order.

(2) Prohibit AAMCO shops from removing a transmission from a car before giving the customer written notice of the various charges for rebuilding the transmission and the guarantees that go with the charges. This would end those surprise $450 to $1,000 "firm prices." California has adopted a similar regulation that all repair shops must follow.

(3) Conduct its own periodic undercover investigations of AAMCO shops using cars with simple induced defects.

Alternative to AAMCO

Is there an alternative to AAMCO for transmission repairs? Yes. And it's not another franchise organization. Investigator O'Sullivan, who went to auto-mechanics' school at the same time he was going to law school, says, "The more you get away from the franchise operation, the less the hard sell." He suggests: "Go to a smaller guy who has his name on the door."

Wouldn't you rather deal with a skilled mechanic who owns his own shop and has enough business without advertising than patronize someone who may have gotten into the transmission profession by answering, for example, a Cottman Transmission ad which said, "No mechanical skills needed now or ever?"

If you're in a quandary over which independent transmission shop to try, then pick one that belongs to a national or state trade association. Members of such organizations often have more pride in their work than others and may be under peer pressure to make amends if anything goes wrong.

The most prominent trade group in the transmission field is the Automatic Transmission Rebuilders Association (ATRA). The 1,000-plus members of the organization have an agreement among themselves to guarantee each other's work for 12 months or 12,000 miles. ■

***Arthur P. Glickman is a San Francisco-based freelance writer. This article is adapted from his book* Mr. Badwrench.**

Edwin Meese

Who will embarrass the White House now that Watt is gone?

By Alec Dubro

Ed Meese personifies the old-line California civil servant: white, unmemorable, efficient, reactionary, and cautious. A colleague said of Meese, "Ed would make a good prisoner of war. He never says a word more than he wants to."

So it came as something of a surprise that the blocky, jowly, cheerful Presidential counselor stated on the record: "I know we've had considerable information that people go to soup kitchens because the food is free and that that's easier than paying for it."

That statement set off a predictable storm of reaction, some righteous, some opportunistic. Although some organizations which serve the poor sought to set the record straight with eyewitness accounts, others—jostling politicians such as Glenn and Mondale—set loose strings of epithets such as, "disgraceful," and "an outrage."

Meese did not mitigate the damage by claiming that Scrooge—to whom he had been compared by Tip O'Neill—had also had bad press. Scrooge, claimed Meese, had paid Bob Cratchit in excess of the prevailing wage and, thus, had no reason to complain. It was a historical lie and an unbelievably inept defense.

President Reagan jumped in with both boots a few days later to say that he would back up his counselor all the way and that, as usual, the press was blowing the matter out of all proportion. Perhaps. But Meese certainly helped sink the Presidential Task Force on Food Assistance, which cancelled its final meetings. But the sneaking feeling both inside and outside the capital was that even the flintiest, most mean-spirited reactionary was cringing a bit. Meese had mistimed his remarks in a most unfortunate way. One denounces welfare cheats in the summer, not two weeks before Christmas.

The fact of the matter is, Ed Meese did not really shoot himself in the foot. He was simply reciting a catechism he has chanted daily since before he could vote: poor people are a threat and a fraud. To Meese, as to Ronald Reagan, poor people are an affront to America. To deal with them, you must either pity them, attack them or, best of all, deny their existence altogether.

Ralph Abascal is a long-time staffer of California Rural Legal Assistance, an organization created under Gov. Pat Brown to serve the legal needs of California's rural poor. "In 1973, Reagan attempted to veto CRLA out of existence and failed in the attempt. Meese held a press conference after their legal defeat and stated that CRLA was an advocate of, '*the so-called poor*, many of whom have varying degrees of affluence.' Meese, you see, has difficulty acknowledging the existence of poor people His recent statements on hunger were just really a microcosm of his view of the poor in general. To this day, I call him, '*the so-called Ed Meese.*'"

It is not that Ed Meese's views on the poor are particularly extreme, but they are particularly hypocritical. For Ed Meese to complain of excessive feeding at the public trough is a bad joke. During all but four of his adult years, Meese has been receiving government checks; the middle-class and the working poor have paid his salary.

At the same time, for the past three years Meese has been merrily gobbling up subsidized meals at the White House Mess. According to the *Washington Monthly*, the subsidy *per meal* hovers around $25. If that weren't enough, a cursory review of Ed Meese's career reveals that since he entered public life in 1958, he has wolfed down somewhere in the vicinity of 2,500 free dinners. Although it is an admittedly inaccurate tally, Meese keeps up such a pace of after-dinner speaking and awards-receiving that 100 dinners per year is a fair and reasonable guess.

In August 1981, for instance, in Oakland's Jack London Square, this reporter watched Meese deliver a half-hour of totally vacuous remarks to an audience of East Bay movers and shakers at the Oakland/Dalian China Friendship Society, a trade group. He did not pay for his dinner despite the fact that he had plenty of money in his wallet. He didn't even pay for his drinks. And this man has the gall to complain about people standing in line to eat at the Salvation Army.

What is particularly disturbing about Ed Meese is not the amount of free food he consumes. It is not even the curmudgeonly and repressive social views he harbors. It is the amount of power he exercises in accordance with those views.

For three years, Meese has occupied the corner office in the west wing of the White House, and throughout those years he has exercised an unfailingly powerful influence over Ronald Wilson Reagan, particularly in domestic affairs. Meese, however, is more than just a counselor or functionary; he is Reagan's shadow and, to the extent that the term is justified, his brain. He has held this pivotal position ever since he became Reagan's Legal Af-

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Ed Meese

fairs Secretary in Sacramento in 1968. In 1981, Ed Meese's wife told reporters, "When someone talks to Ed, they have a pretty good idea of what Ronald Reagan would be saying. So often it is one and the same . . . almost 95 percent of the time, in fact, they could speak for one another."

Many people who have dealt with Ed Meese on a personal basis express professional respect for him, and some even find him charming and admirable. He is generally polite and professional to friend and foe. Nonetheless, he is absolutely relentless in his pursuit of conservative goals, as he sees them. He has used his positions of power to attack, frustrate and undercut progressive movements and individuals, and to undermine personal and civil liberties in an often vindictive fashion. He is no flaming troglodyte like, say, Jesse Helms, but in his own way he is equally reactionary. He is, according to the *Washington Post*, the White House conduit for conservatives throughout the country. But his very blandness tends to hide the virulence of his anti-progressive stance.

If there is one word that describes Ed Meese, it is "cop." He has worked so long and so closely with law enforcement agencies that it's hard to believe that he was never a sworn officer. Meese has ridden with the police, represented the police, studied the police, taught the police and learned to think like the police. Almost. A patrol cop might find the poor distasteful, but he wouldn't doubt that a lot of them are hungry.

It was Ed Meese, through aide Herb Ellingwood, who formulated the current civilian/military drug interdiction task forces. Meese has always shown a fondness for maintaining order through paramilitary means, and the "drug emergency" in South Florida in the late 1970s provided him with all the visible evidence he needed to push through Congress one of the very few peacetime civil/military units directed at American civilians. He was apparently not terribly disturbed at the idea of using the military for domestic operations. He told an interviewer in 1982:

"We got amendments so the Defense Department could assist with aerial surveillance, radar and that sort of thing, or we could use naval ships so the Coast Guard crews could board other ships if they're running narcotics. We got the State Department involved and the assistant secretary of state for international narcotic affairs is really working now with other countries to try to get their cooperation in eradicating the narcotic sources."

According to a former staffer on the Senate Judiciary Committee, the administration had no real problem easing through the paramilitary program despite a few scattered objections from senators such as Birch Bayh. "Frankly," said the staffer, "Meese capitalized on the situation in South Florida. He presented his program to appeal to members on both sides of the aisle."

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House Speaker Thomas O'Neil

Meese likes to take control of law and order issues in the White House. According to Irv Bomberger of Draft Action Inc., Meese has been the among the principal architects of prosecutions for failure to register for the draft. "Meese," said Bomberger, "has been one of the strong members of the Military Manpower Task Force since its inception, and he is very close to Maj. Gen. Tom Turnage, now head of the Selective Service."

There have been only 16 indictments for failure to register in the past three years, out of a pool of 105,000 non-registrants known to the Department of Justice. However, insiders believe that Meese picked each one on the basis of symbolic value. "All 16 had reported themselves to the Selective Service and notified the Board they would not register," said Bomberger. In one case, that of David Wayte of San Francisco, Federal Judge Terence Hatter threw out the indictment partly because the White House refused to release memos which would reveal the criteria for prosecution. In any case, Meese is believed to be the guiding hand.

Certainly Meese has a long and sordid past in dealing with real and suspected civil disobedience. His solutions have ranged from selective arrests to the killing of unarmed civilians.

Meese began his career in repression in the Alameda County, California District Attorney's office. He never showed much enthusiasm for court prosecution; he wasn't bad, just forgettable. A colleague of Meese's recalled Ed besting Melvin Belli in a criminal case, but the famed defense attorney said, "I have no recollection of the man whatsoever."

Meese, though, had always demonstrated a willingness to undertake additional duties. For instance, when, in 1959, he married Ursula Herrick, of a prominent Alameda County family, Ed efficiently combined two tasks by touring the state prison system on the couple's honeymoon. With that kind of savoir faire, he had no trouble moving up out of the courtroom grind.

During his stay at the DA's office, Ed assisted grand jury foreman William F. Knowland (publisher of the *Oakland Tribune*, former U.S. senator and reactionary political boss of Alameda County). Meese's work consisted of guiding the grand jury to whatever conclusion Knowland and District Attorney Frank Coakley wanted, an act called "babysitting."

Since he occasionally found himself with some free time, Meese began teaching law courses at the University of California's Boalt Hall School of Law (Ed's alma mater), and taught other courses to the Oakland Police Department. How did he do it all? Ambition and organization. Clayton da Vega, another assistant DA who worked with Meese, told *Newsday*, "If Ed Meese had something to do, he'd make a list. If he had two things to do, he'd make two lists."

Small wonder, then, that a mind like Ed's was needed when the Berkeley campus began to heat up in 1964. Meese was summoned from detached service in Sacramento, where he was representing the District Attorneys, Peace Officers and Sheriffs of California, to help organize a repressive apparatus. Meese appeared on campus as an emissary of the DA's office to help coordinate the mass arrests which ended the Free Speech Movement. It was the first, but not the last, time Meese saw action against the dread leftist conspiracy.

Ironically, it was Meese's political godfather, William Knowland, who precipitated the crisis in the first place. Knowland, a Goldwater man, found out that the dread Rockefeller forces had been recruiting on the UC campus, and Knowland used his waning political muscle to order the campus closed to all political activities. It may have saved Goldwater's Republican nomination, but it also began a decade of student uprisings. Meese expressed his views of that era to the *Washington Post*:

"Whether it was the Free Speech Movement or the filthy speech movement or the war in Vietnam or whatever, taxi drivers (i.e. common folk) came to no longer revere our universities. . . . It turned people against the institutions of our society."

Although Meese did nothing more heroic during the FSM than personally order the arrest of attorney Bob Truehaft, he gained a taste for tactical command. He was also given a small but notable piece of the subsequent prosecution of the FSM leaders the following year.

Meese's courtroom work during Savio et al. consisted of a tedious cross-examination of 20-year-old Bettina Aptheker in perhaps the longest cross-exam of the trial. According to Ms. Aptheker:

"He was extremely vindictive. We had a tacit understanding with the prosecution that my Communist Party membership would not be a subject of the trial—after all, I wasn't on trial for that. But Meese kept probing into this tangential area."

Strenuous objections from the defense kept Meese from doing any serious harm, and the overall effect of his work was numbing boredom. Tapes of the trial reveal Meese to have a full, steady voice and a manner that plods along relentlessly. Eventually, one of the attorneys interjected, "This case is beginning to lack the normal bestiality of the courtroom."

But it paid off. The prosecution won the case (although it lost the issue and political activity on campus was reinstated), and Meese won many kudos for his work.

In 1965, Ed, along with San Francisco Giant Willie Mays, was selected by the California Jaycees as "One of the five outstanding young men in the state." He was honored principally for "directing the massive law enforcement that ended the Sproul Hall sit-in." Ed was then treated to a free dinner at the Cabana Motor Inn in Palo Alto featuring guest speaker Barry Goldwater.

But Meese could not merely bustle about collecting awards, slapping backs and standing in breadlines with Willie Mays. There was a war going on and Ed was in the trenches.

In January 1966 Meese was summoned before the House Un-American Activities Committee to testify about the Vietnam Day Committee whose demonstrations in Oakland Ed had helped quell the previous year. During the hearings, Meese agreed with the committee's hyperthyroid Edwin Willis, D-Louisiana, that the demonstrators were, in Meese's words, "giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

Nor has Meese moderated his views since those turbid days on the home front. He recently said, "Basically, those demonstrations prolonged the war and cost a lot of American lives. The demonstrations encouraged (the North Vietnamese) to go on . . . ."

So, when Ronald Reagan swept into Sacramento in December of 1966 with a promise to "clean up the mess in Berkeley," Ed knew he had a home in state government. He applied for, and got, a job as Reagan's Clemency Secretary. Since Meese's views of punishment stop just short of public garroting, his appointment probably seemed a little whimsical. Reagan, however, was just testing his now-proven technique of heading annoying government agencies with sworn enemies of the agency's purpose.

In practice, though, the heyday of capital punishment was over and clemency was dispensed in the same stringent fashion as always. But Meese's talents were not to be wasted on mere prisoners; Reagan needed organizational skills. The crew of right-wing ideologues Reagan had brought up from L.A. on the noon stage were proving less than adept at actually governing. Or, as one Sacramento staffer put it, "When Reagan first got here, as far as the legislature went, he couldn't find his ass with both hands and a road map."

Reagan's first Chief of Staff, Phil Battaglia, left shortly after his appointment under the cloud of a sex scandal. His successor, the geographically confused William Clark (now Secretary of the Interior), alienated so many Sacramento old hands that he had to be shuffled off to the Court of Appeals after a year. So it was no trick for young Ed Meese to work his way up. In 1967 he became Legal Affairs Secretary and the following year Reagan made Meese Chief of Staff. In both positions, Meese was a success. According to veteran civil servant Roy Bell, "Ed was the solidest person Reagan had around him. He held the place together."

Although Reagan rode a law and order sentiment to the State Capitol, he had no real legal policy—only an attitude. After all, Jimmy Stewart, not Reagan, was the lawyer. As one DA put it, "Ronald Reagan knew—and still knows—very, very little about law and law enforcement." Meese, on the other hand, knew practically nothing but. Together Reagan and Meese plotted continually to employ the law against their sworn enemies.

For instance, in 1969 Meese slipped unnoticed back into UC Berkeley to orchestrate the police response to the People's Park demonstrations. According to a former DA, Meese arrived on the scene with a fitted gas mask and assumed a measure of tactical command. Exactly what orders Meese gave on May 20, 1969, the day 200 persons were injured and one killed by police buckshot, is hard to determine. But someone of state rank gave the shoot-to-kill order to the various police departments.

There was never any justification for deadly force. As one doctor on the scene said, "Haven't they ever heard of fire hoses?" But according to investigator Stew Albert, the police commanders had intelligence reports, probably from the FBI, that student demonstrators were armed, and they used these reports to justify the 00 buckshot.

The public official who took the brunt of criticism for the killing, wounding and subsequent mistreatment of prisoners was Alameda County Sheriff Frank Madigan, the man who had nominal command. But a year before his death in 1980, Madigan reportedly told a newspaper friend that his orders came from higher up. The inescapable conclusion is that Meese/Reagan pulled the trigger.

Reagan was bombarded with criticism for the overkill, but shrugged it off with a string of one-liners and inflammatory ripostes. "If it takes a blood bath, let's get it over with. No more appeasement," he said. Not that he had demonstrated any noticeable appeasement before, but in any case he was carrying out his mandate as promised.

The Organizations of Ed Meese

Ed Meese got to where he is today by being a joiner. It seems unbelievable that an individual, fully employed, could belong to all these organizations. Therefore, we must consider the possibility that Ed Meese is not one person, but three or, perhaps, four.

Before 1980

Oakland Jaycees
California State Bar
Alameda County Bar Association
Phi Delta Phi Legal Fraternity
St. John's Episcopal Church
Peace Officers' Association of California
Past Director, UC Law School Association
Juvenile Officers' Coordinating Council of Alameda County
Reserve Officers' Association
Major, Army Intelligence Reserve
Instructor, Oakland Police Academy
Editor, Peace Officers' Training Bulletin series

Present 1980

Board of Directors, California Journal
Board of Directors, Hastings Law School
Board of Directors, Institute for Contemporary Studies
Director, Center for Criminal Justice Policy and Management
Vice Chairman, California Organized Crime Control Commission

Nonetheless, Reagan and Meese showed a penchant for revenge on a petty level, as well as a thirst for blood. In 1970, UC Berkeley student leader Dan Siegel graduated from Boalt and passed his bar exam. The Governor and his Chief of Staff lobbied the State Bar to deny Siegel admission because of his participation in the fracas over People's Park. Ultimately, Siegel won a hearing before the Supreme Court which forced the Bar to accept Siegel. It was another mean-spirited performance by Meese. Noted one local attorney, "Ed Meese is one vindictive son of a bitch."

Meese then returned to the people who loved him the most—the police. In 1972, for instance, Meese founded the California Specialized Training Institute in San Luis Obispo. CSTI, called by Meese "a major advance of the Reagan Administration," was set up with Law Enforcement Assistance Administration funds to train civil police to suppress active dissent, identify troublemakers, and forestall the coming revolution from the left. Meese installed his friend, Colonel Giuffrida (now General Giuffrida, head of FEMA, Federal Emergency Management Agency) to run CSTI in a manner Meese found acceptable.

Perhaps the times called for police training along the lines of civil disobedience, but CSTI clearly went too far. In 1975, Berkeley Police Chief Wesley Pomeroy pulled his officers out of the training, noting that the political indoctrination was "incendiary rather than explanatory." For instance, the CSTI training manual noted: "A well-trained speaker, using key words and phrases, taking advantage of local prejudices, distorting facts, and using emphatic movements, can influence individuals to do things they normally would rebel against." In other words, the outside agitator. The example CSTI used was Cesar Chavez.

Meese has always kept an opening to the military side of affairs, preferably the spooky side. Meese has been in the U.S. Army Reserve for years, some of that in intelligence. According to an Army CID officer:

"Army intelligence reserve is not heavy cloak and dagger, but it puts the reservists in contact with regular Army intelligence. They spend two weeks a year on gadgets and techniques. Any civil cop would also then be able to run IDs through military and CIA sources without using regular channels." Presumably Ed Meese has had that ability for some time.

Recently, in late 1983, it came to public attention that merely being involved in the military wasn't enough for Meese. In 1981 he began the process that would get him promoted to full colonel. He quietly dropped the word to Maj. Gen. William Berkman, commander of the Army Reserve, that he would like to become a colonel and *voila!* Colonel Meese emerged. The fact that Meese and Berkman served in the California unit of the Reserve obviously didn't hinder his advancement.

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President Reagan is strongly influenced by Ed Meese

But Ed Meese has not ignored the civilian world either. He is not just a man of action; he has theories as well. In 1970, Meese began drumming up support for the Institute for Contemporary Studies, a right wing think tank located in San Francisco. Although Meese was never one of the professional thinkers, he was most influential in funneling corporate money into ICS which, in 1981, scraped along on $1 million a year.

In 1976, after Reagan's failed bid for the presidency, Meese went into private practice in the San Diego suburb of La Mesa. There, he developed another scam. He approached the small Catholic University of San Diego with an offer they couldn't refuse: He would put up the money if they would allow him to establish a law enforcement study center. USD accepted and Meese came up with $400,000 from private sources—Mellon money, mostly—to establish the Center for Criminal Justice Policy and Management. Meese became the Director.

C-for-CJP&M was, however, pretty small-time, and Meese wound up teaching law as well as issuing pontifical statements on law and order. But the center provided an academic cover and respectability for his otherwise unimaginative law and order thinking. It was here, for instance, that Meese first launched his broadsides against the ACLU and the Prisoner's Union.

In April 1977 Meese was quoted in California newspapers accusing the ACLU and the PU of acting as "bargaining agents for criminals." This is a strange charge coming from an attorney, but it makes good tactical sense. In fact, he repeated the charge in May 1981.

"We worked with Ed Meese for years," says Brent Bonhart, Sacramento lobbyist for the ACLU. "He was always very cordial and fully understood our position. He is very aware of what we do; he knows we are in no way a crime lobby. I believe the Reagan people are just looking for a scapegoat for the crime problem."

Reagan and Meese have always linked crime and liberalism, or radicalism, and have always sought to use the issue to their benefit. It is similar to their tactic of linking an attack on poor people with an attack on poverty. But there are other reasons for damaging the ACLU. Meese has never viewed due process as anything but a hindrance to the proper order of things, an inefficient stumbling block to the prosecution of crime. Meese has also lashed out at the Freedom of Information Act, the exclusionary rule, and any other impedimenta to the running of a government by and for the ruling class. It is not unfair to either Reagan or Meese to say that they appear to favor a limited—maybe not so limited—police state.

Just as Ed Meese has never been hungry and doesn't know what it is to be poor, neither has he ever been persecuted for his beliefs or been on the wrong side of the law. He is secure in his life and property, and even more secure in his beliefs. The laws and executive orders he formulates with and for Ronald Reagan will never impair his way of life. But they will erode those hard-fought liberties that differentiate America from a police state.

It is indeed unfortunate that a man like Ed Meese, who has no power base, no political responsibility and no affiliation other than to some conservatives and to California law enforcement, can amass so much clout. He is not a personally evil man, but he is an extremely insensitive one. It may take years to undo the damage he is zealously inflicting on the people and the freedoms of the United States. ■

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MAGAM-GAMME

Israel bears direct responsibility for the planning and preparation of the massacres and played a facilitative role in the killings

Israel's Crimes Of War

An international commission, headed by Nobel Peace Prize winner Sean MacBride, documents Israel's policy of terror that culminated in the infamous Beirut massacres

By John Motavalli

Surveying the almost unbelievable carnage and destruction caused by the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in the summer of 1982, the special International Commission established to look into possible Israeli war crimes has concluded that Israel committed "acts of aggression contrary to international law;" used methods and weapons forbidden under such law; deliberately, recklessly and indiscriminately bombed civilian targets—schools, hospitals, apartment houses; and bears *direct* responsibility for its role in "the planning and the preparation of the massacres (at the Sabra and Chatilla refugee camps) and played a facilitative role in the actual killings."

Among the recommendations made by the Commission is a suggestion that "a competent international body" be appointed "to clarify the conception of genocide in relation to Israeli policies and practices toward the Palestinian people."

These are important allegations, and the six-member commission did not come to them lightly. Headed by Nobel Peace Prize-winner Sean MacBride, the Commission also included Princeton's international-law expert Richard Falk; Kader Asmal, a senior lecturer in law at Trinity College in Dublin; Brian Bercusson, lecturer in law at the University of London; Geraud de la Pradelle, professor of private law at the University of Paris; and Stefan Wild, professor of Semitic languages and Islamic studies at the University of Bonn.

In the course of preparing their 282-page report, the Commission interviewed hundreds of people in Lebanon, Israel, Jordan, Syria, Britain and Norway, listening to testimony from dozens of eyewitness observers to the prolonged siege of Beirut, the massacres at Sabra and Chatilla, and the treatment of prisoners at Israeli "detention" camps occupied by as many as 15,000 Palestinians, Lebanese and other nationalities.

Keeping in mind the words of Nuremberg prosecutor Robert H. Jackson that the standards applied to Nazi war criminals must be applied to other nations as well, "including those which sit here now in judgement," the Commission set out to apply the principles of Nuremberg, the Geneva Convention, the celebrated 1868 St. Petersburg Declaration on the laws and customs of war, the two Hague conferences of 1899 and 1907 on war protocol, the 1948 Genocide Convention, and other relevant international tribunals to the actions of the Israel Defense Force (IDF) in Lebanon. Along with personal testimony obtained first-hand by the Commission, reports from the international press and public statements from Israeli officials were also included in the report—although Israel itself refused to cooperate with the group.

The report makes horrific reading, as it documents step-by-step an Israeli policy that could only have been motivated by callous disregard for the entire population of Lebanon. Israel's stated objectives in the "Peace for Galilee" campaign—to prevent PLO guerrillas from launching attacks on Israel's northern border—could not have been the actual motivating factor, the Commission concluded, as the Israeli drive to Beirut clearly showed.

"The operation was not a limited one" and was never intended to be, the Commission states. "Its first objective was to exterminate Palestinian nationalism. It became evident to the Commission that the invasion of Lebanon was designed to secure not Israel's northern front but its eastern end and to cow the Palestinians there into fleeing to Jordan as their predecessors in Israel fled during the early days of Israel's creation." Thus the blitzkrieg of

Palestinian refugees in the Sabra camp

Palestinian women look for bodies of relatives in West Beiruit Sabra refugee camp

Lebanon was intended to open the West Bank for massive Jewish settlement activity by terrifying the Palestinians in much the same manner as the 1948 massacre of 254 defenseless inhabitants of the Palestinian village of Deir Yassin, a genocidal act carried out by forces of the Irgun and Stern gang under the joint leadership of Menachem Begin and the current Israeli Prime Minister, Yitzhak Shamir.

In his book *The Revolt*, Begin has noted the effectiveness of this massacre in driving hundreds of thousands of Palestinians into Jordan. The apparent continuity of Israeli policy in this regard amounts to "a most disturbing pattern of a political struggle carried on by means of mass terror directed at the civilians, including women, children and the aged," the Commission concluded. Political observers could hardly fail to note former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon's 1982 statement that the Palestinian homeland "is the Palestine that is called Jordan," and the recent spate of full-page advertisements placed in the *New York Times* urging Palestinian settlement in Jordan. Israeli policy is hardly a secret, amounting to a doctrine the Commission labels "state terrorism."

In order to achieve its goals, the IDF, under the overall direction of General Sharon, broke virtually every tenet of the international-law agreements cited earlier concerning the conduct of war, the Commission found. Noting the frequent boasts of the Israeli defense establishment concerning the accuracy of their artillery personnel, the Commission offers a list of 11 schools and four hospitals in Tyre alone that were either partially or completely destroyed, as well as the partial or complete destruction of such refugee camps as Rashidiyeh, Ain el Hilweh and Bourj el Brajneh.

In testimony by M. Mohammed Barakat, director of social welfare institutions in Lebanon, a deliberate Israeli attack on a center for handicapped children is chillingly described. The center, which housed some 650 handicapped children at the time of the attack, was the target of nine Israeli raids June 10 and 11, and was almost completely destroyed. "M. Barakat testified that the . . . Centre is unmistakably marked and well-known. The organization was very far from PLO or other political or military activity. . . . The buildings of the Centre had the IRC (International Red Cross) signs on them. They had the Red Cross flag."

Another organization under Barakat's control, the Al Ramadhan Orphanage in El-Ouzai, was directly bombarded from the sea during the early stages of the war. In Sidon, the Commission visited a bombed-out school in which 250 children died. The children had apparently taken refuge in the basement, assuming that it would not come under Israeli fire.

The Commission quotes numerous medical sources at various Lebanese hospitals attesting to the fact that at least 80 percent of the casualties of the invasion were civilians. This contrasts with World War I, in which 5 percent of those killed were civilians, and World War II, in which—thanks to the genocidal policies of the fascist forces—50 percent were civilian.

Begin himself, questioned in the Israeli Knesset, made no protest when asked if he felt the civilian population should be "punished" for allegedly supporting the PLO. "Not even for one moment did I have any doubts of this, that the civilian population deserves punishment," Begin proclaimed. Having previously stated that Palestinians are "two-legged animals," it was clear that he felt Palestinians or their supporters, whether or not they were civilians, deserved none of the rights guaranteed under international law.

The intent to sow terror is evident both in the targets selected for bombing and the kind of weapons utilized, the Commission found, noting that the use of such anti-personnel weapons as cluster bombs and phosphorous shells against largely civilian population centers could only have as its object the complete subjugation and cowing of the entire Palestinian diaspora and their Lebanese supporters. As noted in the Israeli newspaper *Al Hamishmar* in August 1982, "He who sends dozens of planes daily to drop hundreds of bombs on a town populated by 400,000 people, among whom are also 6,000 fighters, is actually daily executing hundreds of civilians." In an interview with a retired Israeli colonel in the Israeli weekly *Kol Ha'ir*, mention is made of the fact that the bombardment of Beirut reached a level in which 10,000 shells were fired *in one day*. The heaviest bombardment, in fact, came after preliminary agreement had already been reached on PLO evacuation from Beirut, leading most observers to conclude that Israel was trying to wreck the peace it supposedly sought.

Further, Israeli looting and deliberate destruction of much of the Lebanese economic infrastructure points to a corollary Israeli aim, the Commission found, involving an attempt to eliminate Lebanon as an economic rival to Israel. Lebanese officials told the Commission that "Israeli soldiers took away lorries, private cars, tractors and even the power-driven cultivators acquired by the poor peasants with the aid of government loans." Beirut Airport was stripped of millions of dollars worth of sophisticated equipment, entire factories (such as the giant G-handur biscuit works in Beirut) were systematically destroyed, as was much of the fruit crop in the south. Israeli fruit-marketing and El Al offices followed close behind, part of a long-held Zionist dream to make southern Lebanon totally dependent economically on Israel.

Volunteers from Boy Scouts and civil defense carry bodies of Palestinian refugees killed when right wing forces entered their camp

Israeli officials, from former Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion to the late Moshe Dayan, have gone on record as proposing annexation of southern Lebanon up to the Litani River. Current Israeli policy obviously places Major Saad Haddad as the lynchpin in this scheme.

It seems unlikely that any of the Commission's recommendations—placing the refugee camps under UN supervision, the withdrawal of all foreign armed forces operating without the consent of the Lebanese government, prosecution of those guilty of war crimes, Israeli reparations—will be implemented soon, and some might argue that international law, given recent history, has little weight where war is concerned. Considering the number of governments that have openly flouted these internationally established rules of conduct in wartime, the Commission's work may seem to be largely futile, but it remains of the utmost priority that the full story of the invasion of Lebanon be told. The Commission's report is a large step toward this goal.

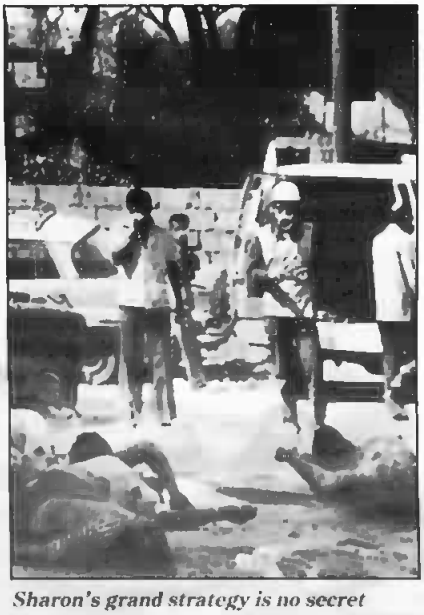
Equally important, and more accessible to the average reader, is Michael Jansen's *The Battle of Beirut*. An analysis by the British journalist of the period between the invasion and the massacres at Sabra and Chatilla, the book contains a full account of Israeli actions, documented by reports from the European, American and Israeli press. Noting that, in the summer of 1982, the Habib ceasefire between Israel and the PLO seemed to be holding (no PLO rockets had been fired at Israel for almost a year), Jansen shows that Israeli policy was intended to provoke the Palestinians into providing a pretext for an invasion. In January, February and March of 1982, convoys of Israeli vehicles carrying hundreds of troops repeatedly crossed the border, but failed to draw the hoped-for result—a PLO attack. So, Jansen reports, "(T)he Israelis in April and May resorted to heavy aerial strikes in the south and in Beirut which, on the third attempt, finally produced the desired result: the PLO shelling of northern Galilee on 4 and 5 June." In a speech on May 30, Gen. Rafael Eitan, the Israeli chief of staff, had stated openly that "only a military operation can give us peace."

Examing the relative strength of the two combatant forces, Jansen shows the absurdity of Israeli claims that the Jewish state had been in danger from the PLO in Lebanon. An Israeli tally, given in the *Jerusalem Post*, estimated that the entire PLO force in Lebanon was under 15,000; that the guerrillas had only 35 outmoded Soviet tanks and artillery completely incapable of handling the Israeli air force. In contrast, the Israelis mobilized as many as 400,000 men (including reservists), 3,500 tanks (equivalent to the German, French and Italian armed forces put together) and, altogether, one of the most modern war machines in the world. Coupled with its much-vaunted air force (including 120 of the latest American F-15s and F-16s, armed with the super-sensitive Sidewinder and Shrike missiles, the Israelis had enough firepower to make the fight

Commission recommendations for Israeli reparations are unlikely to be implemented soon

HIRES GAMMA

Under current leadership Israel embarked on a campaign of destabilization and state-sponsored terrorism against its Arab neighbors



Sharon's grand strategy is no secret

extremely one-sided. Later Israeli claims that they had uncovered a huge PLO arsenal in Lebanon turned out to be totally exaggerated, Jansen found.

Looking toward the future, amid Syrian warnings that an Israeli attack on that country is imminent, Jansen quotes Jonathan Frankel, an associate professor at the Hebrew University, who wrote in the *Jerusalem Post* in June 1982 that "Ariel Sharon, after all, has never sought to keep secret his grand strategy, his three-pronged programme. Lebanon should be cleared of foreign forces (the PLO and the Syrians) and re-established as a Christian-dominated state. The PLO should be effectively destroyed; the occupied territories (West Bank and Gaza) annexed to Israel; the Arab population there granted a highly limited form of internal autonomy; and Jewish settlements vastly expanded. Finally, the Palestinians should be encouraged to overthrow the Hashemite Kingdom and convert Jordan into their own national state." As Prime Minister, Sharon told the Paris daily *Le Matin* in July 1982, "he would give King Hussein 24 hours to leave Amman."

In examining the causes behind an invasion that has led to the deaths of some 20,000 people and the injuring of tens of thousands more, it's clear that Israel under its current leadership has embarked on a massive campaign of destabilization and state-sponsored terrorism against its Arab neighbors, with the object of redrawing the area map to its liking. With a leadership bent on fulfilling ancient dreams of a Greater Eretz Israel that will include large sections of neighboring Arab states, peace seems an elusive goal indeed.■

John Motavalli lives in Norwalk, Connecticut and writes frequently on Middle East affairs.

Seymour Hersh, America's pre-eminent investigative reporter, lashes out at Kissinger, Nixon–and the lapdog press

Seymour Hersh, probably America's most respected investigative journalist, sat slumped in a battered swivel chair in his tiny National Press Club building office in Washington. He was moodily reading a magazine review of his monumental investigation of the Kissinger years, The Price of Power: Kissinger in the Nixon White House. *Grimacing, he tossed the magazine into an already overflowing wastebasket. "The reviews of my book have been terrible," he said. "Most of the critics don't even bother to read it."*

But they've been talking about it. The book has reached as high as number seven on the New York Times *bestseller list, and has reached dozens of reviews in most major publications–some critical of Hersh's methods, and suspicious of a personal vendetta, but almost all respectful of the author's abilities.*

"What is not talked about is the substance of the book," wrote Charlotte Curtis in the New York Times. *"Not solely because so few have read it. Some Kissinger pals, to say nothing of Hersh's pals, have. But the Kissinger people (particularly those who think Mr. Hersh made his case) would rather not have Mr. Kissinger know what they think."*

The substance of The Price of Power *is an exhaustive and savage indictment of Henry Kissinger's tenure as National Security Advisor during Richard Nixon's first term. Kissinger, Hersh charges, was obsessed with his own personal power and manipulated the State Department, the CIA, the media, and even the President himself, to advance his own prestige. Many of his major foreign policy decisions, Hersh writes, were made to draw attention away from his arch-rival, Sec. of State William Rogers, and often had tragic consequences.*

Among the book's major revelations:

- *Kissinger used his inside knowledge of the Johnson Administration's Vietnam peace talks to gain entrée into the Nixon White House;*
- *Nixon placed American nuclear forces on Red Alert in 1969 to persuade the North Vietnamese that he was a "madman" who should be placated with concessions;*
- *Former Indian Prime Minister Moraji Desai was a CIA "asset" who funneled information to the Nixon Administration. (Desai is suing over this charge);*
- *Kissinger's limited understanding of nuclear weaponry led him to make unnecessary concessions during the SALT talks, which he ran as a one-man show.*

A major thread that winds through the book's 700 pages concerns the role of the press in building and maintaining the "Super K" mystique. As Anthony Marro writes in the Columbia Journalism Review, *Hersh "has once again raised questions about the effectiveness and integrity of the media, about the often-incestuous relationships between journalists and the people they cover, about the use of reporters by officials to help them wage bureaucratic wars, and about the difficulties even the most honest and hard-working journalists have in sorting out fact and truth from distortions and lies."*

Kissinger's dupes, according to The Price of Power, *included respected* New York Times *columnist James Reston, Bernard and Marvin Kalb (TV reporters and authors of an admiring Kissinger biography), and* Los Angeles Times *editor David Kraslow. His public image, throughout the Nixon years, remained that of the liberal, humane reformer single-handedly battling the hard-liners. That the same image persists today is evidenced by the press's warm embrace of Kissinger's recent appointment as chairman of President Reagan's commission on Central America.*

Hersh's opinions on the press and its relationship with public officials formed the basis for this interview, conducted in Washington by James and John Motavalli.

THE REBEL: Do you feel you accomplished what you set out to do by writing *The Price of Power*?

HERSH: On the contrary. I had hoped to inform people about what a dangerous man Kissinger really is, and I seem to have stirred up more anger at *me* than I did at him. I find it acutely depressing to have written this book about him and then read in the paper that he's been named to this commission on Central America, where his record could only be described as dismal. And I've just done this tough, nasty piece of work on Gerald Ford's pardon of Richard Nixon (in the current *Atlantic* magazine), and yet the papers are full of some conference Ford's just had with other former leaders in Vail, Colorado. And Ford's been involved in all these incredible business deals–but nobody is looking at them. I don't think I've been able to dent the awe in which we envelop our leaders. As long as these people can only drive on the highway when they're preceded by 40 police cars with sirens, we've got some problems in this society.

THE REBEL: One of the main points you make in your book is that political power under Nixon shifted almost completely from the Secretary of State to the National Security Advisor, a post occupied by Kissinger–was this story told in the press at the time?

HERSH: I think the press applauded it. They saw Kissinger as more competent, more on the ball than Rogers–which he was. The real story in my book is something that I don't really articulate: These two guys, Nixon and Kissinger, in the four or five years they worked together before Watergate intervened, made a serious run on our Constitution, the most serious run that's ever been made. If they'd had their way in the second term, they'd have taken total control over everything. Kissinger would have gone over to the State Department and run everything, sort of like a deputy President for all national security stuff. He would have dominated the Secretary of Defense, definitely gotten rid of Rogers. He'd have put his own people throughout the government, just as Nixon was trying to put his own people in the other agencies and set up a chain of command. I think that we were running into a real problem, and we don't want to look at it.

THE REBEL: Your *Atlantic* piece on the Ford pardon shows how they escaped any punishment for that.

HERSH: Of course they did. Getting caught is never really seen as an issue. Kissinger's been caught by me a little bit–but *I* get more heat than he does. In my reviews I'm constantly being held to a higher standard of behavior than he is.

THE REBEL: Kissinger angrily called your book "slimy lies." Was that the extent of his reaction?

HERSH: That was the extent of it, and everyone concedes it was a great mistake on his part. He should have ignored it like he's doing now. His little munchkins are ignoring it, too. A lot of people are trying to pretend it doesn't exist.

THE REBEL: Is Kissinger still seen as a liberal force in a Republican administration?

HERSH: Absolutely. The right-wingers hate him. It's ironic that a lot of people on the right love my book; it drives me a little bit crazy.

THE REBEL: You were the reporter who uncovered the My Lai massacre. What do you think of the press coverage of Vietnam?

HERSH: The alternative press did a lot more good work than the straight press. The coverage of Vietnam was for the most part very, very bad. It's been better since; there's reason for optimism. You'll notice that in my book all the discussion of the

press is on a subterranean level. It's in terms of Kissinger's manipulation of the press rather than the press's function itself. I don't think the press's role is as powerful as everyone else does. I don't think we're where it's at. The press has a purpose, but it's not the basic, primary one that everyone thinks it is. At best we can produce something for the masses to cogitate about.

Getting back to Vietnam, many reporters were very good, but it was often hard for them to *see* the story–My Lai, for instance. They also had trouble with the editors back home, who had their own personal perspectives. I wouldn't fault the guys out there. One, because I wasn't out there myself–I don't know what pressures they were under–and two, because a number of them performed superbly, like David Halberstam. They were saying in the early '60s that the war couldn't be won. They didn't object to the basic thesis of the war. Too many of us back then believed in this Pax Americana business. We really don't challenge enough assumptions.

THE REBEL: Some of your critics have maintained that you had a vendetta against Kissinger.

HERSH: Just once, instead of just saying that this is a personal book, I'd like somebody to just take a chapter of it and go to the people I've cited or the documents I've quoted and find where the people I quote deny what I've said or the documents I've cited are misconstrued. If they can't do that, it seems to me that they have an obligation to look at some of the things I'm saying. I don't find that happening. The quality of the reviews in magazines and newspapers has been astonishingly thin. I'm really amazed at how few people have read it. Some of the academics have done some stuff that's first rate. But the newspapermen, by and large, do lousy reviews.

THE REBEL: It's clear in your book that you don't like Kissinger much, but it's hard to see any particular political perspective in your attitude.

HERSH: I'm able to dislike him for some of the stuff he did that most liberals find applaudable. There's no question that the opening of China was a sensational maneuver, but I'm trying to debunk it a little bit by saying that it's important to understand that after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the Chinese obviously made a policy decision to reach rapprochement with the U.S. Most academic studies say the Chinese initiated the contacts with Nixon. It's clear that whoever was President would have been faced with a China that was making a lot of offers. It's also clear that Nixon and Kissinger performed well.

But there was overwhelming reverence and awe given the Chinese. I think it was excessive, and you have to look at the Chinese opening in terms of its political input and in the context of the India-Pakistan war–the refusal to look at the consequences of the attack on Bangladesh. All I'm saying is we should look a little more cold-bloodedly and determine what the full cost was. By any definition it was worth doing, but I'm not sure it was worth the full price we paid for it, and I'm not sure it couldn't have been done by asking more from China. I don't think the bargaining was brilliant. So many of the reviewers say, "Oh my God, he even attacks the China opening in his book." That's not the point. It's the same thing that happened from my criticism of the SALT I bargaining, which everyone finds commendable on Nixon and Kissinger's part. I also find it commendable, and my criticism doesn't mean I'm against the *principle* of the SALT treaty. I'm just saying things that should be said about it.

Seymour M. Hersh

THE REBEL: Could a President go crazy in office, as Nixon sometimes seemed to be doing, without people being aware of it?

HERSH: Absolutely; so could a National Security Advisor. Not that I think either of them were crazy, but they certainly performed absolutely crazy and irrational acts. The point is that Nixon and Kissinger did personalize, in a trivial way, so much of this stuff. Anything Ronald Reagan's doing now, you have to look at the 1984 election. You can't divorce re-election from anything he does. I certainly think we need an alternative system from the way things work now, with this incredible four-year election cycle.

THE REBEL: Do you intend to keep writing about the Nixon presidency?

HERSH: I'm looking for something else to write about now. I'm doing stuff for the *Atlantic* right now on the test-ban treaty, a long piece that I've been writing on and off for almost a year now. I'm also looking for another book. I'm stuck in this terrible position of having to write a book that makes money. You write a book on SALT and everybody yawns. It's very difficult to write about arms and grab the attention of the public. That's one of the reasons that

they can get away with so much ineptitude in the arms-control process, because it's just not open to public interpretation.

THE REBEL: You said in the book that Kissinger ended up more or less pre-empting the SALT negotiators.

HERSH: More or less? I think he *definitely* did. The only area he gave the SALT negotiators was the ABM, which ironically turned out to be the one jewel in the negotiations. Both sides agreed to get rid of a defensive system that couldn't work anyway, but nonetheless it was a step forward. The whole thrust of my book on the subject of SALT goes to the issue of megalomania–Nixon and Kissinger insisting on dominating when they were actually out-classed by the Soviet negotiators. Both of them.

THE REBEL: The Reagan Administration has been working to stem the flow of information available on governmental conduct. How do you think this has affected the ability of journalists to function, and how will it affect newspeople in the future?

HERSH: It's my belief that you can still get anything you want. You can never stop people from talking. Every President has tried to do what Reagan's doing. But not many people have been foolish enough to codify it into a regulation. He has just proposed a new rule in which everybody will have to submit everything to censors. It will eventually get thrown out by the courts, because it's in direct violation of everything this country stands for. Reagan's just gone further in his vacuity than most.

THE REBEL: You have some hope for the press, then?

HERSH: I think things are generally better now, since Nixon and Kissinger, in the sense that the reporting on El Salvador is more acute than the reporting on Vietnam was in the late '60s. But it doesn't really matter much whether the press is doing its job, because the fact is that with the reverence we give to our nation's leaders in this society, if the President wants to tell a lie to the American people, there's very little we in the press can do about it.

It's time for the American people to realize that the system of checks and balances that we all think the press supplies just doesn't work anymore. Maybe it never did. ■

"I find you guilty of disturbing the peace; creating a public nuisance; and . . . er, . . . contempt of court!"

An open letter from CREAM

"Educate the masses and tyranny will vanish."–Thomas Jefferson

We believe, like many of our fellow citizens, that 1984 has an ominous feel about it.

We also believe that the situations we face in this country and the world are serious–but not hopeless.

We are the Committee for the Right to Equal Access to the Media. The issue of equal access is one of the most important in our society, an issue that touches all of us every day. What people don't know *can* and *does* hurt them. The battle for control of information has been going on for hundreds of years, and some members of the print and broadcast media are not presenting the full range of thought and information. An increasing amount of the news and opinion they purvey is inaccurate. It is to *them* that we at the Committee address our efforts in 1984. The Committee was formed in late 1983 to accomplish one goal: aid legitimate groups and individuals that are having a problem in acquiring access to the media, whether it is paid advertising, public service or issues covered by the Fairness Doctrine.

In our very short history we have already identified over 100 groups that may have legally supportable cases of unjust access denial. In one case, as a result of direct action by the Committee, the *Washington Post* changed its position and printed an ad it had previously refused.

Direct action is the second punch in our strategy: Pickets, boycotts and court action will continue to be a powerful and visible expression of our presence in the system. Perhaps the most significant of our efforts in 1984 will be in the area of educating the public about censorship in the electronic and print media.

We feel the American people must recognize the importance of a free, accurate and accessible media to the preservation of democratic principles. We feel that a massive education campaign about the full implications and guarantees of the First Amendment must begin immediately. We must all be aware of what our rights are in order to protect them from the silent erosion we see taking place in our society today. We invite you to join us in our efforts to make 1984 a victorious year for First Amendment rights.

Please send donation to:
1635 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 20009

Bruce Oliver
Executive Director

Committee for the Right to Equal Access to the Media

STUART ROSNER PICTURE GROUP

D.E.A. agent with confiscated bags of marijuana

Laundering Drug Money

Convicted moneymover Eduardo Orozco called himself a "coffee importer"

By John Cummings

Even for Citibank, a bank with worldwide connections and a daily "handle" in the hundreds of millions of dollars, Eduardo Orozco's deposit caused a bit of a flap.

When Orozco's brother, Humberto, walked into the bank's executive offices on Lexington Avenue in April 1981, he was carrying two large satchels filled with cash—$900,000 in $20 bills. Humberto's instructions were both eyebrow-raising and simple: When the money was counted and credited it was to be transferred by wire to a corporation in Panama. It was one of Eduardo Orozco's first major deposits, but it certainly would not be the last.

Just who is Eduardo Orozco, a man who would deposit more than $156,000,000 in 18 months before the U.S. government moved in on him?

Outwardly Orozco was a "coffee importer" from Colombia, with an office on Wall Street, a travel agency that his wife operated in Queens and a home on Long Island that cost half a million dollars. Obviously he was no ordinary man. His political connections in his native country, the Justice Department was to learn, went as high as his New York bank deposits. For more than a year before his Citibank deposit, federal agents had had their eyes on Orozco. U.S. Customs was sure he handled more than coffee.

When Orozco entered the U.S. in the early 1970s, he had given his occupation as a coffee taster. Customs agents reviewing his bank accounts, however, had uncovered a pattern that was becoming all too familiar to them. It was clear to them that Orozco was laundering money. Then, they decided to have a look at Orozco's garbage after the maintenance people in his office building at 120 Wall Street emptied it each night.

A search of the crumpled telexes and money wrappers confirmed their suspicions. They had found the typical pattern born of simple, but mind-boggling fact: Narcotics dealers rake in so much currency, sometimes planeloads of it, that handling it becomes the trafficker's most onerous task. That's where men like Orozco come in. He and his brother are but two of the money launderers who handle more than $1 billion a year, according to a report from the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee.

Laundering is a process that turns illegitimate money, or money not reported to the IRS, out of the owner's hands and then back into them so that the cash can be safely spent. But doing that without leaving a trail, or one that will incriminate, calls for resourceful people. Such money is usually passed through "havens" such as Switzerland or the Cayman Islands and through companies secretly owned by the traffickers. For a fee, usually 1 percent to 3 percent, people like Orozco will make such arrangements.

Drug organizations, like any money-making operation, must have a cash flow. Drug chieftains must pay their suppliers, and these creditors are uncommonly impatient. And, as U.S. law enforcement is learning, following such money can lead to the top, because while the top men rarely have contacts with narcotics, they do get close to the money.

To move the money quickly and efficiently requires a man of special talent—a man, the government says, like Orozco. His trail provided a rare insight into how major organizations "wash," or hide the source of, the floodtide of cash they take in.

The 43-year-old Orozco was arrested in November 1982, at his home in Old Westbury, Long Island, and convicted May 23, after a two-month jury trial, on federal

AP WIDE WORLD

Officials at Citibank were surprised when Humberto Orozco walked in carrying two satchels containing $900,000

charges of conspiracy to violate U.S. drug laws by laundering more than $156 million through 18 different bank accounts from 1978 to 1982, currency violations, making false statements to government agencies and in effect, of acting individually as a financial institution. He is currently free on $1 million bail pending appeal.

Early in the investigation, in an apparent attempt to hide the real source of the money he was handling, Orozco told a federal undercover agent that the money he was handling was generated by coffee transactions from a Colombian family known as "the Duque group" and that he worked for a man named Victor Duque. The family also owned a Colombian currency exchange called Finicredito. It was this firm, according to evidence presented at Orozco's trial, that received at least some of the funds sent by Orozco from the U.S. to Latin America.

Another member of the Duque family, Victor's brother Alberto Duque, had cut quite a swath in Miami business circles, becoming known as a financial "wonder boy" until his empire in Florida, including two coffee firms, came crumbling down in May when Duque filed for bankruptcy. One creditor said that Duque, who himself was a major stockholder in a large Miami bank, had used his companies to create "fictitious inventory and fraudulent bills of lading." Curiously, Alberto Duque went into bankruptcy six months after the government shut down Orozco's operation.

Assistant U.S. Attorney Michael Feldberg, who prosecuted Orozco, described him as the biggest catch yet by a government seeking to break the Colombian connection. "This is the first time we have ever gotten a money launderer on a drug charge," Feldberg said. "Illicit drug organizations cannot exist without such men."

The government's key witness was a man Orozco trusted because he became Orozco's "banker." Orozco knew him at first as Eduardo Garcia, a Spanish-speaking Latino with whom Orozco could relate. But Garcia was in reality Edward Guillen, an agent for the Drug Enforsement Administration who posed, with the cooperation of Citibank, as a bank officer willing to be corrupted and willing to move Orozco's millions for a price—namely $2,000 for every $1,000,000 he moved through Citibank.

Guillen said that Orozco was anxious for a connection at a major New York bank to move his money. Guillen testified: "Eduardo Orozco has said they didn't want to use Florida banks because there is too much activity and too much attention being drawn by the government to banks in Miami because of their extensive use by the Mafia and Colombians."

The personal relationship between the two men reached the point where in a recorded meeting on June 9, 1981, Orozco, then living a low profile life in a more modest home at 40 Narwood Road in Massapequa, invited "Garcia" to his home for a party that evening.

"Yeah," according to Orozco's recorded conversation, "I wanted you to meet the son of the president of Colombia and other people of our government." As Guillen noted later in the recorded conversation Orozco had bragged about his close relationship with then-Colombian President Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala, who was defeated for reelection and left office Aug. 7, 1982, about the time Orozco moved into his Old Westbury home. Guillen declined the invitation.

But another prosecution witness, a former attorney named Harvey Krat, testified that he met Turbay's son at Orozco's home, along with other prominent Colombians, such as the Colombian ambassador to the U.S., and he testified, "I think I met Mr. Duque [no first name given], the head of Colombia Coffee Company [one of Alberto Duque's companies]."

Although he bragged about his political connections, Orozco usually avoided talking about the source of his funds in his rambling and often unintelligible recorded conversations. But in a conversation on Oct. 15, 1981, one in which he later said he had "opened my heart" to Guillen, Orozco stated:

"I tell you, I, I can say 20 percent was coming from coffee business, 60 percent coming from other business . . . 60 to 70 percent one, or many ways coming from drugs . . ."

Only a few moments later, in the same recorded conversation with Guillen, the following exchange took place:

Guillen: Do you see the difference between what you told me today from what you've told me in the past?

Orozco: . . . Understand me one thing I try (inaudible) certain accounts (inaudible) who could deposit . . . the prime minister.

Feldberg said he did not know what the last three words meant or to whom Orozco was referring. They do not appear on the transcript given the jury to aid them in listening to the tapes of the conversation. But they are there, ever so faintly on the tapes. "At first," Feldberg said, "I didn't hear those words. It wasn't until they (the tapes) were first played in court."

Guillen, in an interview, said he did not know to whom Orozco was referring. Guillen said he used the words "prime minister" but added, "it was never that specific," noting that Colombia does not have a prime minister.

"But yes, he did use those words," Guillen said. "I didn't want to push too hard . . . to pursue it any further . . . I was most concerned with the drug aspect and not the political aspect . . ." Guillen said he felt that to have pushed at that point would have made Orozco even more suspicious. Shortly thereafter, Orozco hired private detectives to follow Guillen. He said that

EUGENE ANTHONY BLACKSTAR

Colombian locals prepare marijuana for making into bricks

Orozco never referred to "the prime minister" again. Was he perhaps talking about Turbay? No one will ever know for sure.

Guillen refused to discuss questions about Orozco's possible direct connection to drugs. But he did note that the name of one accused drug trafficker did surface in the case, a man he described as a "close associate" of Orozco.

The "close associate" was Orozco's co-defendant, Rodrigo Mendoza, who was never tried because he fled to Colombia before he was indicted in New York and is now a fugitive not only from indictment here in New York, but also in Florida. Last March, just prior to the start of the Orozco trial in New York, Mendoza was indicted in Miami on a federal charge of smuggling a planeload of marijuana into the U.S.

Although U.S. District Judge Gerald Toettel would not permit Feldberg to bring Mendoza's activites in Florida into the Orozco trial in New York, he did permit Guillen to testify about a meeting he had with Mendoza and Orozco.

During that meeting, on May 7, 1981, Guillen later testified, "Eduardo Orozco introduced me to Rodrigo Mendoza as his partner and the individual who was concerned with the day-to-day affairs or the running of the affairs concerning the movements of the monies."

Krat, the former attorney, was having problems of his own. First of all, banks were starting to refuse to handle Orozco's funds because of their size. And Krat, by his own admission in testimony as a government witness, had been dipping into clients' funds and then taking money from Orozco's accounts to cover those thefts. At the time of his testimony last April, he said he still owed $126,000 of $210,000 he had "borrowed" from Orozco.

Krat testified that he had given Orozco's firm, Cirex, a second mortgage on his house as security for the money. Krat also testified that he had been allowed to resign as an attorney, because he was under investigation by the bar association for "comingling" his funds with those of clients.

Krat said that he had allowed Orozco to use his Citibank account to launder funds and that he had made various deposits for Orozco. "I was concerned," Krat testified, "about getting involved in something that was over my head . . . . I was told now that deposits were going to be in the millions of dollars rather than what it was before, that single deposits would be extremely large."

At that point, under cross examination by Orozco's attorney, Peter Morrison, Krat testified that he went to an FBI agent he knew. The agent, in turn, put Krat in touch with Guillen.

When Guillen reported to his superiors what Krat had told him about Orozco, Guillen was ordered to work undercover as part of the ongoing Customs investigation by posing as a Citibank account manager.

Under questioning by Feldberg, this was Guillen's testimony:

Q. Before you met Eduardo Orozco did you know anything about his activities at Citibank?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. What did you know?

A. Through discussions with Harvey Krat, who informed me that he had opened up several accounts for . . . Orozco, [and] he was interested in opening up a new account through which he wanted to deposit approximately $25 million in the coming year.

Q. $25 million in what form?

A. In cash . . .

Q. Did you discuss the amount of money to be deposited in the account?

A. He started to discuss wanting to deposit in the millions during the month.

Q. In the millions over what period of time?

A. On a monthly basis. And I had instructed him that at least while we—until the account had developed some credibility within the bank, it would be better . . . if we limited cash deposits to a half million dollars per week. He agreed to that and said he would follow my instructions . . .

Q. Did you discuss with Mr. Orozco what would happen to the money after it was deposited in the account?

A. The monies . . . would be almost immediately transferred out of the country and in most instances to foreign accounts in Panama.

On May 7, 1981, Guillen met with Krat and Orozco again, this time in Krat's Manhattan office. This was the meeting at which Mendoza appeared. Guillen said that Mendoza was suspicious of him from the beginning, a suspicion that the fearful and double-dealing Krat not only did not allay, but at one point told Orozco something Krat obviously already knew—that Krat "believed" that "Garcia" was a federal agent. Asked at the trial which "side of the street" he was playing, Krat replied, "Probably both."

In any case, Guillen testified that Mendoza at that meeting was uncommonly impatient.

Q. (By Feldberg to Guillen) What happened after Mr. Mendoza arrived?

A. He was quite annoyed over the delays that were being encountered.

Q. How did he express this annoyance?

A. The fact that after the money was being deposited that it took too long for the monies to be wire transferred to the different accounts that they were designed (for) and that as a result they were losing money on their business transactions.

Q. What did you say in response to Mr. Mendoza's requests?

A. The fact that part of the problem was a result of the instructions coming, reaching me, third-hand that they would be transferred to Harvey Krat, who would then notify me, plus the fact that because of the cash deposits being so large and we had little prior notice . . . that it was difficult to have people available in the bank to count the money, have it credited to the account and then have those monies transferred out of the account. I used as an example one such deposit made by Eduardo's brother, Humberto Orozco, who had deposited—brought to the bank, with only an hour's notice, $900,000 in cash all in $20 bills in two suitcases . . . I also asked them if they were encountering any problems with Customs officials both here in the U.S. and in South America, with the movement of such large quantities of cash, and Mr. Mendoza explained, stated that one of the reasons they weren't encountering such problems was the fact that they were declaring only 30 percent of the cash that was being brought into this country to the Customs authorities . . . .

Things appeared to be going well in the undercover investigation through the end of 1981. Guillen said that Orozco gave him two Christmas presents, a bottle of expensive Scotch and a leather-bound desk diary, and was told by Orozco that he'd get another present in January. But there were no more presents.

When the two men met on Jan. 8, 1982, at the Marco Polo Club, things had changed. The deposits had declined and, according to Guillen's testimony, when Guillen asked why, ". . . He (Orozco) stated he had received information from a female in the intelligence community that I was either an agent for the IRA or the DEA . . . "

Guillen said he had known that Orozco had hired private detectives to follow him and that both Mendoza and Orozco's brother were suspicious of him from the beginning.

"I knew I was being followed," Guillen said in an interview, "but Eduardo was one of those kind of guys who felt he didn't need those things, private investigators. He could tell an agent if he saw one; I guess it was an ego kind of thing."

On January 21, Guillen received a phone call at Citibank from a man identifying himself as a stockbroker. After asking Guillen a lot of personal questions, the stockbroker said he had the wrong number and hung up.

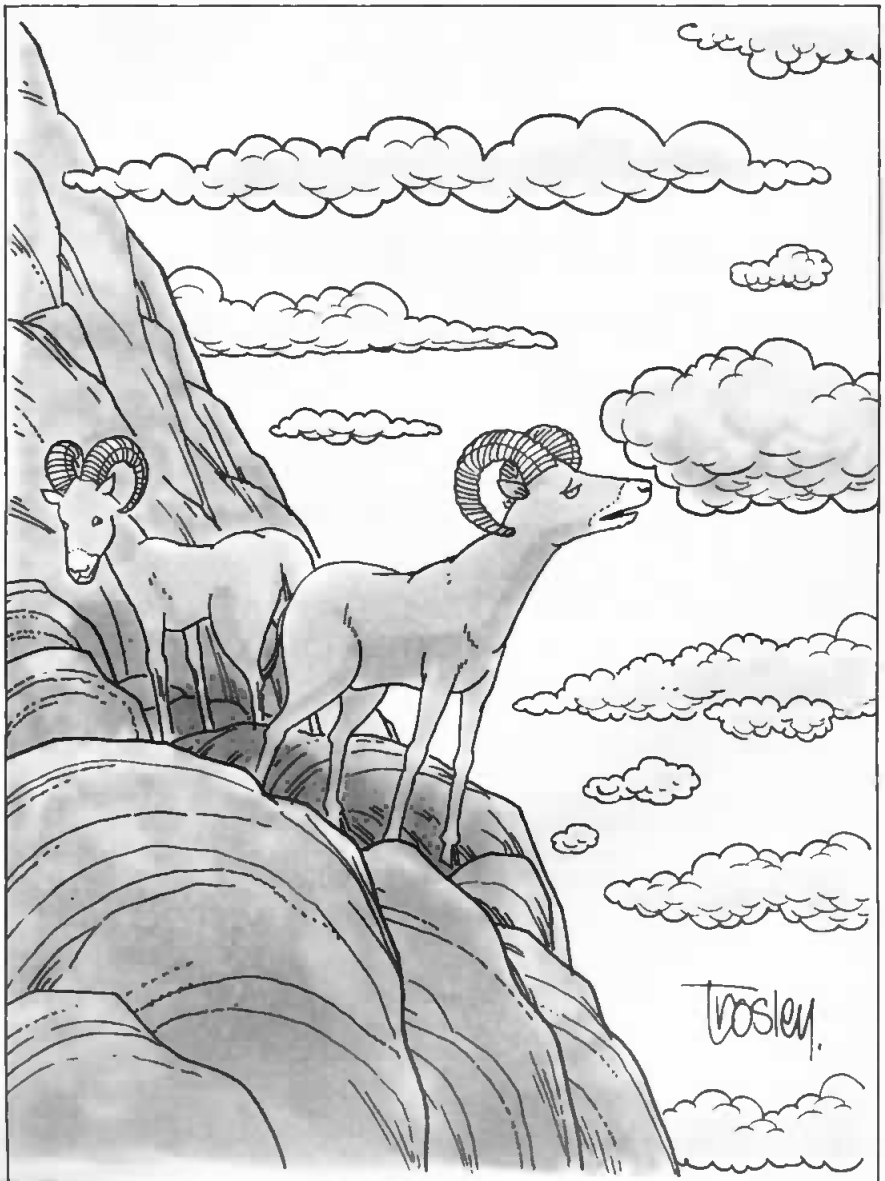
Guillen is not sure that the caller was a private detective or not, but there was no more communication with Orozco or his associates after that. Guillen's "cover phone" was listed publicly to the Drug Enforcement Administraion, something any trained private investigator could quickly learn, and no one apparently had bothered to make sure the telephone company kept it unlisted.

The undercover phase of the case had ended.

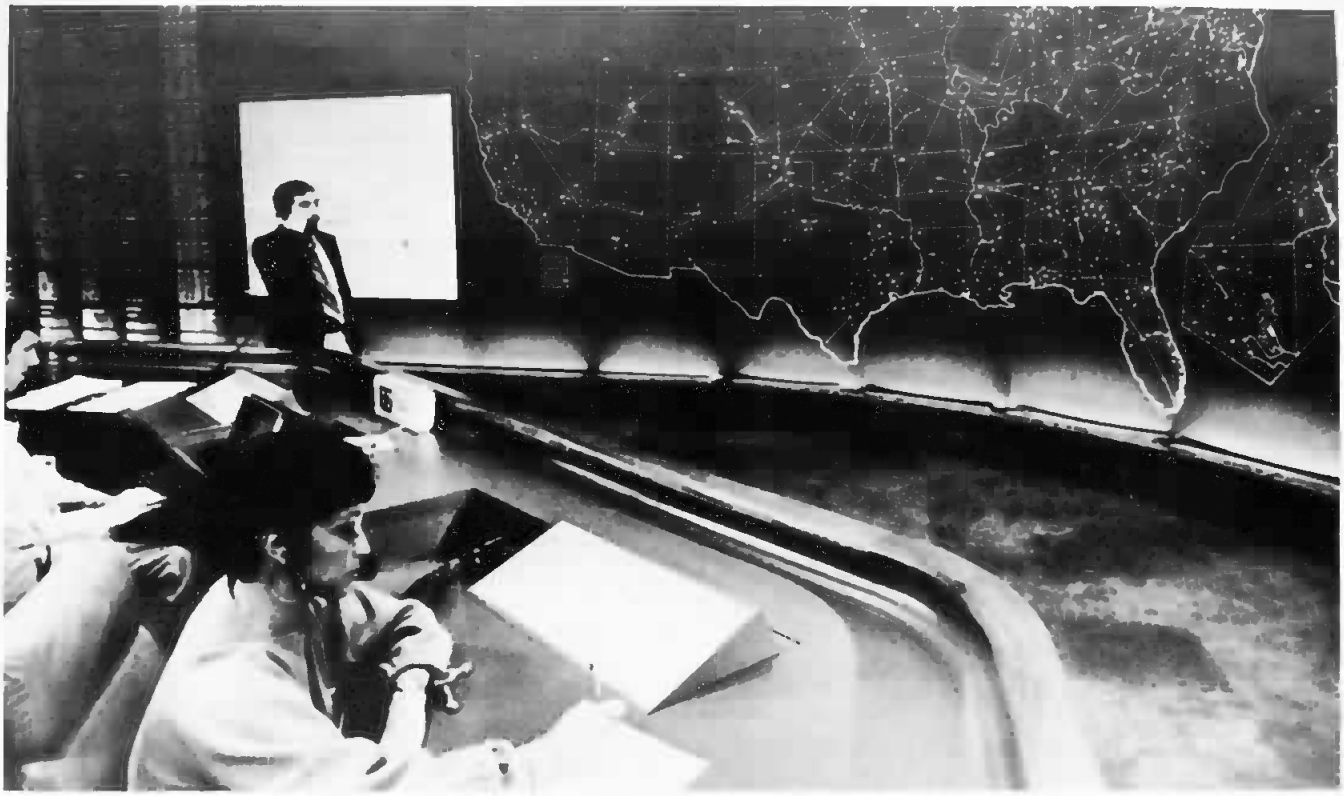
Orozco was convicted. But no one expects one conviction to frighten the other Orozcos of the world.

"There's too much money to be made," said one federal prosecutor. ■

***John Cummings is an investigative reporter for* Newsday *in Long Island, New York and is a frequent contributor to* The Rebel.**



"Pure Colombian . . . "



AP WIDE WORLD

Officials at AT&T Long Lines network keep tabs to prevent flooded switchboards

Half of AT&T Is Twice Your Phone Bill

Rates will go up in April and may double by 1985

By Peter Hall

When the cups were raised to wash in the New Year, it is unlikely that many Americans were toasting the dismemberment of AT&T. To most, Ma Bell's *auld lang syne* was like the distant passage of a comet—something that newspapers and television had droned about for years, but which somehow made little difference to average folks. After all, the phone was still there the next morning, clanging away beneath the party rubble, as noisily necessary as telephones have been all our lives.

But in many ways it *is* a different telephone. To start with, it no longer belongs to the friendly local Bell telephone companies, and they no longer belong to AT&T. For the great majority that still lease their phones, the new custodian of those timeless machines is something called AT&T Information Systems, which is far keener on selling computerized communications systems than on renting telephones. We can look forward to bargain sellout deals if we choose to buy them—and high-cost repair services if we do not. The new AT&T will make us an offer we cannot refuse, and people who disdain to own their own phones will pay dearly for the privilege of leasing them. Better to buy our own, even though they will no longer be engineered to last 40 years.

Then there are those new rates. At the stroke of midnight, December 31, the U.S. was magically divided into 161 so-called LATAs, which means Local Access and Transport Areas. What used to be a local call may be long-distance now, new area codes will be created, and often the local telephone companies will not be carrying our voices when we reach out to touch our distant pals. An ordinary phone bill will contain charges from at least one extra carrier, and sophisticated consumers who patronize a number of long-distance carriers could contend with as many as five.

And change costs money. At April 3, residential phone rates are already set to climb $2 a month, long-distance information queries should rise to 75 cents, and a welter of additional charges will be levied. Diane McCarthy, chairperson of Arizona's Public Utility Commission, is one of many who fear that monthly phone bills may ***double*** by the end of this year. Pacific Telesis, the newly independent regional phone company that serves California and Nevada, warns that if the nation's telecommunications price structure keeps unraveling, residents of a little desert town called Baker, California might find themselves forking out $82 a month just to get a dial tone. To date, phone companies from sea to shining sea have already applied for $6.8 billion in rate hikes.

In return, consumers can look forward to the fruits of free-market technology—such options as high-quality mobile telephone service, energy management systems that allow people to control their toasters, heaters, and air conditioners from afar, and videotex data transmission to television sets and home computers. By 1994, telephones will really be computers performing a variety of newly indispensable domestic and business functions.

The new goodies, however, will not be for average folks, something that few of the phone futurists have dwelt on. For good reason: Buick's 1984 models will offer Advanced Mobile Phone Service (AMPS), but this dandy option will carry a $3,000 ticket, and monthly access charges from local AMPS carriers will start at $150. Computers and televisions that can use videotex are themselves pricey, and accessing data bases will cost a lot more once the rest of the country samples what New York City residents have enjoyed for years—minute-by-minute phone metering. Some people will be mighty disappointed, outcasts in an ever more technological society whose advertising already chastises them for failing to arm their kids with micros.

Those who cannot afford to do more with telephones may wind up with less than they now have. They will pay more merely to use primitive telephones that carry only voices. Adding injury to insult is the likelihood that day-to-day service will

deteriorate as local telephone companies scramble to keep their lucrative business and upscale residential clients. "My charges will double in the next year and a half," says Paul MacAvoy, dean of the University of Rochester's Graduate School of Management, "but I'm afraid I'll be paying more for rotten service." Stephen A. Ross, Yale professor of finance and economics, is more succinct: "We're trading a Cadillac for a Ford. Even if it proves cheaper, it'll be lousier."

So the Bell System's demise will be a prime domestic drama of 1984, savaging most people's budgets and hinting at ever-widening socio-economic gaps. It will star Ronald Reagan as the Great Deregulator; Harold Greene, an obscure federal judge, as the Maverick; some Congressional Populists riding into town at the last minute; a horde of blandly avaricious Wall Streeters; and a staggering cast of 1 million Bell System employees and 3.2 million AT&T shareholders. Stealing a page from *High Noon*, the prospective victims will be fired with self-righteousness and eager to foist the blame and pain on others. To add a sitcom touch, one would-be villain, AT&T's chairman, is named Charlie Brown, but he opposed the breakup and still maintains it was a mistake. There will be plenty of time for us to look for villains, but this tale is more complicated than that. The people responsible for the breakup were just doing their jobs, following orders, going along for the ride. And the people paying for it were just . . . preoccupied.

Welcome to 1984. Not exactly what George Orwell envisioned when he hung his totalitarian opus on our current swing around the sun; he was hardly cautioning us against decentralization and deregulation when he wrote about TV screens that watched *us*. But it typifies what is happening to America as big business and bigger government carve up what little welfare the state has coughed up since the New Deal. Orwell would recognize a society whose politicians periodically boast of having "lowered" unemployment to a level that would have been unthinkably high a couple of years earlier. More is less. Less is more. And the trashing of one of this country's most popular, useful, and innately democratic assets began under the guise of reform nine years ago, when the Ford Administration filed an antitrust suit against AT&T.

No one minded at the time because Ma Bell had gotten on everyone's nerves, even though her efficiency was a stellar argument for The American Way. The West's only state-fostered, privately owned telecommunications monopoly had developed the world's most advanced telecommunications system with high-quality service at an affordable cost for all. America's telephone world was a closed loop in which a vast Bell network—encompassing some 1,500 independent telephone companies that aped every move by the 22 local Bell outfits—fenced periodically for higher rates with state and federal regulators.

A pricing patchwork resulted: New Yorkers pay by the minute, as well as for local directory assistance, but pay phones still cost a dime; hardy Vermonters compensate for lower billing rates by slipping a quarter in public phones. Californians pay only $7 a month for basic local service that costs the phone company $29. Phone-rate increases have generally been far behind the inflation index, but it all worked somehow. AT&T was worth $155 billion in its final hours before it broke up.

The history books tell us about 29-year-old Alexander Graham Bell's genius. They gloss over what was wrought by Theodore Vail, AT&T's business-side genius who fended off Western Union, farmers' cooperatives, and postal officials who hankered to nationalize the telephone system. AT&T was not always the first to innovate—some independents offered automatic dial tones a decade before Bell did—but its sheer size and public relations talents more than compensated for bureaucratic inertia. Vail built the Bell system by playing hardball with competitors and by insisting that only a monopoly could provide what he called "universal service"—access for all to a telephone at a reasonable cost. In a 1908 ad that foreshadowed the cadence and clarity of a more ominous and less useful slogan of the '30s, Vail urged: "One system, one policy, universal service."

But the alliance between the country's biggest employer and runner-up AT&T was always tenuous. Egged on by conservatives uncomfortable with state regulation and by liberals uneasy about government-sponsored profits, the Justice Department periodically investigated the Bell System for alleged antitrust violations; thousands of lawyers cut their teeth on the issue in the 1950s and '70s. The first case ended in 1956 with AT&T's eschewal of any role in the budding computer market. But that was when industries were sharply delineated fiefdoms—a company in a given field simply set out to knock over the competition, wrap up the market, and churn out plush quarterly reports.

Technology progressively scotched the deal. For one thing, AT&T still yearned to sell computers; after all, Bell Labs, which recently chalked up its 20,000th patent, devised the first transistors and lasers, and the 1956 settlement meant AT&T could not itself market such inventions, but had to trade rights to them for other innovations it needed. The company was developing computer switching technology for its own system and to sell to independent phone companies. As the computer industry gave birth to the information industry, the latter enveloped the telecommunications field, and any company with a stake in data processing or transmission began to salivate over its prospects in an Integrated Information Age. Meanwhile, back in the kitchen, the average consumer was marvelling over touch-tone dialing and complaining about hippies.

AT&T's plump flanks began to bleed around 1968, when the oil companies threw their own weight behind a tiny outfit that wanted to sell a mobile phone linked to Bell's system. The Federal Communications Commission's so-called Carterfone decision facilitated offshore oil communications, allowed a rival vendor to sell AT&T-compatible products, and slightly cracked the monopoly. Shortly thereafter, the FCC permitted MCI to offer limited microwave services; AT&T was ordered to let MCI play for real in 1974. But the real blow that year came when the Justice Department sued AT&T to split off its mammoth Western Electric manufacturing division.

The case scarcely stirred consumers, who probably thought Ma Bell deserved it. It did, however, finish off the suit's first judge, who died in 1978 after wading through literally tons of testimony. Harold Greene, a district court judge in Washington, D.C., then entered the fray. Greene, a refugee from Nazi Germany who had helped draft the 1964 Civil Rights Act, was known for independent thinking and meticulous homework; word has it that he intended to rule against Bell, which inspired a number of brainstorms at AT&T's grandly decrepit headquarters in Lower Manhattan. One that proved useful was to buy up the remaining independently owned shares in a few Bell operating companies. Less successful was a proposal to relinquish AT&T's minority shares in Cincinnati Bell and Southern New England Telephone (both independents with voluntary links to AT&T), along with Bell's majority stake in Pacific Telephone, which was foundering in debt and squabbling with California's activist regulators.

As the case dragged on, Americans were undergoing a curious series of ideological metamorphoses. Post-Watergate/post-Vietnam suspicion of rogues in power was simmering in a series of recessions that peaked as Jimmy Carter meandered thoughtfully through a passel of domestic and international crises. The crude, yet stimulating response from California's hothouse political environment was a tax revolt; Washington countered with a round of welfare cuts, a military buildup, and economic deregulation so that the business of America could once again be business. Carter himself cut the airlines loose, increasing service to profit-making areas, dropping it in less promising places, and causing several carriers to fail. Then Reagan moved into the White House with a confused mandate to do whatever he found necessary to make Americans feel better.

In early 1982, Reagan's Justice Department made Charlie Brown a very happy man by agreeing to let AT&T keep West-

ern Electric, the long-distance operations, and Bell Labs on condition that it spin off its 22 local phone companies. The deal also gave AT&T the lucrative Yellow Pages publishing rights, the Bell name and logo, and barred the local Bell orphans from selling phone equipment. At about the same time, the FCC, packed with visionary deregulators, was clearing the way for AT&T to set up an unregulated business in the computer market. Consumer groups were astonished that AT&T was winning its corporate freedom by bidding adieu to its least profitable wings—the local phone companies. Timothy Wirth, a Democratic representative from Colorado, tried to convince Congress to intervene on the consumer's behalf, but AT&T choreographed a mail-in campaign that pitted some 4 million employees and stockholders against a handful of savvy consumer activists. Wirth's bill was bottled up in committee, and the breakup of the world's biggest private institution was left in the hands of an appointed judge.

Unfortunately for AT&T, Greene took his task seriously. He swiftly deduced that the company was plundering its offspring so avidly that the latter would emerge shorn of economic merit. The invisible hand—drawing myriad satellite, microwave, and private-cable rivals in to compete with local phone companies—would ultimately strangle the divested outfits, leaving us bereft of mass-based telephone services. So Greene slowly rearranged AT&T's dream settlement, giving the Yellow Pages back to the seven regional groupings emerging from Bell, granting them exclusive use of Bell's name and logo, allowing them to compete with their old parent in selling phone gear, and studying the blueprints of each AT&T switching plant so that he could allocate a fair share of them to the newcomers. Greene's commitment so impressed the regionals' prospective bosses that some began petitioning his court for relief from AT&T's onerous separation terms, even as they continued to work for headquarters (Pacific, for instance, pawned off about $1.5 billion in debt on its parent by telling the judge that it would be crippled with such a burden).

As of early 1983, it seemed that history would someday give Greene the John Sirica Memorial Gavel as the judge who had shouldered the entire economic, political, and social burden of the state's deliberative and administrative branches. Then the FCC threw a curveball by ruling that all telephone services should be priced according to real cost. That may sound fair enough, but it tolls the death knell for universal service because American public telecommunications have never been priced that way.

In a nutshell, AT&T's closed-loop system allowed long-distance rates to subsidize local prices; the figures vary, but at least 30 cents of each long-distance toll minute covers the installation, rental fees, and local services of each client. As long as AT&T was the sole long-distance carrier, it could be forced to funnel that sum to locals, whether it owned them or not. Now its overall long-distance share is down to 95 percent, and falling fast in the face of competitors that pay much lower fees to the local carriers (and which, by 1986, will be dialed just as easily as AT&T's Long Lines).

The FCC's decision, fully consistent with its free market views, reverses the burden of paying for long-distance connections. Where the long carrier once paid the local company at each end for its contact with the consumer, the FCC makes the consumers at each end pay for the privilege of reaching out. In theory, this lets AT&T compete freely with its rivals by offering comparable price cuts in long-distance services, and it gives the local companies a truly independent economic base.

Economic theory and practice are, of course, often at odds; in this case, they may be at war. With residential users slated to pay $2 a month in access charges starting in April—and businesses coughing up three times as much—AT&T stands to save $3.3 billion this year on its own access fees to the local companies. Its announced long-distance price reductions add up to only $1.75 billion, though, so $2.25 billion will be leaving that old Bell System loop. That money will not be heading for Switzerland—post-divestiture AT&T will use it to subsidize startup costs

Charles L. Brown

in its domestic and foreign high-tech sales drive. After all, it is AT&T's money, and there will be a lot more where that came from: By 1989, residential users may be paying as much as $7 in monthly access charges.

The FCC seems chagrined by AT&T's niggardliness in cutting its long-distance rates, even though Wall Street analysts have long predicted that Charlie Brown and the gang will make a tidy bundle with which to float the company's rather risky sortie against IBM. But the FCC is clearly far more disturbed by the fact that growing consumer awareness of rising costs has set off a belated congressional uproar over the access charges. Only 20 percent of the population claims to know much about the Bell breakup, but most of them are livid over it. To defuse the issue, the FCC swallowed its ideology and frightened Wall Street by postponing the access charge levies until April.

Since this is 1984, however, it is also an election year, and that is a poor occasion for voters to receive monthly reminders of how little their legislators did to shape such a crucial issue of national policy. Perhaps because hundreds of thousands of Bell employees are being squeezed out of Ma's kindly hands—and many of the company's shareholding "widows and orphans" are worried about their own phone bills—AT&T ran short on public relations power last November: The House endorsed a Wirth-sponsored bill to outlaw the residential access charges. Late this month, the Senate will consider Oregon Republican Robert Packwood's own measure to postpone the charges for two years.

Both measures contain provisions for a "Universal Service Fund" that would tax all long-distance calls to subsidize local service—but only for those who can prove they need it. AT&T has long contended that the current pricing system is unfair because poor urban users are forced to subsidize rural service, even when it goes to wire Reagan's humble ranch. Some of AT&T's local companies have already set up "Lifeline" services that let people pay less for their phones, provided they hardly use them.

"That just offers less service and charges less for it, even though they may need telephones more because transportation's becoming so expensive," explains Robert Nichols, a Consumers Union attorney who has been hounding official Washington for years over the divestiture. Surprisingly, the Consumers Union does not oppose deregulation, which Nichols thinks might benefit consumers if the transition from monopoly were stretched out; he would not mind the access charges if they were gradually phased in. He is mainly enthusiastic about the Wirth and Packwood proposals because "we view it as essential to help people of fixed income, the elderly, the handicapped, and low-income people respond to these price increases, and this bill would set criteria for recipients."

Most of us, of course, could not qualify for relief, and no one seems to know how many people will drop their telephone service if prices indeed double or triple in the near future. When AT&T was trying to fend off the Justice Department, it touted a study that said 10 percent of all users

The new AT&T has been overwhelmed with calls about the changover

would quit each time the price doubled; the dropoff rate for minorities and poor people was far higher. Having made its deal, the company now contends that the study was flawed, but the prospect of mass cutoffs—or a radical leap backwards to those charming "party lines"—horrifies many state regulators.

What bothers some economists, though, is the likelihood that AT&T and the new regionals are sealing their own fates by raising business access charges. It is relatively simple for national corporations and government agencies to set up internal communications systems using satellite, microwave, and fiber-optic technology; Citibank and Westinghouse are already doing it. Merrill Lynch, the world's biggest brokerage house, has teamed up with Western Union to build a satellite Teleport serving Wall Street from Staten Island, New York State's own agencies have their own system, and Olympia & York, a Toronto-based office developer with big holdings in the U.S., aims to link its far-flung clients electronically.

Telephone company executives wax frenetic in condemning so-called "cream skimmers" that try to "bypass" the established systems and make off with the upscale business and residential clients. But is raising prices a savvy way to hold onto their clients? Robert Nichols cautions that it remains to be seen how many companies really want to invest in their own systems, and notes that many of those interested in doing so are motivated by the need for higher quality data transmission than phone lines can provide: "Lowering the price of an inferior service does not mean they aren't going to bypass." The FCC is hoping that state regulators will allow telephone companies to vary their rates so that big users can win significant discounts, provided that the latter are truly based on the real cost of providing such service. But how will the public react to adjacent page one stories that promise higher rates for them and lower ones for the local bank? "They'll just have to understand," replies a regional telephone executive. "It's your job to help them see the light."

So far, the press has done that very well, at least from AT&T's point of view. Scads of statistics and visions of a glittering techno-future adorn divestiture stories that, for the most part, appear only in "business" sections with an implicit message to readers who are bored and confused by economics. And most of those who have spent much time analyzing the issue tend to be salaried employees of institutions committed to a smooth divestiture. "I'm not at all sure that any of this is in the best interests of the consumer, but that's irrelevant," says one broker.

Paul MacAvoy, a former member of Gerald Ford's Council of Economic Advisors, is no liberal, but he cares about the integrity of his profession, and he is stunned at the "dismal science's" abysmal track record in analyzing the breakup's ramifications. "AT&T won by losing," he snaps. "The company gave away one-third of its profits and two-thirds of its assets. Now it's stronger than ever in long-distance, and it's going to drive the competition out within five years. Deregulation in this case means less competition, not more. . . . Are we really better off because we have Mickey Mouse phones now?"

MacAvoy thinks that it is too late to spend much time pondering the wisdom of divestiture, and he is too cynical to think that Congress has anything positive to add. He is probably correct: No one should be surprised if the legislators choose to enact a Universal Service Fund and then postpone the residential access charges until after the election. It would not be the first time that a combination of technological evolution, ideological bluster, corporate might, media mystification, and citizen apathy bamboozled the American people.

So the first lesson of 1984 appears to be that politics—once the people's only means of participating in the carving up of national spoils—has lost even that limited, desperate function. It is not so much that people thought the undoing of Ma Bell was in their interest, or that they did not understand it. It was just so distant, so untouchable, that reaching out to protect their prospects in the New Information Age seemed like a waste of time. As an artist in a midtown Manhattan bar put it recently, "Yeah, I've heard about AT&T. Aren't they breaking up so they can make more money?" Happy New Year. ■

***Peter Hall is a freelance writer in New York. His articles on financial affairs have appeared in* Columbia Journalism Review, The Village Voice, *and* Mother Jones.**

Ronald Reagan's Ruling Class

Nine portraits of the President's top officials

By Ronald Brownstein & Nina Easton

Ronald Reagan represents America's biggest special interests. He works exclusively for the rich, the powerful, the well-fed and the well-heeled. He is perpetually friendly to corporate giants such as Bechtel and Lockheed, and he is always deferential to ruling elites such as the Rockefellers and the DuPonts.

Rarely, if ever, has there been a president whose administration has been so strictly committed to servicing the rich—and so thoroughly callous to the needs of America's poor, aging and working people. Never before has one president done so much to provide welfare to the truly un-needy. Ronald Reagan has taken off the tax rolls corporate heads and entire corporations.

The patronage paid America's ruling class by the Reagan Administration has been hinted at here and there, but nowhere has it been so clearly and skillfully presented as in Reagan's Ruling Class *(excerpted below). The book has been intensively researched. The authors have reviewed tens of thousands of pages of testimony, speeches and articles. They have conducted hundreds of interviews and have spent thousands of hours transcribing, proofreading, checking and re-checking facts. What has emerged from these monumental researches is 100 brief profiles of the top officials in the Reagan Administration.* Reagan's Ruling Class *reveals in close detail the hidden agenda of Ronald Reagan and his best friends—the rich.*

Ralph Nader, in his introduction to the book, writes that, "The persons who run the federal government with Mr. Reagan are largely from the business world. They view the role of government as largely a many-splendored accounts receivable for the business community." The Rebel *has chosen nine of the worst offenders in the Reagan White House. The profiles primarily deal with their responsibilities of office, their financial background, and the major issues they confront.*

William French Smith
Attorney General

As attorney general, Smith heads the Justice Department and serves as the federal government's chief attorney and law enforcement officer. With over 4,000 attorneys, the Justice Department is the largest law firm in the country, representing U.S. citizens by "enforcing law in the public interest." In 1982, the department operated with a budget of $2.64 billion and a staff of over 54,000.

Urbane, judicious and discreet, William French Smith is a Los Angeles attorney who has operated in some of the most prestigious corporate boardrooms on the West Coast, leaving the public little more than a whisper of his existence. A Harvard law shool graduate; a life member of both the General Society of Mayflower Descendants and the Sons of the American Revolution; and a very wealthy businessman. In any room where the few hundred men and women who run the country were gathering, Smith would be assured a seat.

A society lawyer who has built his entire career on a network of connections, he is also assured an invitation to Washington's most prominent social gatherings, which he and his wife have eagerly attended since they arrived in town. To Smith, parties are the bedrock of his office. He seems more comfortable around the soft clinking of cocktail glasses than the hard rap of a gavel. "You can get to know people better, which makes communication better," Smith told the *New York Times* at a bash for tennis star Bjorn Borg. "I think that's a very important attribute of Washington."

William French Smith

Smith is learning that indiscretion in his social life can cause some trouble. He was sharply criticized in 1981 when he attended a birthday party for his long-time friend Frank Sinatra, who has been accused of ties to organized crime. Smith countered that he was "totally unaware of any allegation about Frank Sinatra's background."

Smith was behind Reagan's rise to wealth. He and other Los Angeles multi-millionaires like Justin Dart, Holmes Tuttle, and William A. Wilson arranged the financing for Reagan's gubernatorial campaign at a time when the candidate received little income other than royalties from his array of B-movies.

After Reagan gained the governor's seat, Smith and others in the "kitchen cabinet" put together a series of deals that made

*Ecerpted from *Reagan's Ruling Class: Portraits of the President's Top 100 Officials*, by Ronald Brownstein and Nina Easton. Reprinted by permission of Pantheon Books. Copyright © 1982, 1983 by Ralph Nader.

Ronald Reagan rich. In one transaction, Reagan sold most of a rocky 290-acre "ranch" in the Santa Monica Mountains, the Yearling Row Ranch, which he had bought in 1951 for $275 an acre, to Twentieth Century Fox for $1.9 million, or $8,178 an acre. The company then sold the land to the state at a much lower price. (Two years later Reagan signed legislation—vetoed by his predecessor—that gave film studios such as Twentieth Century a massive tax break on their inventories.)

Smith's investment decisions were so shrewd that in 1970 Reagan, by then a millionaire, paid no state income taxes.

Perhaps one reason Smith has escaped attention is his reluctance to take public stands on contentious issues. "Of every nominee in the last years that I have been here . . . I have never found anyone who had fewer answers to more questions than this nominee," Sen. Joseph Biden (D-Delaware) told the Senate. "He was almost totally devoid of an opinion at all. He is the ultimate corporate lawyer. He hardly says anything, other than his rank, name and serial number."

His record on civil rights has been dismal, prompting a leading coalition of civil rights groups to charge that "power and prejudice hold sway" in the Justice Department. On crime, Smith has focused his efforts on street violence (only a small fraction of which falls under federal jurisdiction), food stamp fraud, and evaders of draft registration. He has paid less attention to corporate crime, which costs consumers billions of dollars each year. At the top of Smith's list of post-Watergate reforms to be eviscerated is the Freedom of Information Act. His proposed amendments would significantly curtail the types of information the press and public could obtain from the federal government. But Congress has so far refused.

Fred Dutton, a former Kennedy Administration official who served as a University of California regent with Smith, summed up his colleague's view of the world succinctly: "Smith's philosophy is that a small central establishment of a few people who have proven successful should run the rest of our lives."

Smith slips easily into the list of millionaires in the Reagan Cabinet. Together with his wife, Smith's net worth is at least $2.9 million. . . . In late 1980, six days after his nomination, Smith obtained a $50,000 tax deduction when he invested $12,900 in a gas tax shelter called Blackhawk Energy Partners Ltd, which his spokesman said he inadvertently left off his financial disclosure statement. After unfavorable publicity, Smith agreed to limit the tax break he would take.

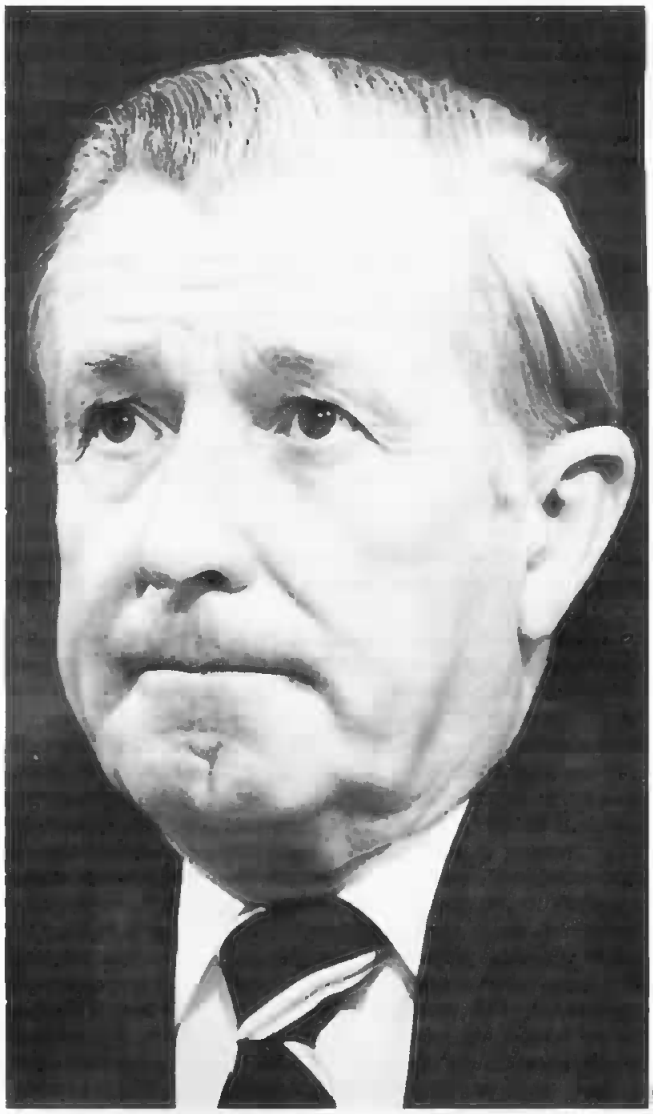
After Smith's nomination hearing, Sen. Joseph Biden (D-Delaware) commented: "I was gravely disappointed by Mr. Smith's inability to answer even on a general philosophical level questions we put to him . . . I felt that in many cases his reluctance to answer was not based on natural reluctance but upon the fact that he was unfamiliar with the issues."

Donald Regan
Secretary of the Treasury

Regan manages the Treasury's 112,258 employees and its $110.3 billion budget. The department pays the government's bills (involving close to 740 million checks a year), collects the taxes, controls imports and exports, issues bonds, prints currency and manufactures coins, supervises many banks, controls tobacco, alcohol and firearms, and protects the President.

Asked at his confirmation hearing why he would make the considerable financial sacrifice of leaving private business to enter the government, Regan told Sen. Russell Long (D-Louisiana), "Without trying to wrap myself in the American flag, the country is in a predicament at this moment. The President of the United States asked me to be in his cabinet. How could you refuse when you get a call of duty of that nature?"

Making refusal more difficult undoubtedly was that Regan had long been sitting by the phone. Like his near-namesake in the White House, Regan has been campaigning for his current job for more than a decade.



Donald Regan

"That job is something Don has wanted for a long time," one old associate said. "He had a long-term plan to get it."

Regan began his campaign in earnest around the time that he took over in 1971 as chairman and chief executive officer for Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the world's largest stock brokerage and the nation's most aggressive financial supermarket. With the help of a former *Fortune* editor hired as speechwriter, he increased his public visibility, authored a short, inoffensive, relentlessly epigrammatic book—"Change might be described as experience in the present tense," he wrote in one typically reflective moment—that praised Richard Nixon's economic policies.

At the time Regan joined Merrill Lynch, the company was dominated by Winthrop Smith. Regan was married to the niece of Smith's second wife, the former Ann Buchanan. Ann was very close to Smith, so close that she called him "Daddy." As writer Chris Welles observed, "Daddies counted for a lot in those days, even at Merrill Lynch."

And so a golden boy was born. "He was," one long-time Merrill Lynch worker said, "an absolute dictator." One current senior official added: "People are afraid of him. He gets things done not because people agree with him, but because they felt if they don't go along, it will be their ass."

After a career on Wall Street, Donald Regan is a wealthy man. His financial disclosure form lists holdings of greater than $250,000 in Merrill Lynch in both his name and his wife's. In addition, Regan also lists two oil and gas partnerships and a housing partnership, each valued between $100,000 and $250,000,

and 19 separate holdings—ranging from bonds to other land development partnerships—valued at between $15,000 and $50,000. He also holds a cash management account valued at between $50,000 and $100,000.

According to the firm's filing with the SEC, during the 1980 fiscal year, Merrill Lynch paid Regan $954,986.

Regan's worth is a matter of speculation—but it is undoubtedly considerable. In an April, 1982 profile of the secretary, the *New York Times* reported that, "He was disappointed that many reporters missed his total worth when writing stories about his nomination. Asked if it was $10 million, the secretary waved his hands toward himself, as if saying 'more' in a game of charades. $20 million? He beckoned again. $35 million? 'No comment.' "

Jeane Kirkpatrick
U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations

Kirkpatrick represents the U.S. government in the U.N.'s 157-member General Assembly and on the 15-member Security Council.

Having bolted from the Democratic Party to socialism and back again, Jeane Kirkpatrick in the early 1970s settled into a political niche that she and her like-minded academic colleages fondly refer to as "neoconservatism." Though still formally a Democrat, Kirkpatrick's biting anti-Soviet prose and her tender embrace of right-wing dictators sympathetic to American strategic interests made her attractive to the Reagan foreign policy team.

Jeanne Kirkpatrick

During the summer months (of 1980), she prepped candidate Reagan for debates on international issues. In January 1981, after her appointment to the UN, a Kirkpatrick piece appeared in *Commentary*, this time focusing on Latin America, in which she said the Carter Administration "brought down the Somoza regime." (She describes the Somoza period as featuring "limited repression and limited opposition.")

The article brought replies such as one from a former National Security Countil staffer, who described it as "superficial, polemical, filled with innuendos unbecoming an Ambassador and laden with factural errors." Another reader wrote, " . . . Ambassador Kirkpatrick's rewriting of history . . . reminds me of a book I once read by George Orwell."

Astonishingly, Kirkpatrick still considers herself a "liberal" on domestic issues: "I'm very pro-labor. I'm very pro-union. Guns leave me pretty cold, too," she said in a 1980 interview. Her performance, however, in the UN has been characterized by strong support of both South Africa and Israel as well as right-wing regimes in Latin America.

Under the Reagan Administration, the words *human rights* have taken on a new meaning, and Kirkpatrick has been one of the chief architects of the revised definition. Now right-wing regimes espousing anti-communist dogma are considered "authoritarian,"—less repressive and worthy of U.S. support; while leftists, such as the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, are termed "totalitarian" and have been ostracized by the Reagan Administration. That distinction has prompted human rights activists such as former Assistant Secretary of State Patricia Derian to bubble with anger. "What the hell is 'moderately repressive?'—that you only torture half of the people, that you only do summary executions now and then?"

While traveling through Latin America in 1981 Kirkpatrick met with Chilean leader Gen. Augusto Pinochet, high on the list of human rights violators maintained by groups such as Amnesty International, and at a news conference in Santiago described her conversation with him as "most pleasant." She also expressed the Reagan Administration's desire to "fully normalize our relations with Chile."

During a speech before the American Legion in early 1982, Kirkpatrick called the United Nations "a very dismal show" that worsens conflicts rather than resolving them. "Conflicts, rather than being solved here, are in fact polarized, extended and exacerbated. They are much harder to solve rather than easier to solve, generally speaking." Kirkpatrick's acerbic style has already gone a long way in exacerbating that polarization.

John Lehman Jr.
Secretary of the Navy

Better known around the Pentagon as SecNav, John Lehman is responsible for the policies and control of the Department of the Navy, which in 1982 has about 553,000 men and women on active duty. Also under Lehman's purview is the 192,000-member Marine Corps.

There is something of the story of the times in the tale of John Lehman's meteoric career. It is in some respect a typical Washington story: a bright, ambitious young man serving powerful, prestigious officials while accumulating power and prestige of his own. But in it is also the resurgent tide of militarism in the nation's political thought, a current that has washed away the stain of Vietnam and carried him into high office at a tender age.

Twice in the past eight years, Lehman—though still not 40 years of age—has come before the Senate as the President's nominee for vital national security posts. Though the views Lehman expressed did not change much, the two occasions could not have been more dissimilar.

In 1975, with the backwaters of Watergate and Vietnam still rippling, Lehman faced exacting questioning from an openly hos-

John Lehman

tile Senate Foreign Relations Committee when President Ford nominated him as deputy director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA).

When Lehman returned in January 1981, as Ronald Reagan's nominee to be the youngest Secretary of the Navy in this century, the world had changed. Sympathetic Republicans, not Democrats, ran the Committee on Armed Services which heard his testimony. And those Democrats that did appear were less interested in Lehman's views on the prerogatives of the Executive, or the need for arms control, than in assessing his stands on how to strengthen the Navy.

Lehman, in a sharp break from past policies, is seeking clear maritime superiority, a costly endeavor that critics say will heighten world tension.

The naval aspect of the Reagan strategic program accelerates the arms race in a dramatic fashion. The plan includes the continued development of Trident submarines and the Trident II missile, which critics consider "the most destabilizing first strike weapon ever built."

John Lehman is infatuated with the Navy. His sea blue Pentagon office is dotted with naval paraphernalia: the painting of a Naval battleship, a plastic model of a Navy fighter plane, a small submarine that sits in a plastic case on one table. At noon, the clock on the wall chimes 12 bells. When he talks of dominating the seas, he grits his teeth and his blue eyes harden.

Nearly all of his speeches include this favorite declaration (which is inevitably boldly underlined): "*Our national goal must never be less than clear maritime superiority.*"

Lehman's plan to build the Navy from 460 to 600 ships, with 15 battlegroups, will be staggeringly expensive. The Navy's shipbuilding budget will *double* if the administration succeeds in getting its 1983 request, leaping from $8.9 billion in 1982 to $18.6 billion in 1983.

The Reagan plan for 1983-87 envisions the addition of: Six Trident submarines, 17 attack submarines, 2 aircraft carriers, 18 cruisers, 10 amphibious ships, 80 escort and auxiliary ships. The Congressional Budget Office has estimated that the shipbuilding plan will cost $25 billion a year over the next six years.

In fact, Lehman even has a quite different perception of the nuclear arms race, and nuclear war. He believes that a nuclear exchange does not necessarily have to result in mass destruction, and that nuclear war can be limited, an assertion that alarms arms control proponents who say national leaders are more likely to resort to nuclear war if they believe it can be contained.

When Lehman was nominated for his (earlier) ACDA post, Stuart Symington, presciently as it turned out, told the Senate: "If this gentleman is confirmed, the SALT talks are dead."

"He was a real super conservative hawk who was out to gut the (arms control) agency," one high ACDA official who worked with Lehman told us. "I think he was a very destructive force." Said another ACDA official: "He was actively working to slow things up—out of conviction."

"He was an agent provocateur," said one former high government official involved in SALT. "Lehman was a guy who creatively lied, to make trouble."

Ed Meese
Counselor to the President

Holding Cabinet rank, Meese is Reagan's chief policy adviser. He runs cabinet meetings . . . oversees the domestic policy staff, and attends meetings of the National Security Council.

Ed Meese was having a beer in Washington's Mayflower Hotel during the hot summer days of the 1980 campaign when the subject of the People's Park demonstrations in Berkeley came up.

Those are sharp memories for Meese. He grew up in Oakland, just down the road. In a more placid era, he took his law degree from Berkeley. A decade later, when the protests of the '60s first began spilling into the streets, he was a deputy district attorney for Alameda County, whose sheriff department quelled the Free Speech Movement protests and arrested hundreds of students. And when campuses across the state exploded in the late 1960s, he directed Gov. Reagan's hardline response.

Nowhere was the hard line more apparent than at Berkeley, during those People's Park demonstrations of 1969. Today, the park is uninspiring: a vacant, scraggly garden plot encroached on by a parking lot. But a decade ago it was the scene of pitched street battles between the students and street people who wanted to use it as parkland, and the city, which had development in mind. In one of those battles, a 27-year-old local man, James Rector, was shot and killed by a deputy sheriff's shotgun.

Lowell Jensen, Meese's long-time friend and associate in the Alameda County district attorney's office, and now the assistant attorney general for criminal affairs at Justice, recalls the death as "a tragedy." "People's Park was not handled properly" by the police, he told the *Washington Post*. It had never even been proven, Jensen said, that Rector had thrown anything at the deputies.

But when Rector's name came up in the Mayflower Hotel, Meese said simply, "James Rector deserved to die."

One prominent former lobbyist on criminal justice issues in California (says). . . : "I think he does have strong convictions. . . . I suppose they are those of the people who believe you can change the world at the end of a gun."

Raymond Procunier, who ran the California Department of Corrections, holds a similar view. Meese, he told (interviewer) Connie

Edwin Meese III

Bruck, is "for people being locked up. He's against sin and in favor of motherhood."

Michael Deaver
White House Deputy Chief of Staff

Titularly Baker's subordinate, Deaver is an equal member of the big three who advise the President on all things. With his unique personal relationship with Reagan, Deaver is in some ways the most indispensable member of the White House staff, the "glue that holds this place together," as then-press officer David Gergen put it.

It is difficult to find an entire story, or even a quote longer than a sentence, about Michael Deaver without Ronald Reagan's name in it. Deaver has been a shadow, a surrogate son, a confidante and comforter for the President. The "keeper of the body" during the campaign (he saved Reagan from choking on a peanut during the 1976 campaign), he is the staffer who looks after Nancy's interests. The man who was at Reagan's side when he was hit by an assassin's bullet. The aide most likely to sip an after-hours cocktail with the President. A man who can take off the gloves and tell the President what he really thinks.

Deaver has spent so much of his adult life in Reagan's shadow that he has left few footprints of his own. The quintessential aide.

When Reagan left the governor's mansion in January 1975, Deaver joined with another aide, Peter Hannaford, to form a public relations firm. Deaver and Hannaford, Inc., began with one celebrated client: Ronald Reagan. They wrote his newspaper column and radio show, got him from place to place giving speeches, and geared up the candidate for his 1976 challenge to Gerald Ford.

Over the years, Deaver and Hannaford picked up a number of other clients, some of whom proved embarrassing to Reagan during the 1980 campaign. They represented the Association de Amigos del Pais, a group of rightwing Guatemalan businessmen seeking resumption of U.S. arms sales to their government. (They ended their contract in November 1981.) They took on similar chores from a group of Argentinian businessmen. And they pushed the interests of the government of Taiwan, at the same time they were writing Reagan columns and speeches urging a closer U.S. relationship with that country. When the conflict bounced into the newspapers, Reagan said he had known of the contract for years and had "no objections."

Reagan had taken Deaver worlds away from Bakersfield, from the corporate ladder at IBM, from the small-town chamber of commerce that better suits his modest bearing, receding hairline and button-down crispness.

Michael Deaver

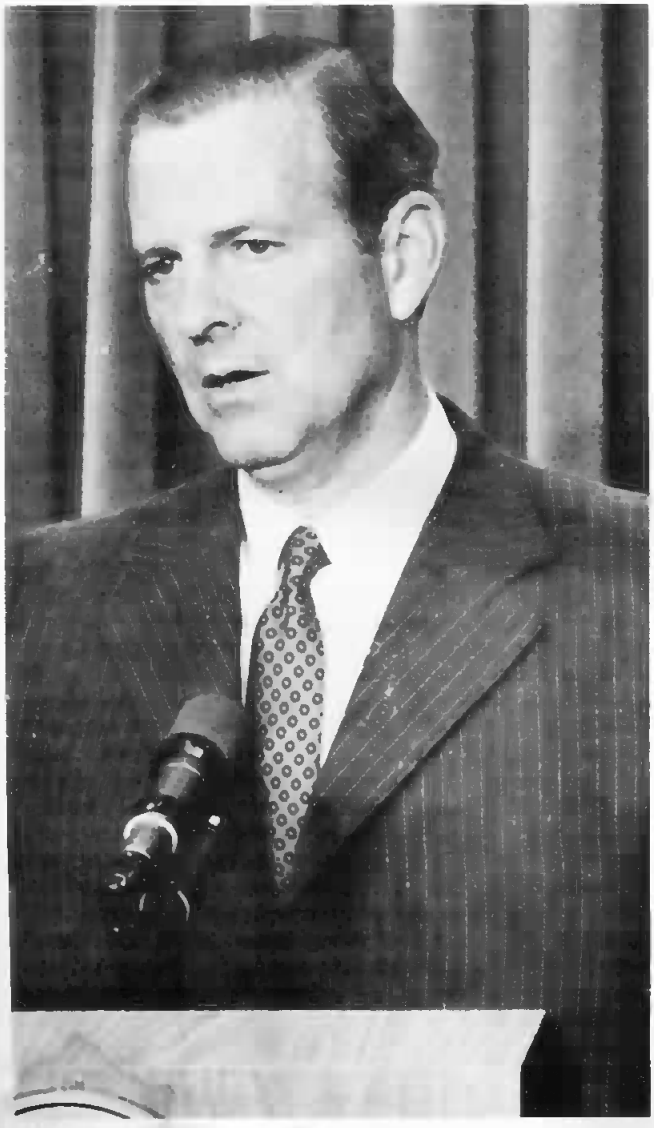
Deaver travels in a different world now, and holds broader expectations. . . . He revealed just before Christmas 1981 that he planned to leave the Administration because he couldn't get by on his $60,662 annual salary. "I have no money left," he told the *Washington Post*. "We are living on our savings." Sympathetic

staffers passed around the White House a jar for donations, suggesting "A Penny a Day Helps Deaver to Stay." (Ed. note: He never left.)

James Baker III
White House Chief of Staff

Baker is responsible for keeping things moving through the White House bureaucracy. Baker serves as an appointed member of the National Security Council, attends most Cabinet meetings, and is also responsible for White House press operations.

James Baker III is a direct descendant of one of the founding fathers of Houston, Texas. His great-great-grandfather helped establish Baker & Botts, now one of the dozen largest law firms in the country. Later his grandfather, "Captain" James A. Baker, founded and became chairman of the South Texas Commercial Bank, which since has become the Texas Commerce Bank.



James Baker III

Like his father before him, the third James A. Baker is an alumnus of both Hill (prep) School in Pennsylvania and Princeton University. . . . An anti-nepotism rule at Baker & Botts kept Baker from joining his father's firm, but he soon became a partner in a closely related firm—Andrews, Kurth, Campbell and Jones. There, Baker spent the 1950s and '60s as a highly regarded corporate lawyer, eventually becoming managing director of the firm, while at the same time savoring his family's position at the pinnacle of Houston society, in the "Tex-prep" social strata.

Baker rose to the inner sanctum of the White House little more than a decade after his first venture into Texas Republican politics. That came at the urging of then Texas Congressman George Bush, a new-found mentor, who was Baker's tennis partner at the Houston Country Club.

Eventually Baker accepted a special assistant's position in the Reagan organization, helping Reagan prepare for his debates with Jimmy Carter and John Anderson . . . Two days after the election Reagan asked Baker to serve as his chief of staff.

James Baker III was born into a position of wealth, power, and status accrued through family legal, banking, and corporate interests in Houston. Baker estimates the value of his immediate family's assets, including those of his mother, at about $7 million.

According to his financial disclosure statement, Baker's family has large holdings in many major oil companies including: Exxon Corp.; Mobil Corp.; Atlantic Richfield Co.; Standard Oil of California; Kerr McGee Corp.; and Standard Oil of Indiana. . . . The Baker family also has large interests in two closely held corporate ranches—the Garrett Ranch, Inc., and the Winston Ranch, Inc. Baker continues to hold his position as a director of the Winston Ranch corporation.

Baker's reputation is as a classic political operator, according to all the people we spoke with. "Baker's supposedly amazingly competent—a real level-headed, down-to-earth, pure political technician," notes Nicholas Lehmann, editor of the *Texas Monthly*.

Richard Perle
Assistant Secretary of Defense
International Security Policy

Perle has responsibility for relations with NATO, the European allies, and the Soviet Union; international economic and technical matters; and, his primary interest, arms control negotiations.

More perhaps than anywhere else in the world, in Washington knowledge is power. If you know, really know, what is going on, and you have a forum to use that information, you can call the tune.

For a decade, Sen. Henry Jackson (D-Washington) and his right-hand man Richard Perle called a two-step. Over time, the steps became familiar. Inside the executive branch, the hardest-liners would be on the verge of losing a crucial battle in the interagency deliberations over arms control with the Soviet Union. A document—a crucial memo forecasting impending military peril if the position were not changed—would find its way into Perle's hands. Some time later, the memo might reappear, in a column by Evans and Novak, or a *Wall Street Journal* editorial, or in a closed door session of Jackson's subcommittee on arms control that would leave administration witnesses with chattering teeth, a scowl of disgust, and perhaps, just a touch less enthusiasm for negotiating an agreement with the Soviets.

It was an insider's game—lean, tough, and focused. "Richard deals only with a few players inside the beltway," said one Senate source who knows him well. "His coin of the realm is the smarmy inside political detail. Richard's skills have been those of a salon politician, like Paris in the 19th Century. He is not a retail politician."

Jackson was a resolute hardliner who had immersed himself in the guts of the national security bureaucracy since the late 1950s and long understood the importance of having friends at the sensitive vantage points where the papers crossed. Perle was the young intellectual who "fights people, not just issues" and considered the Soviet Union "another Hitler's Germany" as his former friend, Dimitri Simes, the executive director of the Soviet and East European research program at Johns Hopkins University, put it. In 1979, Perle devoted an entire article to drawing parallels between Britain's appeasement of Hitler in the 1930s and the West's policies towards the Soviets today.

The give and take of Congress, the endless compromise of leg-

Richard Perle

islation, usually washes out the ideological rigidity of those who work there. Not Perle. He remains an ideologue, focused on the Soviet Union. "I think his views are set in concrete," said Simes, who has frequently talked, argued and debated with Perle since emigrating from the Soviet Union in 1973. "His definition of arms control is that which would change the balance of power to the benefit of the United States." Another Senate aide, who has knocked heads with him for years, sums up Perle's views succinctly: "He thinks we should run an arms race with the Russians and win."

In his own way, Perle (has) little doubt about who his adversaries were, and even fewer compunctions about dealing with them. "He's extremely vindictive, and narrow-minded," said Simes, whose friendship with Perle cooled as his support for arms control grew. "If Perle perceives that somebody is a political enemy he will go all the way to fight that person . . ."

For Perle, who had subsisted during the previous decade on the relatively more modest earnings of a Senate aide, 1980 was a lucrative year. He earned $140,000 from the Abington Corp. headed by John Lehman (See Lehman profile) and another $91,000 in consulting fees from Northrop, TRW, Tamares Ltd. of London and the Systems Development Corp.

William Bradford Reynolds
Assistant Attorney General
Civil Rights Division

Established in 1957, the Civil Rights Division "secures effective enforcement of civil rights law."

A corporate super-lawyer whose salary topped $229,000, Reynolds was a partner in the Washington firm of Shaw, Pittman, Potts and Trowbridge until his appointment. The firm, known for its pro-nuclear stance largely represents utilities and airlines.

Reynolds has led a gilded life. He comes from a wealthy family—his mother was a DuPont. His appointment angered civil rights activists who say he has never experienced discrimination and therefore doesn't understand it. "There is no discrimination in Palm Springs," said Robert Plotkin, a career attorney who quit the division in August 1981, in protest to Reynolds' confirmation. Reynolds' performance on the job has angered civil rights activists even more.

Reynolds has reversed division policy in virtually every civil rights area, in some cases perhaps violating clear direction from Congress and the courts.

Reynolds says the division will no longer pursue class action suits in job bias cases.

Reynolds rejects the use of affirmative action goals and timeta-

William Bradford Reynolds

bles, which he labels "quotas." Reynolds has indicated that he may actually go so far as to charge reverse discrimination against employers who use these systems.

Reynolds has foresworn the use of busing in school segregation cases, a course that many civil rights attorneys maintain is illegal. Reynolds drew sharp criticism from division attorneys for his role in the administration's decision to grant tax breaks to racially segregated schools.

Reynolds has become the focus of heated debate in the civil rights community, with division attorneys dubbing him chief of the new "anti-civil rights" department. "They are trying to overturn a whole tradition of dealing with civil rights issues and to undercut everything that has been done in the past," one Justice Department career attorney told us.

The division has renounced class action suits in job bias cases and instead plans to pursue such complaints on a case-by-case basis. The elimination of class action suits "will mean that individual women will have no protection under the law," said Eleanor Smeal, former President of the National Organization of Women.

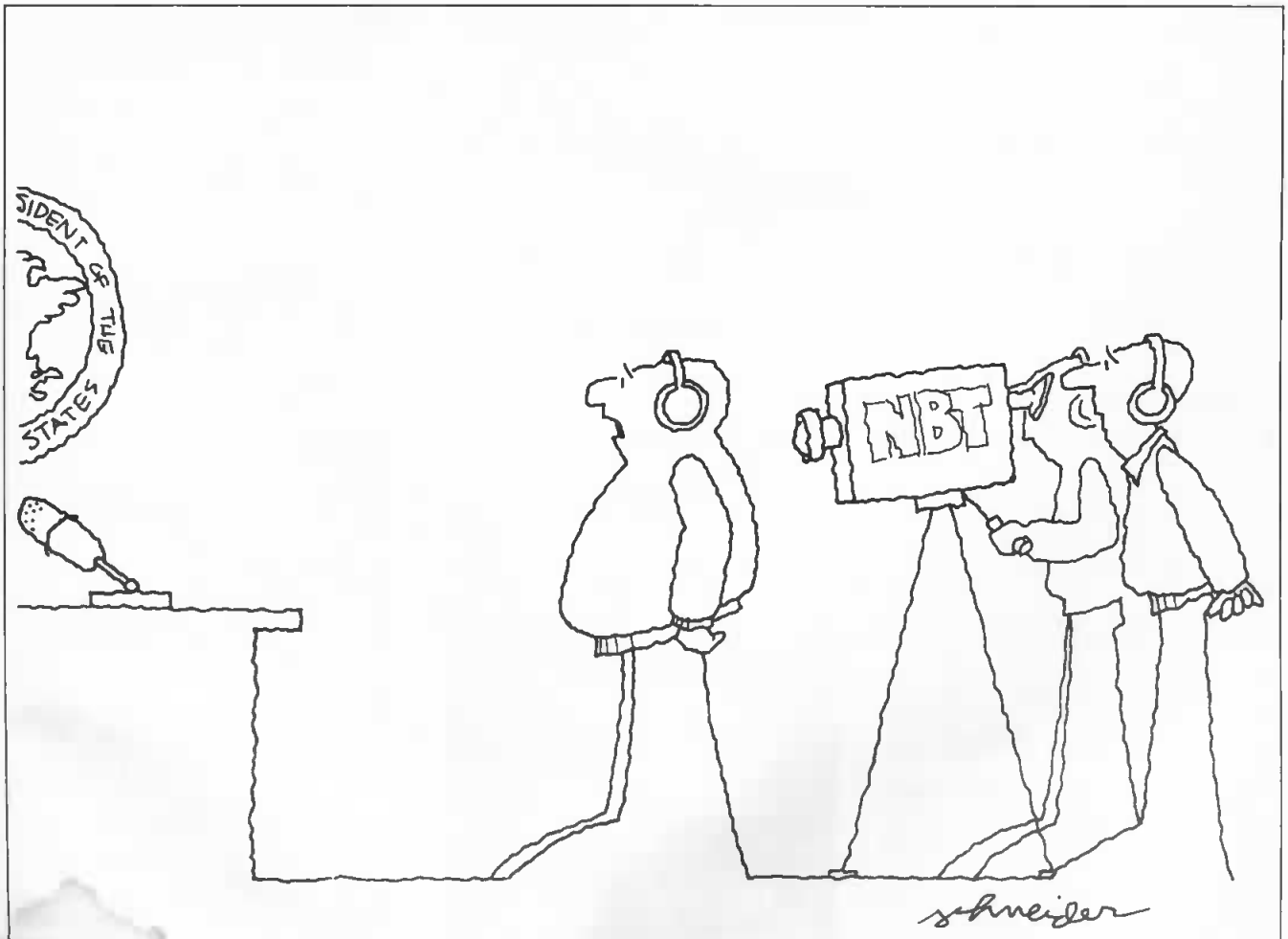
"Reynolds is woefully ignorant in many of the areas he is deciding upon," said William Taylor of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. "He hasn't read the studies in relevant areas. Clearly he is arrogant in his actions."

"You (Reynolds) know better than the Supreme Court how to interpret the Constitution. . . You lecture civil rights groups, yet you have been in your present position for less than a year, and you have come to it with very little experience in civil rights. On the basis of this limited experience, you are prepared to do away with remedies that were achieved by civil rights groups only after great sacrifice and suffering, remedies that have been enacted by Congress, approved by the courts and that have brought about the progress that has been achieved in this country in the past 15 years," said Rep. Don Edwards (D-California), chairman of the Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights. "You promise new, more effective, remedies but you do not tell us what they are."

Reynolds has created a civil rights division characterized by insensitivity to desegregation and affirmative action, and dogmatic in its attitudes toward its own employees' freedom of expression. "If he has a private philosophical hangup that is impeding his ability to uphold the law on civil rights," said Richard Seymour of the Lawyers Committee, "he just shouldn't do that job."

By any account, Reynolds is a wealthy man. His assets, included with those in the name of his family, are worth at least $1.7 million, according to his financial disclosure form. ■

(to be continued)



"Gee, I'm sorry, Mr. President. Gormley, turn that laugh track off!"

Death squad victim in El Salvador

Salvadoran Death Squads

The wholesale murder of civilians in El Salvador is the result of overall U.S. policy

By Marc Cooper

Over the last several weeks the press has found a new angle on the El Salvador story. We have been bombarded with reports on how the administration has "gotten tough" with the Salvadoran government. How the State Department is demanding a "crackdown" on right-wing death squads. And how the U.S. may cut off aid to El Salvador if more attention is not paid to protecting human rights. And as is usually the case when it comes to Central America, the press has missed the entire point and gotten the story backwards.

The Reagan Administration has always known who the death squads are. It has always supported their activities, at least indirectly. The logical extension of U.S. policy is the spawning of such squads. And the new high-profile public relations campaign being conducted on the subject by the White House, is exactly that: a polished pr campaign. In fact, all the noise coming from Washington about the death squads, if anything, signals a probably imminent deepening of American involvement in El Salvador; an involvement that, more likely than not, will include the deployment of U.S. combat troops in that sorrowed land.

The press has had plenty of reason, albeit superficial, to incorrectly conclude that the administration is sincere about its new anti-death squad campaign. In the past month, Undersecretary of Defense Fred Iklé, Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth Dam, U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Thomas Pickering, and even Vice President George Bush have publicly urged the Salvadoran government to reel in the murder gangs or face terrible unstated consequences, presumably the loss of U.S. economic, military and political aid. Major newspaper exposés have been spun off the administration's accusations "revealing" that this or that Salvadoran military officer is in fact a death squad leader.

AP/WIDE WORLD

Vice President George Bush

AP/WIDE WORLD

d'Aubuisson is the force behind the squads

Since the conflict in El Salvador sharpened, in late 1979, the facts on who runs the death squads have been public for anyone who cared to look. Literally dozens of human-rights and religious groups, as well as scores of journalistic accounts and investigations, made it evident that the primary force behind the squads was former Army Maj. Roberto d'Aubuisson as well as a group of Army, National Guard and National Police officers. Back in 1980, when four U.S. nuns and missionaries were raped and then murdered by National Guardsmen, then-U.S. Ambassador Robert White publicly branded d'Aubuisson a "pathological killer." White's reward for speaking out against the death squads was to be fired from his post in the first month of the Reagan Administration.

His successor, Ambassador Deane Hinton, little more than a year later, told me that "d'Aubuisson is a proven democrat. We are not interested in his past, but rather are impressed by his evident commitment to democratic procedures." Hinton told me that the morning after d'Aubuisson won the first plurality in El Salvador's highly dubious elections of 1982. Later that day, the reputed death squad leader was invited to lunch with Hinton at the U.S. Embassy. A few weeks later he was named Speaker of El Salva-

dor's Constituent Assembly, a post he holds today.

If the U.S., then, always knew who the death squads were, and preferred to call them "democrats," why all of a sudden the pronounced "shift" in policy? First, there is no shift. The primary agents of murder in El Salvador remain the U.S.-trained and supported army, flanked by other security forces and the feared National Police. Together, they have killed a full one percent of the Salvadoran population in the last four years—45,000 victims, almost all of them civilians. The death squad murders are merely a small part of that overall ongoing massacre. And given the incontrovertible fact that the squads are run and manned by Army and police personnel in any case, it is downright impossible to distinguish between official and unofficial murders.

When Vice President Bush calls on the Salvadoran military to "clean up the death squads," he is calling upon the famished wolves to protect the prize fattened hens. The cynicism of Reagan and Bush, however, is surpassed by the ads purchased last month in Salvadoran papers by Salvadoran officers denouncing the death squads. Many of the very men who signed that ad have been shown in report after report to be death squad leaders themselves. Even a State Department report leaked in mid-December identifies "moderate" Defense Minister General Vides Casanova as one of the prime movers in the official coverup of the rape-murder of the four nuns. A *Los Angeles Times* report appearing the same week also revealed that his predecessor, "moderate" Gen. Jose Guillermo Garcia, was the man who provided death squad leader d'Aubuisson with government dossiers on thousands of dissidents who then became the mass victims of the squads in 1980–81.

What the U.S. press does not understand is that cleaning up or not cleaning up the death squads is NOT the issue. The wholesale murder of civilians in El Salvador is simply the result of overall U.S. policy and has nothing to do with whether or not this or that gang of killers is jailed or abolished. When the administration decided that the conflict in El Salvador was an East-West conflict and that it was, as Gen. Alexander Haig entoned, "drawing the line" against communism in the hemisphere, thousands of Salvadoran civilians were condemned to death.

The rebellion in El Salvador is nothing more than the natural rebellion against hunger, oppression and injustice, three pillars of Salvadoran society. But when the administration declared that the insurgents were not freedom fighters, or just hungry peasants, but instead were "subversives" a policy was put in place that artificially separates the bulk of the people from the guerrillas. The reality, however, is a different one. As in Vietnam, it is impossible to draw sharp dividing lines between a guerrilla, a guerrilla sympathizer, a person who dislikes the government, and a poor, landless peasant. And as in Vietnam, then, an effective anti-guerrilla policy is one that must also punish the civilian population that gives birth and then sustenance to the insurgency.

Special commission head Henry Kissinger

It is for that reason that the regular army, backed by U.S. advisers and millions of dollars in Reagan Administration support, carry out as a matter of policy search-and-destroy and scorched-earth campaigns against the rural population. It is for that reason that the Salvadoran Air Force uses American A-37 warplanes and Huey UH-H1 helicopter gunships to bomb, rocket and strafe its own population. It is for that reason that the U.S.-trained Atlactl battalion massacred 900 villagers in the Mozote area two years ago, while another 70 Indians in Las Hojas were sacrificed by the U.S.-advised Jaguar Battalion earlier this year—just two in an interminable list of mass atrocities. It is for that reason, that the National Police continues to cart away urban dissidents in the middle of the night. It is because of U.S. policy that looks upon all of the poor in El Salvador as possible subversives, that a full 15 percent of the population has been uprooted and forced into external or internal exile. It is this policy that imposes Vietnam-era "land-to-the-tiller" and "pacification" programs on the Salvadoran population; programs that are meeting with the same failure that they did two decades ago in Indochina.

The Reagan Administration, and its Salvadoran client government, has instituted the worn National Security Doctrine in El Salvador. It's a doctrine that *ipso facto* declares the state the repository of all that is Good and Just and Democratic, and thereby places anyone not directly controlled by the state under suspicion of wanting to undermine the state. It is the same doctrine that, with U.S. blessing, has led to 40,000 political deaths in military-ruled Chile, an equal number in Argentina, and twice that amount in Guatemala since the U.S. overthrew that country's last democratic government 30 years ago. The death squads could disappear tomorrow in El Salvador, and the carnage would continue. The important issue is not who is pulling the trigger, but rather the fact that U.S. policy is based on someone having to pull the trigger, over and over again.

For the Reagan Administration to single out the death squads as the primary agent of murder in El Salvador is as ludicrous and as transparently hypocritical as it was for the Nixon Administration to prosecute Lt. Calley for killing 240 civilians at My-Lai when U.S. B-52s were carpetbombing, napalming and rocketing another one million Indochinese out of existence.

That the Reagan Administration is not sincere about wanting to stop political murder in El Salvador became evident in two other recent incidents. At the beginning of December, just when administration figures began their verbal campaign against the death squads, President Reagan pocket-vetoed the bill requiring that he certify human rights progress in El Salvador every six months as a legal prerequisite to continuing U.S. military aid. This veto came down in spite of the fact that the President never took that law seriously in the first place, and for two solid years ignored all objective reports and falsely certified before Congress that human rights were progressing in El Salvador. Secondly, and appropriately, while speaking to schoolchildren after Thanksgiving, President Reagan raised the theory that the leftist opposition in El Salvador might really be running the death squads and only make them appear as rightist groups in order to discredit the army and police. Those mutterings were faithfully reported by the press as a real possibility rather than as the confused and desperate remarks of a flustered, aged, dogmatic ideologue.

How can any rational human being believe that the Reagan Administration is truly desirous of ending political violence in Central America when it names Henry Kissinger to head its special commission on the region? Kissinger is responsible not only for the secret bombing campaign against Cambodia and the issuance of nuclear blackmail against North Vietnam in the late 1960s, but is also the man responsible for engineering the destabilization and eventual overthrow of the democratically elected Chilean government of Salvador Allende. The administration's other chief diplomat on Central America is Special Envoy Richard Stone. It was the same Stone who was registered by the State Department in 1980 as an official foreign agent for the Guatemalan military regime. Stone was conducting public relations for a government that Amnesty International accused of running its own death squads from within the offices of the

Soldiers with the American trained elite battalion ATONAL on an offensive in Morazan

Presidential Palace.

The other major point the press has missed is that the recent U.S. denunciations of the death squads could be nothing more than a prelude to full-scale American military intervention in El Salvador. After a summer of gleeful press reports that the U.S.-supported government had "turned the tide of the war" in El Salvador, both the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* now report that the opposition guerrillas have clearly regained the military initiative. From 30–35 percent of Salvadoran national territory is now under the control of the insurgent guerrilla coalition. Reagan aids told *Newsweek* that one administration assessment sees the Salvadoran government on the "verge of collapse." Those same aides are also quoted warning: "El Salvador will not be lost on our watch." Richard Walden, director of a California-based Salvador refugee relief project, and just returned from that country says: "They're taking bets in San Salvador on just when the troops will arrive."

It is this gearing-up for possible direct U.S. military intervention that is behind all the newfound concern for death squads. It is not at all the case that the continued killings of civilians makes the continuation of U.S. aid difficult. For four years now, U.S. military aid has poured into the country and has been used primarily to kill noncombatants. What *is* politically difficult under current circumstances is the sending of U.S. combat troops to El Salvador. If they are sent, as is increasingly likely, it will be in the name of "defending democracy." And that means that it would be neater and more convenient for the Reagan Administration to have all the killing under the control of official uniformed forces to which we would be allied, rather than to shadowy freelance murder gangs. It is fine to have snapshots sent back home of young American Marines embracing our smaller, darker "allies" in Salvadoran Army uniforms. But it would raise eyebrows among the folks at home if Our Boys were photographed next to shady-looking thugs, dressed in civilian clothes, their machineguns poking out of the tinted windows of unmarked Cherokee wagons without license plates.

The Reagan campaign against the death squads has one other historical precedent. Shortly after Hitler's rise to power his supporters were organized into two distinct military groupings. There was an elite, legal, professional corps known as the SS. Rivaling it was the ragtag, paramilitary, not-quite-official SA. In the much-celebrated Night of the Long Knives, the former massacred the latter. The butchery was carried out in the name of curbing excesses and controlling the regressive forces. After that bloody incident the supremacy of the SS was never to be challenged again. It was only then that the full ferocity of the elite corps was unleashed against the domestic and foreign civilian population.

A genuine and sincere move to end political killings in El Salvador is not accomplished by merging the unofficial killers into the official ones. As long as the cool gentlemen of the Pentagon, State Department and White House continue to suspect the poor of Central America of being "subversives," then the killing will continue. It's not the retail bloodshed caused by the death squads that should be the primary focus of concern. What must first be done away with is the wholesale terror that is conducted on a daily basis in the name of foreign policy, national security and democracy. ■

Marc Cooper, an editor of* The Rebel, *was a translator for former Chilean President Salvador Allende.

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